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Helen



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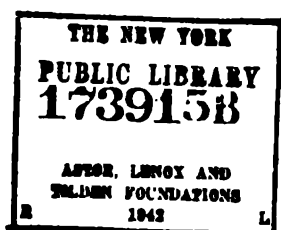
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LEAFLETS OF MEMORY.

HELEN.

A SKETCH.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

"Thou'rt constancy!—I'm glad I know thy name!"

THE HUNCHBACK.

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing."

MOORE.

IT was a rich, warm, golden evening, early in autumn, showing that most beautiful appearance of nature, on one side of the heaven, the sun sinking down to rest in a glory of mellow light and gorgeous color, and on the other, the pure, pearly, crescent moon, rising above the tree tops, with a single star at her side, and the sky between as cloudless and placid as if it *could* never be crossed by a storm. The cawing of a large company of returning rooks was the only sound that broke upon the ear, and that not unpleasantly—the air was fresh, without a breath of dampness or frost; it was a night, in short, to invite the three ladies of Fairmeadows to linger long upon their terrace seat, which, shaded by a thousand fragrant de-

ciduous plants and shrubs, commanded an extensive view over the whole domain. The ladies, however, did not linger there for the sake of the bright sunset, or to watch the tender, rising moon:—and two of them at least were talking so fast and so earnestly, as to drown (as far as they were concerned) the pleasant talk of the birds coming home to their own tall elms for their night's rest.

“So like one of your father's strange, random tricks! Had he consulted me, had he given any time to me to consider—to write an answer, instead of bringing her down upon us in this peremptory way—and none of us, too, knowing what she is like in the least, or what . . .”

“Perhaps a fairy,” said one of the younger ladies playfully.

“Perhaps a fool,” said the other in a hard voice, which promised a hard countenance and a hard heart;—neither of the two, it may be said, on acquaintance, belied the promise.

“So much the better if she be,” replied her mother, scarcely less bitterly, “for a fool you *may* manage; but I suspect we shall find your Aunt Lagarde's daughter something less tractable.”

“She was very handsome, my Aunt Lagarde, was she not?” asked the younger voice.

“Indeed, I can't tell; I never saw her very often. A gentleman's beauty, I dare say, but bold and self-willed, and fond of being flattered. O, I was not sorry, I promise you, when she made the match she did; and your father (she was his favorite sister, and he could never forgive being deceived) swore he would see her no more.

No, she was *not* handsome, but eaten up with romance, and poetry, and nonsense, and all that sort of thing; and I dare say her daughter will turn out her counterpart."

"A sentimental young lady, who writes verses, perhaps, and sits up to look at the moon," sneered Miss Harden.

"Or a beauty, perhaps, who steals all our lovers from us, Alicia," said her younger sister, archly.

"For shame, Lucy, you are too pert to say such things; this comes of bringing you out too early."

"O, let her go on, if it amuses her," said Miss Harden, thinking aloud in the most acid tone of twenty-seven; "I assure you, mamma, I don't mind it."

But the distant sound of swinging gates, and then of approaching wheels, put an end to this little scene, and in another moment the carriage was at the door, and the hero restored to his family (have I not said that I am speaking of events that happened in the memorable year of the battle of Waterloo?) half lifted, half bore from the vehicle the unexpected and unwelcome subject of the conversation just chronicled.

"Bless you, Helen," said the veteran, kissing her throbbing forehead; "I hope you are not much tired with your journey:—cheer up, and remember you are at home!—and now, Gertrude, Alicia, Lucy, come to me all of you—at once;" and in the embrace of the moment, the new-comer was permitted to stand aside, to feel that most perplexing and desolate of all feelings—a sense that she was alone among strange kindred.

The first ecstasy of meeting was over, and candles were lighted, and the ladies then turned an eager, two of them

a curious look, towards their new relation. Alicia felt her heart sicken at the first glance, for she was aware that a beauty had come in among them—that pale, and fatigued, and wretchedly invalided as she seemed to be, Helen Lagarde could not be passed over, or hidden under a bushel, for her exquisite form, and her complexion as transparently fine as the inmost leaves of certain delicate flowers,—to say nothing of large sibylline eyes, and hair as excellent in its profusion as in its rich, silky, intense blackness,—for her bonnet being laid aside, it fell round her like a heavy veil. Lucy, too, herself but slenderly gifted with personal graces, had unconsciously taken an inventory of these things; but she was, as yet, unsoured by chasing realities and only catching shadows, and there was an expression of regret, a world of sad memories in those dark, dewy eyes, which at once made her regard the stranger with an interest as deep and compassionate as she could feel. And Helen's voice, too, though musical beyond most other voices, was so sad, and her breath came and went so rapidly,—and her color changed as quickly as the clouds pass—Lucy loved her at once, because she felt that she had known sorrow.

Two months passed rapidly away, and Helen Lagarde was, by all parties concerned, considered as one of the family of Fairmeadows. In any other house, she would in that short space of time have won the love of every member of the family; but Lady Harden was sharp, and suspicious, and worldly; possessed of one of those warped minds, which it would almost seem *must* see everything crooked,

and one of those untamed tongues which wound where they should be most earnest to comfort. The maiden estate of her eldest daughter, who was waning into premature thinness,—her hair, by the sprinkling of silver which would not be hid, even anticipating Time,—she felt to be a reproach, and it was not to be forgiven against Helen (poor girl! innocent as the babe unborn of any designs to allure or conquer) that in the course of the first two months she had spent at Fairmeadows, she had received twice as many proposals of marriage. “She was positively magnetic,” Lucy would say, playfully; “there was not a male creature who came near Fairmeadows, who did not seem, in the first half hour, to know his fate, and to yield to it.”

And so in truth it was. Helen’s first conquest, however—the family physician—was not a thing to be very proud of: for that worthy, a tall, spare, neat man, with a *crying* voice, and an interminably prosy delivery, as regularly added another to his list of refusals, as he was called in to a new lady patient; and it was even said that in his precipitancy, he, the most precise of his sex, had thrice ignorantly thrown himself at the feet of married women. Her second was an old comrade of Sir George Harden’s, for whom Alicia had screamed songs about “England’s glory,” till her throat was sore, and had strained her eyes till they ached in following the hieroglyphics clumsily scrawled upon paper for the enlightenment of the young ladies, which he was pleased to designate plans of campaigns: but Captain Wentworth was a *bon parti*. Him Helen had always avoided as much as

possible:—there are things which he said that drove the blood to her heart as with the force of a thunderbolt,—names pronounced by him carelessly, which awakened all the *agonies* of memory. She shrunk from him with fear: and perhaps it was this very shrinking which was found attractive, for one day, to her unspeakable surprise—almost to her terror—he laid his hand, heart, and honors at her feet. Her answer was decisive beyond the possibility of appeal, and the Captain departed from Fairmeadows immediately, leaving Miss Harden's voice and eyes to recover themselves as they best might, and her mother to declare “that it was really *too* much to look forward to, if Miss Lagarde was to go on playing the scarecrow, and driving all their pleasant men from Fairmeadows!” Fortunately Sir George Harden heard this malicious speech. He was an absolute man, and the comments he made upon it were such as to compel his lady thenceforth to confine her gall (all the bitterer for its imprisonment) to the silence and solitude of her own breast.

Of the other matrimonial offers which established poor Helen's reputation for magnetism, little need be said. Both of them were made in sober seriousness by men of worth and wealth. To neither had Helen extended the least encouragement. Even in her dress she did not do herself the commonest justice; it was plain, shrouding, unstudied. She rarely spoke in general society; and she had been for six weeks an inmate of Fairmeadows, before Lucy found out that she could sing as few Englishwomen can sing, and that her command over the pencil amounted to mastery. On these discoveries, Alicia vented the sneer

of "professionally educated!" No—Helen walked the world with a preoccupied mind: her thoughts were in one spot, her heart was with her memories; and it spoke well for her sweetness of temper, that thus absorbed by one great sorrow, she betrayed no impatience to the things of daily life—no resentment to the ill-veiled dislike with which she was regarded by her aunt and cousin. Sometimes, it is true, she would comfort herself with whispering, "It is but for a time."

From what has been said, then, it will be seen that Helen but *endured* her residence at Fairmeadows. There was one spot, however, in its extensive and beautiful grounds which was very dear to her—a pile of ancient ruins at the southern extremity of the park. Here, by the side of a small mere, under the shelter of warm and wooded slopes, a religious house of some magnificence had once stood, and the Catholics residing in the neighborhood still buried their dead in the quiet and moss-grown cemetery attached to the now wholly ruined church. The scene was not remarkably picturesque; Lady Harden, indeed, had often begged her husband to pull down "that old rubbish." But it suited the temper of the mourner's mind; she loved to listen to the grieving sound of the wind, as it swept through the long, lancet arches, and to watch the motions of the birds that had made nests in the ivy, with which much of the stonework was mantled. She loved, too, to spell out the inscriptions upon the older tombs, and she longed to sleep there also when her last hour came. She would spend many hours at a time alone, rambling and resting among these decaying remains;

sometimes, by chance, and unconsciously, breaking out into some fragment of old song, such as this :—

“The rain drops heavy in the brook,
The wind goes wailing through the wood,
The sun with angry farewell look
Set in a stormy sea of blood ;
The lightning flashes wide and bright,
I must away—Good night, good night !”

“Now stay, tired lady—go not yet,
Nor breast so wild a storm alone ;
The fire is trimmed, the board is set,
And we shall grieve when thou art gone ;
And dreary is the moorland track,
Then tarry but till morn comes back.”

“She heeded not ; with mournful smile
She donned her wanderer’s cloak and shoon.
Her home was distant many a mile,
No star came out, nor guiding moon.
They watched her weeping from the door,
But O, they saw her face no more !”

But Helen’s pleasure in this sequestered haunt was brought to an end by the accidental discovery which she made one day, that she had not sung without a listener. It is true, that the gentleman whom her quick eye detected stealing among the ruins, appeared, by the pains he took to conceal his retreat, as anxious to avoid observation as she was ;—but the privacy of the place was destroyed to her, and she visited it no more.

“I cannot make this Helen out, can you, Alicia? Four

unexceptionable offers, and not one of them so much as listened to!"

"Perhaps, mamma," returned her amiable daughter, drily, "she is reserving herself for Lord Calder."

How easy and pleasant it is to assign motives for the conduct of our neighbors, when we gather them, unconsciously, from our own hearts!

That month of all months which has a right to complain of its character, "the gloomy month of November, when Englishmen hang and drown themselves," came, and came gaily, as far as Fairmeadows was concerned. It brought all the charm, and stir, and hurry of a contested election to the neighboring market town, and it brought a gay party of guests to the mansion house, one of whom only need be particularized—the much-talked of, much-observed, much-desired Lord Calder.

It is amusing to see how people *will* sometimes, with desperate perseverance, insist upon making a lion of an animal too stupid to cut the commonest caper, too feeble even to make his voice heard in the crowd—upon dubbing him a hero who would die of fright at the bare thought of winning his spurs. Most persons who had seen Lord Calder, with his unmarked features, his plain manners, his unornamented dress, would have smiled at his being made the object of a sensation; but he was so, nevertheless, at Fairmeadows. The spell of his twenty thousand a year did more than its usual work, and he was a wit, and the handsomest—no, the most distinguished-looking of his sex—a Solon *redivivus* for wisdom; and as for taste,

who dared admire, when he had once uttered his simple "I don't like it?"—Certainly neither Lady Harden nor her eldest daughter.

But though outwardly so wholly "without mark," Lord Calder was not quite a common character. He was eminently upright and direct, without making any parade of his independence; a keen and close observer, because he rarely talked; a man of great and gentlemanly delicacy of mind, in spite of his almost abrupt manners; and many a drawing-room loungee, skilled in the art of wrapping up his *no-thoughts* in the choicest otto of Euphuism (forgive the conceit), shrunk away silenced when he entered a room, to whisper in some corner his wonder "what was it that made Calder so deuced odd a fellow."

Well, not to linger over my tale, there was a grand ball given at Fairmeadows in honor of his lordship, within a week of his arrival—a ball for him who shared the masculine aversion to dancing and "playing the agreeable" in a more than common measure! The guests had been selected with a most rigorous attention to exclusiveness; odd men and old women had been omitted in Lady Harden's invitations with a callousness which did her credit; the suite of rooms—and an elegant suite it was—was brilliantly lighted; the orchestra had been summoned from London; the night, in short, was to be one of success and triumph. As for Alicia Harden, to describe the forethought she had taken about her dress, would be to fill pages most unprofitably; suffice it to say, that first her glass, and then her mother assured her that the result was all that could be desired. She looked piquant, *spirituelle*,

brilliant in no ordinary degree ; it was useless to attempt beauty, and she wisely forbore.

But where was Lord Calder? Alicia, as she had studied her toilette for him, and him alone (mistaken girl!) was naturally anxious to prove its effects. Where could he be? Not in the reception room,—for he shrunk from being paraded as the great man of the party, and he was not sure of Lady Harden's forbearance;—not in the ball-room,—nor yet in the library among the sober and chess-playing few. There was a small antechamber, half boudoir, half conservatory, which formed a passage between the ball-room and the supper-room, and here, after much search, the truant was discovered, in most vexatiously close conversation with Helen Lagarde!

"Do not disturb them," whispered Lucy, who arrived at the same spot at the same moment; "you see they are most pleasantly engaged; do not hinder what you cannot help."

If a look could kill but Miss Harden controlled her face, and presented herself to the absorbed pair, heedless that she was interrupting a most interesting conversation.

"Lord Calder, you will dance, will you not?"

He bowed. "If this lady," slightly turning towards Helen, "will do me the honor."

Helen would have refused, but a whisper, that upon her compliance depended his sitting out all the evening, decided her to break her resolution. She knew, though she could not help it, that she was already an object of sarcastic

jealousy—a cause of extreme vexation, on account of Lord Calder.

Poor girl! how little was she understood by her severe relations. It was only the wish to give no occasion to the constant innuendo of sharpened tongues that had induced her to do violence to her feelings, by once again appearing in a scene of gaiety; it was only to escape from that bitter word “affectation,” that she had dressed a little more than usual on the evening in question. And even then, when she had completed her toilette, by throwing a rich black lace mantilla over her neck and shoulders (the guests, I should have said, were expected to appear in costume), she had fallen into a reverie of self-reproach for allowing herself to be led back again to the portals of a world in which she had no longer any part. “This is wicked and self-tormenting,” at length she murmured, rising and laying aside the book she had never opened. “*He* knows whether or not *I can* forget!”

And if she had listened to Lord Calder with a deep and rapt attention, she was wholly guiltless of a wish to attract his love. But he had been feeding her active and almost diseased imagination with such strange and grave talk as rarely enters the precincts of a ball-room: he had been describing to her those mysterious Arabian magicians, who by their spells can call into presence the shadows of the absent and the dead, and describe their personal appearance with an almost fearful accuracy—who can command dreams by the might of their mysterious preparations, and Helen had listened,—time, and place, and speaker all forgotten,—till roused to the recollection of

the *decorums* round her by the keen voice and keener eyes of her cousin. It was with much humility and a little abstraction (for *her* vision had not wholly faded away) that she prepared to join the dancers.

"It is to be a waltz, and not a quadrille," said Lord Calder, as they threaded their way through the crowd. In the days of my tale it will be remembered that the waltz was an exotic in England; it would be almost worth while to vary its sombreness by a few rambling remembrances of the humors which attended the introduction of this *suspected* dance into country ball-rooms.

"O, then," said Helen, shrinking from the idea of exhibition and comment, "I must beg you to excuse me; my Cousin Alicia waltzes beautifully."

But Lord Calder had not heard her, and scarcely allowing her the power of further remonstrance, led her to her place. Ere she could speak again the orchestra began to play one of those joyous floating melodies, the very essence of gaiety and elegance, and of the poetry of motion, which so far surpass all other dance music, and seem to exercise a fascination over the most untuneful ears and the lamest feet. On Helen, however, its effect was far different: she checked the wild exclamations—*the name*, which that well-remembered melody called to her lip. She pressed her hand to her heart, which throbbed so high that it seemed as if another pulsation must be its last; and faint—dizzy—scarcely knowing what she did or said, gasped out, "I *must* sit down, I *must* go!" From that moment she remembered nothing till she found herself alone in her own chamber—what a blessing—alone!

"I am punished—I am warned," she said, in a feeble voice; "why did I dissemble? why attempt to be as I shall never be again?" and then she stopped her ears, for some tones of that too piercing music would make their way to her chamber, and a thousand strange and confused thoughts floated across her brain. The magicians of whom Lord Calder had told, himself, and one or two of the fantastic groups of the ball-room, mingled with old, and dear, and familiar faces; she thought that voices spoke to her from the midst of the flourishes of the harp and horn, which ever and anon came merrily upon her ear—she mistook the dull, whirling sound of the feet below for well-known steps on her chamber floor; and when, ten minutes later, the kind-hearted Lucy entered, all tears and sympathy, her unfortunate cousin was rapidly approaching a state of feverish delirium.

I wish that together with the portrait of Helen Lagarde, as she appeared on the memorable evening of the ball at Fairmeadows, I could show her as she sate in her chamber on New Year's eve, propped in a large, white, easy chair, with the fire-light, as it flickered up, faintly showing the more than beautiful sweetness of her poor, wasted features, now, alas! more colorless than the pillows which supported her head; or than the ample white dressing gown which veiled the ravages disease had wrought upon her figure. She should have been drawn at the moment when she fixed her eyes affectionately upon her faithful nurse and comforter, Lucy, who entered in a quiet evening dress; for, according to the custom of Fairmeadows, there was

always a gay revel held in the mansion on the last night of the year.

"I don't like your dress, Lucy," said Helen, with a passing gaiety of tone which had not been heard in her voice for many a day, "you want some ornaments; that simple nun-like style does not suit you—does not set you off. Come, I will be a good fairy, and you shall be my wand, and having unlocked the third drawer in my cabinet, shall bring hither to me a certain cedar box."

Lucy obeyed; and the lap of the invalid was presently glittering with brilliant jewelry.

"There, my love—stoop, that I may put it on for you myself—is a necklace, and here are bracelets, and earrings, and a *serignè*: you will value them for my sake."

"But, indeed, Helen, I cannot—will not indeed . . ."

"Nay, love, they are for you; I shall never wear them more. Don't cry, my Lucy; you must think of me pleasantly, not sadly, whenever you put them on. You must think of me as your odd cousin, who kept her ornaments as close hidden as her secrets. Now that I have given you the one, Lucy, I will give you the other; yes, all!—it is for the first and last time. Sit down—you have half an hour, have you not, before the people come?—and I will tell you my story."

Poor Lucy, though grieving rather than rejoicing in the magnificence of her cousin's gift, yet almost breathless with curiosity and interest, obeyed; and the long-hoarded sorrow was unfolded to her. It is needless to make it more fragmentary, by giving it with the few interruptions

and questions caused by Lucy's intense wish to lose not a syllable of the tale.

"You think me odd, Lucy, that I should call upon you thus suddenly to listen to what I have hitherto concealed from you; and you thought me odd when I refused that excellent Lord Calder—a husband for you, my Lucy, some day or other, I would fondly hope. But it was always so. I *was* always strange, reserved, perhaps capricious, from the day when I was born. Now I feel as if I *must* speak. I should not like to pass away—nay, dearest it is so, for I *am* going, and, by God's mercy, quickly and easily—and be misunderstood by you, Lucy,—so patient as you have been with me!

"You know the story of my mother's first marriage, but you never saw her, I think; and if you speak of her character freely, it is only, Heaven knows, to show you mine clearly. My father left her a young widow, with a handsome fortune; and I was to be brought up for vanity and display, to be shown about by her as an ornament, as soon as her own youth and beauty faded. Let me not be severe: I have said enough to explain to you on what principles they educated me. But God gave me a mind on which their system worked in vain. I never loved show and gaiety; and by being dragged into it ceaselessly, so soon as I ceased to be a school-girl, learned to hate it all the more. And, then, I was shocked by overhearing it severely commented upon in Paris, where we lived—my being *exhibited*—yes, *exhibited* so much and so long, before I was married (you know it is not their custom). Heaven knows, this was not my poor mother's fault, at least; I was

stubborn and fastidious, and refused. . . . I might have known how I was to be blessed !

“ Well, we went on in this way for a long, weary time, ill at ease with each other, I graver each year than the last ; she, gayer, fonder of society the noisiest, and most heartless. At last I was given up as hopeless, allowed to stay away from crowded balls and stupid *soirées*, when I pleased ; allowed to bury myself with a book at home, when all the rest of the world was out and abroad ; pronounced an ‘ odd girl,’ in every tone of vexation and despair, till they wearied themselves into silence, and I was as happy as any creature could be who lives alone with his thoughts.

“ Then came a time—*the* time, Lucy !—I almost fear to speak of it—but I met, in the most common-place manner possible, at the house of a friend. . . . I could talk for ever, and never say half enough. *You* know not what it is to have a restless, aspiring, unquiet spirit, bruised and wounded daily,—and then to find a shelter, a protector ; one that understands you, and thinks of you, and thinks *for* you, and enters into all your day dreams, and loves them for your sake, and bears with reproach, and neglect, and misunderstanding—and a *man*, too, as well as a lover—as fearless as he was gentle,—generous, beautiful, devoted.

“ He was a soldier, Lucy, an Englishman ; yes, to be sure, none but my country has such sons, and it, but *one* such ;—so brave, so tender ! I can speak of him to-night without pain—with pride. There have been times when the sound of his name (do you remember when Captain Wentworth was here ?) has made me shiver ready to die.

God knows that I was not ungrateful for the blessing of such a true heart to rest upon. I am proud of having been permitted to love him; and I trust and hope, that where he is, there is a place for me at his side!

“It was long ere my mother would hear of it; and when she saw I was firm, and would not relinquish my affection—I cannot, if I would, tell you how it grew, but it was no thing of a summer’s day—it was longer before she would receive him with any decent courtesy. She had set her heart so upon seeing me a countess! But he bore with her humors as if he did not notice them—he, as keen-sighted as a hawk. Well it is now all past and gone; but I cannot bear to think of those days—dear, happy days, though, some of them were—when we were left to ourselves, and he would sit and read to me for hours, as if he had not been a strong man and a soldier, and he would calm my angry spirit as if I had been a child—and talk of the future—glorious palaces in air we built! When I have seen other men since, and measured them with him. . . . O Lucy! there was never such another!

“We were to be married—we should have been married, but for the sudden change made in everything, in France, by Bonaparte’s return from Elba. Frederick was, of course, obliged to join his regiment. O, that first parting! I *knew*, as I held him in my arms, as I leant on his shoulder, that my hopes were destroyed for ever—that we should never meet again as we had met. I bore up, however, while he was with me, but I sunk,—how I sunk!—when I lost the last glimpse of his plume, and could not catch the sound of his horse’s feet any longer. And my

mother,—she had begun to love him too, and showed her anxiety, now that he was gone, by her irritability—upbraided me with my depression. ‘A fit wife for a soldier!’ she would say. Alas! I had nothing of the hero in my composition.

“We met again once more, God be thanked! in Brussels, just before the battle of Waterloo. We were at the ball together, when the dreadful news came. I think I never loved him so well, never enjoyed his society so much, as in the few brief hours we then spent together. I remember every look, every word; and we danced together—*that very waltz*, Lucy:—you now know why the hearing of it nearly killed me. And this was our last, last meeting, save on the death-bed, and by the grave. How the parting went over, I forget; there was the hurry, and the excitement, and the holding up of the spirit, sick with fear, that he might not see me sad. He went—it is like a dream!—and the next days, are like a dream, too. O! to listen to the firing, and to know that he was in the midst of it, and breathlessly to wait for the promised message, which came not;—and to feel as if time would never go over, and tidings never come;—and to see our daily meals brought in, and night come on, as usual,—and to gather up greedily any street-whisper,—and to go and ask the poorest, most unlikely people, for their news, in the desperate hope of finding the comfort of words,—and to cling to that comfort. . . .

“It came, at last it came!—I was sitting alone, the day but one after the battle, *sure* that the worst had happened, for that, had he been alive, he would have written to me,

sent—I was sitting alone, in a darkened room, half stupified, half sleeping, I believe, for I had not closed my eyes for three nights. On a sudden I heard wheels in the street; *I knew they came to me*, and I covered my face, and tried to pray—I was right; there was a low knock at the door, and then the dull, huddling sound of feet, below first, and then ascending the stairs, and one voice above the rest, giving directions. I fixed my eyes on my chamber-door, expecting it would open; but the *feet passed it*, and I heard a voice say, ‘he does not know where he is.’ He was alive then! alive! and under our roof! I sprung up from the bed upon which I had flung myself, and restraining myself with a force not my own, crept softly towards the chamber to which they had borne him. I grew deadly sick on the threshold; but at last I mustered up my strength, and went in!

“The sight which I saw!—Merciful Heaven! that it could be *he*!—that maimed, broken, pale, bleeding. . . .

“I sat beside him all the night, his hand in mine; and I wiped his brow to the last, and I moistened his lips. He once called me by my name; and I knew when those dreadful pangs seized him, for then he drew his hand away, lest he should clench it suddenly and hurt me. My mother had been carried to bed in violent hysterics.

“It was when the dawn of morning was beginning to make the watchlight look red and sickly, that I felt the hand in mine grow cold, and the dew thicken on his brow; he was asleep, I thought; for, fool that I was! I hoped to the last! He *was* asleep; but it was the sleep of death!”

She paused for awhile, exhausted by the vehemence

with which she had spoken; and the two were silent, for Lucy's tears were flowing too fast to permit her to speak.

"You know the rest," resumed Helen, yet more feebly than before—"how my mother chose, within a fortnight after we laid *him* cold in the grave, to marry a Russian officer, young enough to be her son; to accompany him to St. Petersburg, and to abandon me in Paris; she said I might go and live *en pension*. You know, too, how by blessed chance my dear uncle found me out; and now you may know what have been my feelings since I have been here.—*I* listen to love-tales, when my heart was yearning for the dead!—Why, on that very evening when Lord Calder sat talking in the ante-room about some charm *which should command dreams*, when Alicia interrupted us, you may remember, I was thinking, in the superstition of my misery, of the possibility. . . . for though I have prayed and longed, and implored Heaven but to grant that *one* prayer, and let me look upon him again, if only in my sleep, I never dreamed of him till last night.—I could not have spoken of him if I had not seen him—if he had not promised me. . . . I could not have told you my tale. And now, dearest, dry your eyes. You must go down—nay, indeed you must, or my aunt will be displeased. I have told you all, for my own relief, and not to distress you; and you must think of me, when I am gone, hopefully and cheerfully.—Nay, I will say no more, then; but, indeed, I had better—I *would rather* be left for awhile; I have wearied myself with talking. Good night, my love, Heaven bless you, and send you a happy new year!"

* * * * *

Towards midnight the faithful girl, whose heart had never left her cousin's side for a moment, stole up to her chamber, heedless of the sneers of her mother and sister, who felt reproached by her affection for their inmate, and were provoked by the sight of her splendid ornaments to insinuate that "Lucy knew what she was about"—"no bad thing to humor a hypochondriac who had a jewel-box at her elbow—for those who could stoop to it"—and the like.

Helen was still seated in the easy chair, just as Lucy had left her; for her attendant was sharing in the festivities of the evening, and at her last visit had been dismissed with an injunction not to come again till after midnight. But a glance assured the trembling and apprehensive girl, that the stillness of the invalid was not the quiet of sleep. The weary one was, indeed, at rest for ever, with a smile on her face that told of a tranquil and joyful departure. In her hand (and she was buried thus) was found a small miniature of a young officer, the face full of life, spirit, and beauty; at the back of this miniature were two locks of hair and a faded myrtle leaf, and the words, traced in silver—

"FREDERICK ANCRAM to HELEN LAGARDE,

"Given to her on his and her

"twenty-first birth-day."

1

2

3

4



The Gondola.



THE GONDOLA.

LORD of the Adriatic, city of a thousand palaces, thou monument of the instability of human pride, so lofty once—so crushed, so degraded, now! Throughout seven hundred years the whole world paid thee tribute! Deep rooted in the stillness of the unmeasured sea, beneath or wave or storm, or even the far-penetrating beams of day, the rocky columns of thy strength rose numerous as the allotted years of man, as if to signify thy power enduring as his race; and on their summits dome and tower and arch shone forth in gilded pomp, like jewels on the bosom of thy ocean-bride.

Thy ocean-bride!—She was a fitting mate. City of mirth and song—of turbulence and crime—the spirit of thy restless crowds was but a reflection from her inconstant breast. Gay as the dancing waves, joying in the light of thy unrivalled skies, were the hearts of thy dark-eyed daughters, as, rocked by the gentle undulation, the gondola swept proudly through the long canal, and beauty winged its flight from joy to joy, like a curlew over the waters. Look on that gorgeous picture. Gazing upon those dark eyes, when the summer breeze lifts the fleecy veil till it floats like an evening cloud above twin stars, the first-born of the night, we think but of love and

heaven :—listening to the music of the ripple, as it breaks upon thy marble piers in cadence with the far-off echo of guitar and flute, and tosses its tiny foam-wreath in careless glee, who dreams of the strife of the billows when the angry passions of the deep are roused, or sees in the watery mirror the common grave of loveliness and power ?

Yet, as the midnight comet sweeps among the bright stars of thy unrivalled skies, dimming with his long trailing atmosphere of poison the light of sun and planet, so, in thy days of pride, Revenge and Jealousy, twin demons of the night, winged silently their way through the music-burdened air of thy domestic heaven, and the sunshine of manly power and the moonlight grace of beauty grew dim and died away beneath their poisonous breath. Even while hearts trembled to the love-notes of the lyre within thy halls, the drugged bowl stood prepared, and the keen stiletto gleamed in the shadow of the folded cloak. Beneath the smiling surface of the sea mutters from age to age the imprisoned fiend whose struggles shake thy hundred isles,—whose voice, from the summit of yon mountain, speaking in thunder, bids the nations tremble ! Where now is Herculaneum,—that town once proudly dedicated to the god of strength ?—where the luxurious Pompeii, merged, in the very culmination of loose merriment, beneath volcanic ashes ? On a neighboring shore stands a more modern temple. On its marble columns the slimy *teredo* has twice engraved its comment on the instability of earth !* The deep founda-

* Lyell, in his *Geology*, gives a description and an illustration of certain Italian columns standing near the sea, which, though not of very ancient date, are marked

tions of thy wealth totter and reel above the battle-field of elements !

Who shall declare how long before the coral-worm shall build the gorgeous tomb of the time-worn and decrepit bridegroom of the Adriatic,—gorgeous, though unseen ? Oh, Venice ! Even now, thy moral world lies buried in the deep dark waters of tyranny and superstition !—Will they rise again ?

Lately, for a moment,—one noble moment—the bright sun looked in upon thy battlements, illuminating the vast profound of thy lost greatness, and Freedom, with astonishment,

“Saw the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath her sleeping.”

But the trench of the cannon-ball is on thy battlements ! Thy people, once the rulers of the earth's destinies, scowl, impotent, upon their tyrants, and thy dark-eyed daughters writhing in thy streets beneath the Austrian lash, cry out to universal manhood for redress ! Oh, Italy ! thou robber-founded mistress of the arts ! hearts bleed for thee in lands which Cæsar knew not, though “none could fly from Cæsar.” “How long—how long,” is thy captivity ? Yet let us bow to Heaven's decree, that visits on the children's children eternal retribution ! Let us bow before the “King of kings and the ruler of the destiny of nations,” waiting and hoping ! The day will come

with two or more circles of round holes, bored by marine worms, at widely different heights. The bases of those columns now stand at some height above the sea. We may be wrong in attributing these erosions to the *teredo*, the timber-boring shell, but this proof of the libration of the earth is indisputable.

when ocean shall break in upon the den of the fire-fiend,—
when the vine shall flourish in the crater of Vesuvius,
—when the staff of the oppressor shall be broken, when
Freedom, of whom through ages of selfish tyranny, thy
rulers prated, shall once more smile upon the Adriatic, as
the parting sun smiles upon the sea, or dying men upon
the stream of life when plunging into the dark billows of
Eternity, with the bright lustre of the dying lamp. May
it be speedily!

LAMENT OF THE POET SAVAGE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

"Savage was so touched by the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her, as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand."

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

I.

HAVE ye looked out across the wide green sea,
 With all its mountain billows raging round ;
 And gazing on it, gathered bitterly
 Unto yourselves the memory of the drowned ?
 While others gazing with you, in that sound
 Heard nothing but the ocean's ceaseless roar,—
 Have ye in every wave beheld a mound
 O'er one who hath no grave ; whence float to shore
 Fond fancied words from him whose lips shall breathe no
 more ?

II.

So o'er my gaze across the world's wide sea
 Sad memory still her veil of darkness flings,
 Dims with her clouds my soul's full ecstasy,
 And drieth up joy's gushing natural springs.
 So, though to others Time some comfort brings,

For me it hath no voice, no soothing balm;
Still wearily my spirit drops its wings,
Shrinks sickening from the crowd awarded palm,
And yearns for one wrecked hope which hath destroyed
its calm.

III.

Oh, to forget it! but for one bright day,
An hour—a happy moment; oh! to sleep
And dream not of it; to arise and say,
Lo! here is morning, and to feel no deep
And sickening consciousness of cause to weep
Weigh down the waking soul: to smile nor fear
The shades that round my couch their vigil keep,
Will haunt ev'n then, and murmur in mine ear,—
How canst thou smile when we, the doubly lost, are near?

IV.

Blow, ye wild breezes, o'er my native hills,—
Bend, ye wild flowers, beneath their gladsome breath,—
Gush on in beauty, founts whose music fills
The voiceless air,—the taint of sin and death,
Th' eternal curse that all must bow beneath,
Rests not on you: Forth on its endless quest,
It sweeps o'er sunny bank and desolate heath,
To find a home within the human breast,
A feared, and loathed, and scorned, but never banished
guest.

V.

The beautiful things of earth ! how have I loved
To feed my spirit in its silent trance
When lone, but free, my eager footsteps roved ;
(With each new charm that met my wandering glance :)
The sky—the trees—the flowers—all things which chance
Or my own seeking brought ; but that is past !
Never ! oh never more my heart shall dance,
Sending its crimson torrent warm and fast
To veins whose rushing tide flows cold and slow at last !

VI.

Deserted—scorned—abjured—ere yet I knew
What such desertion was ; my form, my name,
My very being known but to a few,
And by those few remembered with deep shame,
As an eternal blot upon the fame
Of those who fearing not to sin, did yet
Fear the upbraiding eyes whose scorn could tame
Proud hearts that quailed at every glance they met,
And having loved in sin, could nature's love forget.

VII.

Thus rose life's faint and clouded light to me,
And yet I had a heart, whose fervent love,
Whose power to suffer all things patiently,
Whose boundless hope that still for mastery strove,
In value might have proved itself above
The sacrifice affection made to fear ;
But never may that heart its fondness prove ;

Mine is the bitter disregarded tear,
The blight which wastes the soul from weary year to
year.

VIII.

Mother unknown, but not the less adored,
How hath my soul gone forth in search of thine !
How hath my wild and eager spirit poured
In its lone watchings on the face divine
Of heaven's blue midnight, prayers that might incline
The Powers above to hush this passionate storm
Of ruined hopes, and bid me cease to pine
With feverish longing for thy fancied form,
Quelling within my heart its never-dying worm.

IX.

What wild far thoughts—what unrecorded dreams
Of thy bright beauty ; of thy gushing tears ;
When, in forsaking me, some dying gleams
Of tenderness—some faint half buried fears
Of what might be my fate in after years,
Awoke within thy soul, and bade thee weep,
Shrouding the pained and heavy eyes which gazed
On thy deserted infant's quiet sleep ;—
Across my lonely heart have learnt at times to sweep !

X.

How have I prayed to Him the Holy One
Who still hath guarded thy forsaken child—

To lead my steps where thine before had gone,
And let me feed my soul with visions wild,
Of how thine eyes had looked—thy lips had smiled :
To leave me even renounced—abjured by thee,
Beneath th' illumined lattice, where beguiled
By present thoughts and feelings, silently
Thou dwellest now without one wandering thought of me.

XI.

That I might see thy shadow in that room
Glide to and fro upon the marble wall,
And from my station in night's circling gloom,
Watch thee, and dream I heard thy footsteps fall
Lightly in that (to me) forbidden hall ;
Conjure thy low sweet voice by fancy's art,
Shed wild and burning tears unseen by all
Whose chilling gaze forbid those drops to start,
And feel a strange joy swell within my rapturous heart.

XII.

Oh! Mother, youth is vanished from thy life,
The rose of beauty faded from thy cheek,
Little to thee this world of guilt and strife,
Thy fame—men's scorn—are shadows faint and weak ;
And yet thou wilt not let me hear thee speak
Words frozen back by woman's struggling pride.
Thou wilt not let me in thy bosom seek
The rest for which my heart hath vainly sighed ;
This—this was all I asked—and this thou hast denied !

XIII.

Lone hath my life been ; lone, and very sad ;
And wasted is the form thou wouldst not know ;
And some have cursed, and some have deemed me mad,
And sorrow hath drawn lines upon my brow.
Ah ! who would cheer me half so well as thou ?
Who could so soothe my feverish dreams of pain ?
Yet never for my sake thy tears shall flow.
Unheard, unheeded, still must I complain,
And to the hollow winds pour forth my woe in vain.

THE CASTLE OF LAWERS.

BY LORD WILLIAM GRAHAM.

THE feast was high in the ancient hall of Lawers; the chief of the Campbells had that day entered his fiftieth year, and his kinsmen and retainers from every part of the country were gathered together to celebrate Breadalbane's birthday. Around the hall were hung the trophies of the chase and the triumphs of war. The noble antlers of the stag were crossed with the broadsword and the targe; while the casque and spear, and burnished breast-plate, showed, that though in profound peace the chieftain was ever ready for the fight. In the middle, hung the broad banner of the Breadalbanes; and beneath, the escutcheon of their arms, with the proud and chivalric motto, "Follow me!" The table in the centre of the hall groaned beneath the burden of the feast: at the upper end, on a seat of dais, sat the noble chieftain, with high features and commanding look; but, ever and anon, a dark scowl from his shaggy eyebrows seemed to tell that Breadalbane never forgave an offence. However, generous in peace, and fortunate in war, his vassals followed willingly whithersoever he led. About him sat the ladies of his house, with fair hair and glancing eyes, bedecked with rich robes and precious stones, that glittered and shone in the flickering

light of the blazing pine torches with which the hall was illuminated. But, one there was of surpassing beauty; her long sunny ringlets clustered on her graceful neck, which rivalled in whiteness the plumage of the ptarmigan, when the ground is covered with snow. Her blue eyes, as she gazed vacantly on the scene before her, poured forth a kind of dreamy light; but if aught said or done touched the latent feelings of her heart, the orbs suddenly expanded, and were lighted up with all the glow of enthusiasm, or of passionate indignation. This was the Lady Alice, a cousin of the house of Breadalbane, and one who cared not to mingle too much in the gaities and follies of the rest. For, most of all, did she delight to wander alone on the heathery mountains when the summer suns were setting in the west, and to linger and watch each departing ray, as it silently disappeared, like the vanishing hopes of glory. Sometimes, would she go forth when the spirit of the storm brooded on the hills; and wrapping her mantle around her, listen to the groaning of the tempest and the rushing of the winds, till she returned with her hair and her dress all dripping with the outpourings of its fury. Often would the Lord of Breadalbane chide her for these her wanderings, unbecoming, as he would say, in a noble lady. With that, would her eye glisten, her lips part as if to give utterance to the workings within; but anon, remembering the respect due to the head of her house, she would smother her rising feelings, and lower her head in token of feudal obedience. In the evening, she again won back the chieftain's smile, by pouring forth her mellow voice in the songs of her native country, some spirit-stirring ballad

of love and war; or almost melt even his iron nature to tears, by lingering with melancholy strains, over some touching lament of the dead.

Such was the Lady Alice; but at the present moment she gazed upon the rude and boisterous scene with a vacant air, as if her thoughts were wandering far away from the festal board. Albeit, now did the feast become more joyous; rude and riotous grew the revelry at the lower end: toast upon toast was proposed and drunk, nor were the healths of the female part of the audience, and especially of the Lady Alice, forgotten. Many hearts throbbed at the mention of that name; for many were assembled in the hall that day who had been suitors for her hand. Nobles of high degree, barons, and chieftains, had wooed, but wooed in vain; to all did she return a firm but dignified refusal, till her kinsfolk began to surmise she had made some vow of eternal chastity. But they knew not her heart; her spirit was made for loving deeply, passionately, madly; yet, she could not devote her affections to beings who had no feelings in common with hers, who had no ideas beyond the best way of killing a stag or a man: and such were the only suitors that had as yet addressed her.

In one of the pauses which occurred preparatory to the announcement of a new toast, a knock was heard at the door. The guests looked surprised, for none could come at such an hour, who intended to do honor either to the feast or to the giver. Moreover, it was not the knock of one secure of admission, of the haughty chieftain or impatient noble, but that of some humbler person, who hesitated as to the reception that might be awarded him. Breadal-

bane, however, motioned that they should see who was at the gate: the seneschal obeyed, and soon returning, announced that there was without a young Irish harper, who craved admittance, that he might tell, in other lands, of Scottish halls and Scottish hospitality. His arrival could not have been more opportune; the feast was at its height, and all were ready to listen to the songs of the bard.

Breadalbane ordered him instantly to be admitted; the doors were thrown open, and all eyes were bent upon the stranger as he advanced slowly up the hall. He was partly wrapped in a large mantle, which disclosed a vest of green beneath; and a green cap, with a single feather was placed upon his head. He appeared tall and handsome, and, casting around him a look of conscious mental superiority, he displayed more of the bearing of the noble knight than the humble harper. Such is, indeed, always the feeling of the true and loyal bard; he is proudly sensible of the dignity of his profession, and feels that, in the mental commonwealth, genius is the only legitimate sovereign.

The stranger strode to the upper end of the hall, where, doffing his cap and making a humble salute to the ladies and to the chieftain, he seemed to await their pleasure. Many were the fair eyes that were cast upon him, and none apparently with dislike or displeasure: his form and his face, his garb and his mien, were variously noted; and many were the guests that envied his lot when they saw the Lady Alice bend her large blue eyes upon him.

After a short pause he addressed himself to Breadalbane, and said that he was on his return to his native country; that he had visited many castles in his wanderings through

Scotland, where he had been nobly entertained, but wherever he went the beauty of the Lady Alice was the universal theme; he had therefore bent his steps to the Castle of Lawers, in the hope that he might be able to carry back to his countrymen a true account of the fame of her beauty, and the hospitality of Breadalbane.

A slight blush was seen by some to steal over the countenance of the Lady Alice during the harper's address.

"You are welcome, worthy harper," said the chieftain, "you are right welcome : you shall have the best entertainment my poor castle can afford, so shall we stand well in the eyes of other countries. As for my cousin Alice, Heaven has indeed been kind to her as to outward appearance, but whether her beauty shall prove a blessing or a curse, must be seen hereafter. However, you shall pledge me in this goblet, and anon we will have a trial of your skill in minstrelsy."

The harper quaffed off the goblet of wine, bowed to the ladies, and struck a few wild notes upon his harp.

"So please you, noble chieftain, shall it be a song of battle, or a lay of love?"

"In sooth," replied Breadalbane, "if I was to consult my own feelings and that of my knights, I should call for a song of battle, but as we have ladies present, we must allow them the choice ; and if I interpret their looks aright, they incline to a lay of love."

The objects of his appeal all gave token of assent ; the Lady Alice adding, "We are ourselves skilled in most of the minstrelsies of our own land. Perchance the noble harper has something from a far countree."

“In sooth,” replied the harper, “I have a ballad that tells of distant lands ; but, methinks, that bard would be unworthy of his art, whose tongue would not flow with unstudied lays, beneath the bright eyes that I see around me.”

The Lady Alice was again observed to blush at these words, while the harper busied himself in arranging his chords, and recalling, as it were, by a few touches, the air, and the words of his ballad. At last, the full tide of song broke upon him, and a deep silence being made, he commenced his theme.

When it was concluded, a general murmur of applause was heard throughout the hall. The Lady Alice was not slow in expressing her approbation, and it was generally agreed that the harper fully deserved to be rewarded with the poet's crown ; the Lady Alice herself being appointed to place it on his brow. A wreath of evergreens was accordingly brought, and the harper was ordered to draw near, that he might receive the intended honor. As he came forward and knelt at the foot of the dais, with bended head and downcast eyes, while the Lady Alice advanced, and the other damsels clustered around to witness the ceremony, the whole group would have made a subject worthy of the pencil of our own unrivalled Wilkie. But, alas ! Scotland had then no such artists to illustrate her history or immortalize the beauty of her children. None present observed that the hand of the Lady Alice trembled as she placed the wreath upon the harper's head ; he alone felt it, and suddenly raising his eyes, he encountered those of the Lady Alice, which immediately fell,

while a deep blush overspread her lovely face. Strange thoughts passed through the brain of the young harper; strange feelings rose in his breast; his blood beat rapidly in his veins; and hopes he did not dare to cherish, came and went, like misty stars through the stormy sky.

He was awakened from his trance by the voice of Breadalbane calling to him to rise, to pledge him in another goblet, and to drink a parting toast, "Good night to the ladies." This was the signal for their retirement; and when he had caught the last glimpse of the Lady Alice, as she vanished through the lofty doorway, the harper craved permission to withdraw. This was granted, and Breadalbane directed the seneschal to marshal him to his chamber and to offer him the best entertainment the castle could afford. The rest of the company remained at the board. The revelry waxed louder and more fierce, and many a dirk was drawn over the foaming goblet, which returned slowly and unwillingly to its sheath without its accustomed satisfaction of blood. The iron bell of the castle had tolled many a chime beyond the hour of midnight, ere the wassail broke up and the guests wandered to their respective apartments.

Strange and unaccustomed dreams haunted the pillow of the Lady Alice that night; slumber only sank upon her eyelids at intervals, ever and anon the image of the youthful harper flitted across her imagination, and new and indistinct feelings labored in her bosom.

After this fashion passed the night; but with the early dawn she arose, feverish and unrefreshed, and having hastily donned her garments, she hurried into the garden

to enjoy the cooling freshness of the morning air. She wandered along the broad walks, between the antique hedges of clipped yew, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, bewildered with the various thoughts which crowded on her brain, and with the new sensations which had suddenly arisen in her bosom. All at once she was awakened from her trance by hearing a few wild notes struck carelessly on a harp; she stopped, for she had not deemed that any one would be abroad at this early hour except herself. In a few minutes she recognized the voice of the harper, as he slowly chanted the following verses :—

SONG.

Oh ! I would wend with thee, love,
Though all were night and sorrow,
And I would die for thee, love,
Though fate should say to-morrow.

My cloak shall be thy couch, love,
My arm shall be thy pillow,
My sword shall be thy guard, love,
O'er desert, mount, and billow.

Then trust my heart and sword, love,
My sword was ever true,
And can you think my heart, love,
Would e'er be false to you ?

As soon as the song was finished, she turned round to retrace her footsteps to the castle ; she took, however, a path which led more directly to the house, than the one in which she had hitherto wandered. But in hastily turn-

ing the corner of one of the yew-tree hedges, she suddenly found herself in the presence of the minstrel. His harp hung negligently on his arm, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground; hearing footsteps he raised them, but on becoming aware of the presence of the Lady Alice, the color mounted to his very temples. He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and advancing towards her, he craved pardon for having thus intruded on the privacy of her matin walks.

"I did not conceive," he continued, "that any one, much less the Lady Alice, would be abroad at such an hour; for myself, I must confess, that I love to greet the rising sun; there is something so delightful in the feeling and belief, that you are looking on a day that has, perhaps, not as yet been polluted by earthly sin, that I never feel myself so near to nature, and to nature's God, as at that early and untainted hour."

"That is indeed a sentiment," answered the Lady Alice, "worthy the art and its master. But was the burden of your early song, in sooth, a morning hymn?"

"A hymn, lady, to her I can never cease to worship, though I can never hope to approach her."

It was now the turn of the Lady Alice to look down and blush, as she encountered the ardent, though humble gaze of the youthful harper.

"Such was not the fate of the hero of your yesternight's ballad."

"No, lady, no; but oh! how different are these things in fiction from actual life; but gladly, gladly would I un-

dergo a thousand perils, to kneel but one hour at the feet of the angel I worship."

As he concluded these words, he struck passionately the chords of his harp, and then burst into the following strain :—

I do not ask thee for thy love,
A passing sigh is all
That I can hope for, just to drop
Within my cup of gall.

And even that is more than I
Can ask for as my due,
I only ask in charity,
And not for justice sue.

I am not worthy of thy love,
Nor can'st thou hope to find,
Within the troubled mirror here,
An image of thy mind.

For how can innocence and guilt
Together dwell below,
Or how the nightshade and the rose
Together bloom and blow.

Farewell, farewell—I still must love,
But will not cross thine eye,
Forbear to curse me while I live,
Forget me when I die.

As he concluded these words he rushed hurriedly from her presence, and the Lady Alice, surprised, gratified, and yet, perhaps, slightly offended, returned slowly and

ruminatingly to the gate of the castle. It is needless to say, that the resolution of the harper, as indicated by his song, was not kept; he still lingered about the castle, for Breadalbane still pressed him to stay, and offered him all the hospitality of the Scottish chieftain. It is, perhaps, as needless to relate that interviews again occurred between the harper and the Lady Alice. She had at last found, what she long had sought in vain among the uncultured barons of the neighborhood, a mind that corresponded with her own, in thought, word, and sentiment. She felt that their inward natures harmonized, though the outward forms and fashions of life had instituted an almost impassable barrier. Then began the struggle of conflicting passions; the self-sacrificing fervor of love, and the self-regarding principle of pride. It was after one of these struggles with her contending emotions, struggles which had totally altered her nature, and changed the high and haughty, and apparently cold Lady Alice, into a being full of passionate ardor; it was, as I have stated, after one of these struggles, when the memory of her kinsman's proud castles, her ancient name and noble descent, had gradually yielded to the soft visions of mutual love, in some distant land where the pride and the prejudice, the sin and the sorrow of the world should be alike forgotten, that she went forth one calm and beautiful evening to the accustomed tryste. The harper had prayed for one last interview, to bid an eternal farewell; for whether Breadalbane had observed anything which had excited his suspicions or whether some envious spy had profaned the sanctity of their solitary meetings, however that might be,

the Irish harper was no longer a welcome guest at the castle of Lawers.

The minstrel was true to his appointment. His face was pale, and his eye had a wild look of frenzy, as, taking the hand of the Lady Alice, and suddenly casting himself at her feet he poured forth, with all the madness of despair, the utter hopelessness of his passion.

“Never,” said he, “should the secret of my love have escaped from my lips, as long as I lingered here ; but now, what is life to me—the star of my hope has fallen from the heavens, and the darkness of the idiot or the maniac will settle on my soul. Oh, that you were in my native land, amid the green hills and sequestered valleys of my own lovely country !—oh, that I could lead you to the hall of my fathers, and point out to you the tombs of all the noble bards of our race, bards who have won the crown of gold, and have received the worship of centuries !—Oh Carolan, Carolan, would that my harp could rival thy magic numbers, and win but one heart, where thou didst win a thousand ! But how can I hope to persuade you lady, here within sight of Breadalbane’s towers, and surrounded by all the power and grandeur of a Highland chieftain ; how can I hope to persuade you, that I, apparently an humble harper, am revered in mine own land ! Yet so it is, lady, and I would not change the sympathizing hearts that throng around the bard, for all the glory and the grandeur of the proudest earl in the land.”

As he uttered these words his eyes flashed fire, and his whole face beamed with the light of enthusiasm ; but soon

again was his brow overcast, and again returned the look of despairing despondency.

“But what are the sympathizing hearts to me? what the glory of my race, what the crown of gold? Why should I strive for honor or fame, when you, lady, cannot, or will not, share it with me!—No, better that I seek out some desolate and lonely spot, where my grief shall be unheard, and my tears unseen; or if perchance some wandering shepherd shall catch the echo of my lamentations, he shall deem it but the murmur of the winds, or the wailing of some distant spirit.”

He paused, for the sighs of the Lady Alice had now become quite audible; the tears coursed each other slowly down her cheeks, and her whole frame trembled with emotion, as if some mighty struggle was going on within. But no words escaped from her lips; a faint murmur now and then struggled forth, but her tongue refused to give utterance to the feelings of her breast. Suddenly, a death-like paleness overspread her countenance, her limbs tottered, and she would have fallen had not the harper caught her in his arms, and gently placed her on a grassy bank. How long she remained in this state she knew not; when she recovered her senses, the shades of night had closed around; lights glimmered in the distant windows of the castle, but all around the lovers was solitude and peace. Let us not disturb their last moments—let us not withdraw the pitying veil that night threw around them—let us not violate the sanctity of their parting interview.

The bell of the castle tolled at the usual hour the next

morning, to summon the inmates to their early but substantial meal in the ancient hall. In a short time all had taken their seats in accustomed order at the well-filled board; but no sooner had Breadalbane entered, than he at once perceived that the Lady Alice was not in her usual place.

“Where is the Lady Alice?” he exclaimed, “let some one seek her in her chamber; perchance she still lingereth at her toilette, though it beseemeth not young maidens to be too much addicted to their mirror. Eh, my fair ladies? methinks, if they were all as faithful to their liege lords, as they are to their looking-glasses, we should hear of fewer broken vows.”

The attendant returned and brought word that the Lady Alice was not in her chamber; at the same time entered a groom, with the news that the palfrey of the Lady Alice was missing from its stall, although the night before it was fastened in the accustomed manner, and the stable door closed. The grim smile upon Breadalbane’s face rapidly darkened into an ominous frown; he knit his shaggy eyebrows, and bit his nether lip till the blood started through the skin. “Where is the harper?” he at last exclaimed, as he darted his fiery eyes around the room. No one replied, and each person looked upon his neighbor, as it became evident that the harper had vanished also.

“Now, by the Holy Cross!” exclaimed Breadalbane, “’tis as I suspected; and the cousin of our house has fled with this accursed harper! Truly, truly hath her beauty proved a curse instead of a blessing; but, by the light of

heaven ! this insult shall not go unpunished ! This accursed harper shall pay dearly for his presumption, and the vengeance I will take shall resound even unto his own land, and shall become a token and a warning to after ages. To horse, to horse, gentlemen ; spare not the spur, rest not by day, sleep not by night, till ye have discovered the track of this accursed knave ; and I will give my best charger, and broad lands upon the Tay, to him who first brings tidings of the traitor, dead or alive."

The castle was instantly all in commotion. Zeal inspired some, envy others, and vengeance for slighted vows quickened the ardor of not a few. The knights belted on their swords, the squires buckled on their spurs, and the grooms saddled their steeds. It was a gallant sight to behold, as they all mustered in the castle-yard, their spears glancing, their plumes waving, and their chargers neighing. In the midst of all appeared Breadalbane on a coal-black steed, with a crimson feather dancing on his crest ; giving his steed the spur, and crying out, " Forward gentlemen !" with a scowling brow and glaring eye, he dashed out of the court-yard. Each knight followed in succession, as waving his hand in adieu to the ladies, he vanished under the ponderous archway.

The sun was setting behind the lovely hills of Morven, as two travellers appeared upon the brow of one of the Argyleshire hills, which led down to the sea-coast, and which formed, as it were, the cape of that vast range of mountains, over which towered the shattered fork of Bencruachan, now lighted up by the dying rays of the declining sun. The landscape which spread around, was

indeed worthy of being celebrated as the scene of Ossian's heroes; for seldom has pen or pencil pictured a more splendid assemblage of hill, and rock, and sea, and island, all blended and harmonized together by the glowing halo of a summer evening. In the distance stood the hills of Morven, with their lofty peaks, while at their base many a long and shadowy promontory jutted out into the golden sea. In the midground, on a projecting cape, rose the lofty towers of Dunstafriake, mellowed into a rich purple color, and which flung their softened shadows into the transparent waters below. On the right, jutted out the bold fronts of many a rocky headland, in the warm relief of sunset; while, in the foreground, the gentle undulations of the sea broke in murmuring idleness on the gravelly beach. The travellers, however, lingered not on the mountain's top, although their horses, apparently quite exhausted, tottered and stumbled adown the rugged path, while their haggard looks and disordered dress betokened that they had journeyed far, and tarried not for rest. One indeed, who from her dress was apparently a woman, seemed scarcely able to support herself in her saddle; for her companion, who was wrapt in a cloak, and displayed a green cap and feather on his head, rode close by her side, and seemed to support her with his arm, and encourage her with his words.

"Cheerily, cheerily, my beloved! see you not yonder, the bright waves dancing in the sun? Our task is almost over; we have reached the western coast; and once across the blue sea, the power, and the threats, and the rage of Breadalbane will be alike in vain. Look up, then, my

beloved ; let not your courage sink when within sight of the goal."

The object of his address did look up, but with such a pale and melancholy look, that the heart of the harper died within him.

"Alas, alas ! our efforts will be in vain ; the hand of Fate is upon me, and its dark shadow has encompassed my soul. See you not those two ravens ? they have followed us the whole way, over moor and moss, over hill and vale, by day and by night ; even now they are whirling over our heads, and hoarsely croaking for their prey : they come not here for nothing. Again, last night, as we crossed over the brae of the mountain, the owl peered into our eyes as he flitted past, and I heard the wailing cry of the banshee as we hurried by the solitary cairn."

"Pri'thee cheer up, my beloved, and let not these melancholy thoughts oppress thee ; let us think of the future, not of the past ; the ravens are but gathered together for such chance relics as the sea may cast upon the shore, and it was but the wailing of the wind that thou didst hear in our midnight ride. The cool breeze of the evening hath chilled thy gentle form ; let me wrap my cloak around thee, and shield thee from the falling dew."

He undid his mantle, and proceeded to wrap it around her trembling frame ; while he was busied in this operation, he suddenly felt all her body cower together, as if with some violent convulsion, while a sharp scream burst from her lips.

“Ah! see there, see there! on the top of that hill a spear glanced in the setting sun.”

He looked up, and beheld indeed what his worst fears had foreboded; on the brow of the hill he saw a horseman stand in dark relief against the sky; he appeared to be scanning the horizon round and round. For a moment the harper indulged the hope that he might escape the ken of his searching eye; but suddenly the horseman appeared to gaze steadfastly into the valley below, then making a sign, as if to some one behind, he dashed down the side of the mountain, and was presently lost to sight. With a vain hope, the harper dashed the spurs into his steed, and seizing his companion's by the bridle, urged the horses to one more effort. The faithful creatures responded to his call; they seemed as if they almost knew that life or death depended on their speed, and for some few paces they appeared to have recovered all their pristine vigor. But this preternatural exertion could not last: in galloping along the rugged path, a loose stone rolled from beneath the foot of the lady's palfrey; the poor animal stumbled, made a vain effort to recover his footing, and failing, fell with his exhausted burden to the ground. In the agony of his despair, the harper jumped from his horse, threw his arms around the Lady Alice, for such she was, and entreated her by all the endearing names that a lover could devise, to make but one more effort. The Lady Alice slowly opened her eyes; she was but slightly stunned by the fall, and the harper taking her in his arms, and folding her to his breast, hurried with all the speed and strength he could exert, towards the sea-

shore. He saw a solitary fishing-boat lying on the sand, and if he could but reach that, all might yet be well. But, alas! his enemies were now closing upon him; other horsemen had appeared upon the hill, and the one who had first dashed down the mountain's side, now emerged upon the heath, and was but a short distance in their rear. The red plume streaming in the wind, told but too plainly that their bitterest foe was foremost in the chase. Escape appeared impossible; every moment brought his enemy nearer, and with a look of despair, the harper placed his lovely burden on the ground, and drawing his sword, prepared to defend his charge to the last moment of his existence.

In a few moments the foremost horseman reached the fugitives; he dismounted, cast his steed loose, drew his sword, and crying out "Ha, traitor! have I caught thee?" rushed upon the unfortunate harper. The tall, slender, and graceful form of the latter was but ill-fitted to contend in mortal strife with the strong, stern, iron-armed, and iron-hearted chief of Breadalbane. But at the first clash of their swords, the Lady Alice started from her trance, and seeing her lover engaged in deadly fight, without a moments thought or hesitation rushed between the combatants. For a moment the strife was stayed, for even the iron-heart of Breadalbane was softened, as he saw his beautiful kinswoman throw herself across the body of the harper, exclaiming "Now, then, strike!" But his fury soon returned, and seizing her by the waist, with the assistance of his attendants, who were now come up, he tore her from the arms of her despairing lover.

The rest may be quickly told ; the harper soon fell beneath the blows of his assailants, and in the fury of the moment, his body was literally cut to pieces. In the agony of her despair, the Lady Alice had fainted ; but when the pulse of life again returned, and she saw the miserable remnants of what had once been her lover, the light of her mind fled for ever, and she sank into a state of hopeless idiotcy.

In this state she was carried back to the castle. Bread-albane, when the fury of his passion was over, and his vengeance satisfied, lamented the wreck he had made ; for with all his sternness and fierceness, he had really loved the Lady Alice. Every means were tried to restore her to health ; every indulgence granted, every fancy gratified ; but the only thing in which she appeared to take any delight was to wander about alone in the garden of the castle, to linger in those spots where she first met the harper, and to sit, as the sun set and the moon rose, under that fatal bower where the first avowal of love burst from his burning lips.

In this condition, she lingered a few months, gradually wasting away, like a perishing flower, till one evening, as the attendants of the castle were seeking for her in order to lead her home, the hour growing late, they found her lying cold and lifeless in her favorite spot.

The fate of the harper was not forgotten by his countrymen. Many years afterwards, when the Irish auxiliaries came over to Scotland to assist Montrose in his chivalrous but unfortunate enterprise, a small band detached themselves from his standard during one of his irruptions

through Perthshire. They marched under a chief of their own, and making for Breadalbane's country, they arrived at nightfall before the Castle of Lawers. Not expecting any attack, the chieftain was absent; the small garrison was taken by surprise, and every soul put to the sword. The castle itself was fired, and its walls razed to the ground; and the desolate ruins remain to this day a lasting memorial of Breadalbane's fury and of Irish revenge.

WASHINGTON.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

GREAT were the hearts, and strong the minds,
 Of those who framed in high debate,
 The immortal league of love that binds
 Our fair, broad Empire, State with State.

And deep the gladness of that hour,
 When, as the auspicious task was done,
 In solemn trust the sword of power
 Was given to glory's unspoiled son.

That noble race is gone; the suns
 Of fifty years have risen and set,
 But the bright links those chosen ones
 So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—
 Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
 And bind in everlasting peace,
 State after State, a mighty train.



1911

1911

Innocence

INNOCENCE.

"He's armed without, that's innocent within."

POPE.

O INNOCENCE, the sacred amulet
 'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
 Of all misfortunes, injury, and death !
 That makes a man in tune still in himself ;
 Free from the hell to be his own accuser,
 Ever in quiet, endless joys, enjoying ;
 No strife, nor no sedition in his powers ;
 No motion in his will against his reason ;
 No thought 'gainst thought—
 But all parts in him friendly and secure.
 Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,
 He can, with every wish be in their plenty ;
 When the infectious guilt of one foul crime
 Destroys the free content of all our time.

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

“**T**HERE, haunting dream of beauty, I have faintly realized thee at last! The changeful glow of thy cheek—the burning light of thy seraph-eyes—thy sudden smile, which dies away so slowly, trembling round those curved and crimson lips—*these* no art can copy; they must still haunt me through the restless night, and come with shadowy truth between me and the noonday sun. But what my art *can* give, I have given; and should I die this hour, I leave the world a faithful though imperfect portraiture of that which living, was my first—last dream of love.”

So spoke the young artist Ludovic, as he gazed on an unfinished sketch; and the passionate melody of his voice, low and murmuring as were its sweet Italian accents, thrilled to the heart of a young girl who knelt at a little distance from him, sorting and arranging the colors which he desired to employ. He marked her not: accustomed day by day to pursue his labors, and indulge his reveries in her presence, from the time he had first taken lodgings in her father's house; habituated to see her perform such slight services as that in which she was engaged, and to repay her, when the task was ended, with a grateful smile and a few courteous words, it was to him as though he had

been alone; and he spoke aloud, as he was wont to do when under the influence of deep emotion.

At length, flinging down his pencils, he exclaimed, "That will do, Lisa; my hand is numbed—my head burns; I have painted since sunrise: I will go forth and refresh myself on the bosom of the Arno, as soon as I have washed these mingled tints from my hands." "It is well, signor;" replied the girl in a submissive quiet tone, without lifting her long jet lashes from her cheek; but when he had disappeared into the inner apartment, a sudden change came over her whole deportment. Her large and wondrous black eyes gleamed with excitement, her lip quivered, her breath came quick, and clasping her hands, she stole forward to the easel, whereon the work of the absent Ludovic still rested. Ere she reached it, she paused, and gave a startled and inquiring glance towards the door of the room he had entered, then again with stealthy and uncertain step she advanced, and again paused; till at length turning away, she covered her face with her embroidered apron. "I dare not—I dare not," murmured she, while the hot crimson flushed cheek and brow and bosom. "If it be *not* my portrait, as I fondly, vainly fancied, when his gaze seemed to rest on me this morning; then am I miserable, because of the words he has spoken; and if it *be* my image which he has thus treasured up, how shall I ever be able to meet his glance again? No, no; I will not look, though the temptation be strong;" and with a slow step, and her head still turning to the canvas frame which she could not summon courage to contemplate, she retreated to the place she had previously occupied. There

she remained, buried in profound thought, till a knocking at the room door, and her own name often repeated, recalled her to herself. She opened the door, and the coarse but handsome figure of a boatmen crossed the threshold. "Bertoldo" said she, "why do you thus persecute me? why do you follow me from place to place, when I have already given what answer I may to your unwelcome tale of love?" "Lisa," said the *marinaro*, sharply, "your father does not consider your answer as a decision, neither do I. I love you—could die for you; and it maddens me, when others are happy, dancing, or walking, or gliding down the river; to find you moping in the chamber of this sallow-faced boy of a painter. It is *he* who keeps your heart from loving me—he who makes me unwelcome—he who desires to win your love to disgrace you; for believe me, Signor Ludovic is too proud to marry the daughter of his poor landlord." Pale and cold as death, Lisa stood transfixed as a statue; for during this speech Ludovic had entered, and remained, his earnest eyes wandering from one to the other with an expression of incredulous astonishment, and his naturally colorless cheek flushed with sudden surprise at the accusation. At length, checking a sigh and smiling mournfully, he came forward and addressed them; and the few words he spoke, sealed the destiny of the shrinking girl before him.

There are voices in the world, which heard once, will haunt us from time to time, though our lives pass away without ever again hearing them. Of such was the voice of Ludovic. Though his utterance was eager and rapid

as the clear, bell-like notes of the dulcimer, there was yet a strange and solemn music in its tones, which awed while it saddened the hearer ; and the style of his beauty harmonized well with the impression made by his manner of speaking. When his features were at rest, his dark and dreaming eye, the proud, melancholy curve of his mouth, the pale transparency of his complexion, and his slight and flexible figure, gave you only the picture of a sick and studious boy ; but when, fired by enthusiasm, or eager to explain some new dream of loveliness which his pencil was to immortalize, he smiled and spoke ; he might have personified the genius of his own unequalled art, so holy was the light which beamed from his inspired eyes, so wild and intense the smile which parted his lips, and showed the glittering and pearl-like teeth enclosed in that coral prison. Nor could you, as you gazed on him, image (as you often can), the alterations which years and time were to bring. You could neither fancy him grown to the bearded strength of manhood, nor faded beneath the shadowy touch of age. As he was then, so to your imagination he seemed destined ever to be, like the changeless shapes of the angels who glide through the vaulted space of Heaven, eternally bright and glorious !

“Not too *proud* to love thee!” murmured he, as he took Lisa’s hand ; “not too proud, for thy gentleness and beauty are worth all love, but *my* star shines out on another land. If by word or look, during our long and happy intercourse, I have misled thee, forgive me : I meant it not ; nor have I addressed to thee even the common phrases permitted by the fashion of the time.” “Oh !

no, you never did, you never did, signor!" exclaimed the confused and unhappy girl, "only Bertoldo ——" "Believe, good Bertoldo, that there is no truth in your suspicions, and accept my promise of a picture of Lisa when she is your bride." So saying he left the painting-room; while Lisa, after an impatient gesture of command to her lover, intimating her desire to be left alone, sank down on her knees, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "It is over—my dream is over! Alas! it is I who am too proud. What is there in me, that I should dare to love the Signor Ludovic? And yet it was not with the common love that hopes for a return, that I have thought of him: no; as the lark loves the morning—as the flowers love the sun—as the humble adorer loves the god of her altar, so have I loved Ludovic. And to have lived to be shamed by those quiet words of appeal and denial! Oh! Bertoldo, never, never can I be thy bride: no, not even to satisfy my poor father's wish, who thinks so much of the liberality of old Lord Altingford, thy English employer, that he believes a mine of gold to have opened beneath thy feet." She wept as she spoke, and then suddenly pausing, looked fearfully round to the picture which Ludovic had apostrophized with such earnest admiration. "I can look on it *now*," sighed she; and walking forward with a languid step, she gazed on his morning's task. Dark auburn hair and scarlet lips, and proud yet loving eyes, had the portrait on which she looked. So haughty indeed, and so true to nature and life were those pictured eyes, that Lisa shrank back after her first eager bending over the canvas, and stood, sorrowfully gazing, as though humbled beneath the

imperious glance of a successful rival. "Who art thou, happy one?" murmured she, as the tears gushed anew from her eyes; "who and what art thou, who hast won without seeking that for which *I* would have forfeited all on this side the grave?" and in her agony she even regretted that the unfinished state of the picture (the beautiful head looking forth from confused touches of color, which had not yet resolved themselves into any outline of drapery), prevented her guessing the rank in life of Ludovic's idol. And yet there was little need of such addition: looking on that face, you felt that satin vest, pearl clasp, and velvet mantle sheltered the all perfect form from the breezes of Heaven, and that her pride was transmitted by many a noble ancestor.

Weary with weeping, Lisa took but half her usual pains in arranging the painting room, and gathering up the pencils he had employed in that day's task, she flung herself back in the old fashioned crimson chair, and gazed sadly round the room which she never more might enter with hope beating in her young heart. Gradually the oppressive languor and fatigue which follows the indulgence of tears, overcame her; and she slept calmly and soundly. She was awakened by the sound of a sweet voice, and the pressure of a gentle hand on her arm. Starting up, she beheld, standing in the full glow of the setting sun, a vision whose brightness might have dazzled a less superstitious eye than that of the poor Italian girl. The original of Ludovic's picture seemed to stand before her, a blue velvet mantle carelessly thrown over her fawn-colored satin robe, and a chain of pearls encircling her

neck. "Holy Virgin protect me!" murmured Lisa, as she sank on her knees before the apparition; what is thy will?" The sudden and simultaneous laugh of several persons broke the illusion, and rising from the ground abashed and confounded, Lisa beheld her father, Lord Altingford (Bertoldo's employer), and a young English nobleman, whom he addressed as Lord Seyton, and whose mocking and complimentary observation on the effect of Lady Clara Altingford's beauty was received by the latter with a proud and blushing smile.

The cause of their visit was soon explained. Tempted to make a short excursion on the Arno in Bertoldo's boat, the Lady Clara in bending suddenly forwards, dropped a valuable diamond cross into the water: Bertoldo, without a moment's thought sprang into the river, but striking against the boat, he would have been lost, but for the sudden interference of a young stranger, who swam to his assistance, and supported him till other aid could be procured. The stranger proved to be no other than Ludovic, and being well known in Florence, Lord Altingford had found no difficulty in discovering his place of residence, and had immediately sought him out, as he said, "to reward the truly English spirit and benevolence of the young man." Fond of the art and somewhat of a connoisseur in painting, Lord Altingford was much pleased with the various specimens of Ludovic's skill, which, finished and unfinished adorned the apartment. As his eye carelessly wandered round, he was struck by a picture of Herodias' daughter dancing before the king. "Observe, Seyton," said he "what taste and feeling is dis-

played in this attempt. How light and bounding the figure of that girl! how gracefully rounded her arms, clashing the cymbals above her head; how beautiful the shy yet glowing expression of her face, turned *from* the king and spectators, yet conscious of their admiration. How different from the common run of pictures, where the women seem to have cut off John the Baptist's head with their own masculine hands, and to carry it with fierce satisfaction—gaunt creatures, whose dancing seems impossible. Now this young man has just hit it off: *that* is the girl whose beauty and sylph-like grace tempted a satiated monarch to such rapture, that he swore to give her anything she asked even to the half of his kingdom—the meek questioner of her mother's will after the promise was made—the instrument of the cruelty and fanaticism of others. This one picture would make a man's fortune." Lord Seyton bowed, with a languid murmur of assent—he did not see anything particular in the picture, and indeed would have thought the whole thing a great bore, but for the living group composed by the Lady Clara and the Italian girl, whose black downcast lashes trembled on a cheek crimsoned alike with slumber and emotion. "Are you his model?" said the Lady Clara Altingford, as she gazed upon her companion: "you are 'very beautiful.'" "Signora, no!" was the simple answer; but the tone of sadness in which the words were spoken, would have struck even the lovely stranger, had it not been that her attention was suddenly arrested by the portrait of herself already mentioned. Surprise, triumph, and embarrassment mingled in her radiant face as she gazed;

at that moment the door was flung open, and Ludovic hastily entered, exclaiming, "He is saved! thy Bertoldo is saved, Lisa!" Then suddenly perceiving strangers, he stood transfixed, his eyes riveted on the Lady Clara; his damp and unchanged garments clinging to his slight figure and his moist hair hanging in masses on a cheek, naturally pale, and now the hue of marble from exhaustion.

There are some persons whom ridicule cannot touch, and though Lord Seyton, slightly hitting his boot with his cane and smiling, murmured something in which the words "drowned rat" were faintly audible, the impression made on the Lady Clara and her father by the young artist's appearance, was far from unfavorable.

With a speech of courteous compliment, Lord Altingford advanced and offered Ludovic a purse of gold. The young painter drew back, and a glance of proud reproach shot from his eyes. "Take it young man" said the English nobleman with a smile of encouragement, "money will do much." "It *will* do much my lord," answered Ludovic, "but not everything: it will not buy such services, as I have this day rendered Bertoldo. I risked *my* life for the life and happiness of others (and he glanced slightly at Lisa), not for hire or reward!" "Nor did I intend it as a reward," said Lord Altingford, somewhat confounded at the manner and language of his *protegé*, "I wished—that is, I intended, to purchase your picture of Herodias' daughter." I would not be thought ungrateful," said the young artist, "but that picture was painted under the inspection of my kind master, now no more! In days

when, though a foundling orphan, I had yet one true and fervent friend in the world. There is not a touch in it that does not remind me of some kind word, or valuable hint; some thought of present affection or future fame, which made my labor pleasant to me. I must be poor, *very* poor, my lord, before I part with that picture!" and as he spoke his eyes rested fondly and tearfully upon it. "Well, well," said his puzzled patron, "but I must have a picture by you: I will give you a commission; let me see—let me see; what shall be the subject?" "If you would permit *me* to choose the subject my lord," said Ludovic, hesitatingly, while his eye wandered from Lady Clara to her father—"What, you would paint my portrait, hey? well, well, so be it," exclaimed Lord Altingford, endeavoring to interpret the anxious glance of the young artist, while Lord Seyton looked down and smiled slightly. "You have almost guessed me, my lord—I would paint your daughter," said Ludovic with a grave bow.

Permission was granted—the day for the first sitting fixed, and the Lady Clara listened in respectful silence to a discussion into which her father entered on their return homewards, as to the probability of so good an historical painter succeeding in portraits; nor did she once mention either to Lord Altingford or Lord Seyton the proof she had had, that Ludovic could take excellent likenesses without much study of his subject. There is an instinct about these things.

The portrait of the Lady Clara rapidly advanced, and the idol of Ludovic's fancy became the worshipped companion of many a happy hour. Nor was the beautiful and

haughty English girl insensible to the merits of her young admirer. Naturally gifted, and carefully educated, Lady Clara Altingford understood and appreciated the mind of the Italian boy. His gentle manner,—beautifully contrasted as it was with the vehemence and enthusiasm of his feelings; his knowledge of languages, of history, of poetry; his love of his art—all had their charm for her; and she felt for the time naturally and enthusiastically, the cold prejudices forgotten which fetter the worldly heart and say, “thus far shalt thou bound and no farther!”—Ah! how often in the spring-time of our lives, does the poor heart thus pant for freedom; till it learns to lie still like some chained creature that knows its struggle to escape will but make it feel more keenly the galling of the fetters, whose rivets may not be broken, and *must* be borne!

And Ludovic, what were his feelings for her? Wild, pure, intense, and enthusiastic, he worshipped her with a religious love. The spot where she had first stood in his painting-room became in his eyes holy as the tomb of Charlemagne. He took out that portion of the old and worm-eaten board, and replaced it with a slab of pure white marble. His love was a delirium. Even as the love of the boy Romeo for his unhappy Juliet, in that realized dream of the master play-maker, where all poetry and all passion is so blended and united, that even while we smile, we sigh to think that so *we* may never more love or be loved again!

Meanwhile, from the day that she had discovered not only that Ludovic did not love *her*, but that he loved another, a deep melancholy fell upon Lisa. But who cared

for, or noted Lisa's feelings? Not Ludovic, rapt in the intoxicating dream of a first love; nor her father, bent on petty gains; nor even Bertoldo, who cast in Nature's coarsest mould, understood and saw nothing of the feelings of the young girl who was the object of his passion. None cared for Lisa's sorrow, nor did she desire sympathy. Shrinking under the sense of woman's shame, in having allowed a passion to enter her heart which was unreturned, she guarded every tone and look; only sometimes, when the long sunset passed away, and Ludovic returned not to his painting-room, she would sit down and weep; or she would carry a fresh wreath of Everlastings to her mother's grave, and sitting by the wooden cross which marked the spot, dream of the sympathy and love which none might ever give, like her who was departed; that tenderness which, even in Scripture, fills the perfection of promise: "Even as a mother comforteth, so shall the Spirit comfort you."

* * * * *

One morning after the sitting was concluded, and while Lord Seyton, and one or two Italian gentlemen were present; a playful jealousy and dispute arose amongst them who should become the possessor of some tuberoses, whose delicate leaves seemed scarcely to have faded, in spite of the incessant stroking bestowed on them by Lady Clara's fairy fingers, during the hour of Ludovic's study of her beautiful face; an hour irksome, and full of constraint, even without the addition of concealed emotion, and whose tediousness she had nervously endeavored to lighten, by occupying herself from time to time with these

flowers. Ludovic stood aloof, his eyes fixed on the small white hand which held the prize; suddenly he lifted his beseeching glance to hers; and coloring slightly, she said with assumed gaiety. "Do you really think such lazy lookers-on should be rewarded? No, Signor Ludovic has earned them by his heavy morning's work, and it will prevent a duel if I bestow them on *him*." So saying, she held the tuberoses towards Ludovic, who took them with a slow grave bow; but his hand trembled with eagerness, and in his burning eyes the conscious Lady Clara read that, which made her shrink back, and half repent the gift. A moment afterwards, one of the Italian gentlemen present, remarking on the progress made in the portrait, added, "it has one of your expressions, but not your usual expression." Again the artist's eyes encountered those of his model, and the proud Lady Clara felt abashed. It was true that Ludovic had given the portrait an expression, seen but rarely in those haughtily delicate features, and therefore perhaps more valued by him; for who is there who does *not* value his triumph, when he sees the eye that is proudly clear to all besides, quail and soften as it meets his glance; or who beholds the arched and mocking eyebrow, the bright and mischievous smile, change as by magic into a gentle and questioning seriousness, as though fearing its very mirth might offend?

Such an expression had Ludovic often seen on Lady Clara's countenance, however rare it might be to others; when quoting the exquisite poetry of Germany, the tamer and softer lays of his own land, or striving to obey her commands, and express himself in *her* language; giving

inexpressible melody even to the rugged words of what is emphatically termed "*broken* English." To her general acquaintance she seemed cold and haughty,

"Among them—but not of them."

and in the world she moved, conscious of being attractive rather than desirous to attract; but with *him*, there was a humble courteousness, a yielding to his opinions, and apparent doubt of her own perfections, which flattered while it fascinated him: and after the observation of the Italian gentleman, Ludovic altered slightly the brow and eye of his picture, as though jealous that every careless passer-by should see that sweet face shine out on him from the canvas, with any but its "*usual* expression."

That evening when he retired to rest, Ludovic drew the withered tuberoses from his vest, and pressing them to his lips, he was about to place them beneath his pillow, when a sudden impulse restrained him. To his boyish idolatry of thought, it seemed a profanation to the high and noble lady of his love, so to treat her gift. The veriest trifle who had that morning petitioned for the preference, could do no more—could do no less. The furniture of his apartment, scanty and humble as it was, seemed to remind him of his unworthiness, as he contrasted it with the temple of luxury, wherein he had received the bouquet from her hand; he paused and sighed; laid the flowers on the carved oak bookcase which contained his whole library; and before sunset next day, they were shrined as precious relics are, in a crystal vase with chased silver mountings. He had parted with one of his favorite paintings to enable him to

put by that slight token of preference from the proud daughter of a foreign country. And Lisa—poor Lisa!

Lord Altingford's patronage very much increased the reputation of the youthful artist among the English residents at Florence and Rome, and his patron felt not a little proud at the prophecies of the best judges, which daily confirmed his opinion that Ludovic would eventually be as celebrated as any painter "on the rolls of fame." His confidence in his own talents, and his passion for Lady Clara, daily increased; but it was not till an idea far more dreadful than death, that of eternal separation from the object of his affection, wrung from him its avowal.

"We must hope, Signor Ludovic, that you will visit England, when you can get away from your engagements here. I can assure you there is no country where your talents will be more sincerely welcomed; however incredulous you may be on that point." And as Lady Clara spoke the last words, she smiled. "Italy contains enough of charm for me—I have no desire beyond;" murmured Ludovic, as he looked on her radiant face. They were almost alone, for Lord Altingford was reading an English newspaper within the room; and they stood, each leaning against a column on a terrace of marble steps which led into the garden below. Lady Clara glanced for a moment at her father before she spoke again, and when she did, there was a slight tremulousness in her tone which did not escape her hearer. "I speak selfishly, Signor Ludovic, when I advise you to visit England; for," (and her voice was low and strangely clear), "we return thither shortly."

"To England! are you indeed going to England, Lady Clara! and so soon?" and Ludovic clasped his hands in an agony of emotion, and bent forward to catch her answer.

"Yes" said she, somewhat embarrassed at the effect she had produced. "I leave Italy—perhaps for ever—but believe me I shall not forget the many happy hours I have passed at Florence. Bertoldo goes with us. He too, will remember you!" and the daughter of fashion sighed.

Mute and trembling—his eyes fixed on her countenance with an expression of wild incredulity—Ludovic answered not. Lady Clara's eye again turned towards Lord Altingford; he was dozing; the newspaper had fallen from his nerveless hand. The soft breeze rustled through the creeper tendrils which adorned the columns and wafted the light muslin drapery of Lady Clara's dress towards her companion. He caught it—he pressed the folds to his lips; he raised his earnest and tearful eyes to hers. "Lady Clara," said he, in a hoarse and whispering tone, "it is impossible, surely, that I can have been deceived in you—it is impossible that you can have played with my heart only to break it—it is impossible that all those words and looks and tones—oh! say that you do but jest to try me?" "What mean you, Signor Ludovic?" "Beware!" exclaimed he: "there is a grief whose suddenness may kill—or worse may madden. I ask you not, go you from Italy? I ask, do you separate from *me* who adore you, voluntarily and for an indefinite time? If so, speak it out at once; but no—no—no—I am a fool," added he suddenly releasing her robe, and clenching his hands on his

forehead, "when I think of all the past—" and the tide of recollection rushed with such whelming force over his mind, that he ceased and wept. "Signor, this is language I dare not—must not hear. I beseech you remember my father is within—we may be interrupted—what would you ask of me? Believe me, oh! believe me, this parting is a sorrow to me also!" and her eyes filling with tears, she held out her hand to her companion. Ludovic took that hand, and gazed long and anxiously upon her, as though he would read her soul on her face. "Listen to me," said he. "Long before I knew you, or heard the music of your voice, you were 'the Artist's Love;' I have waited hours for one glimpse of you, gliding past me on the river, or crossing the sunshine of my path; your image is incorporated in my being—it is my soul's essence—as necessary to me as the air I breathe; I cannot form to myself a life in which you are to be nothing to me:—since I have known you, you have read my heart as plainly as a written book; nay, you have answered me a thousand times—why then should you leave me? Be mine—be *mine*, Lady Clara, in the face of the whole world! Think you Ludovic's bride shall lack the luxury to which she has been accustomed? No! be mine, and trust to me to win riches. There shall not be a clasp that fastens your robe but shall be made of pure gold—your mantle shall be embroidered with pearl—you shall feed off plates rich with gems and curious workmanship—slaves shall wait upon you—and princes shall wonder at your splendor as you pass."

Prouder and colder than ever Ludovic had beheld it, was

the countenance of the English girl as she spoke: "The daughter of the noble house of Altingford weds not a foreign artist. You forget, Signor, that we are of different station." "Ay! is it come to that, lady? Have I been treated as an equal so long that you are forced to remind me by *words* of my inferiority? But know that I count not myself inferior to the empty class who alone surround you. Where is their boasted superiority? Is not my arm as strong—my step as firm as theirs? Do I not know as much—understand as quickly—feel as keenly? Does not my heart bound as freely—ay, *more* freely than theirs, for I have that within which swells my soul with a triumph far beyond the petty pride of rank. Great men may give titles, and meaner men may take them away. An angry mob may unmake the greatest lord amongst you; and strip him of his sense of superiority, with his sense of security, his hirelings and his gold; but *my* triumph cannot be taken from me by men, for it comes of God! It is the consciousness of the *soul's* power which should make men proud—and that I have: naked on a desert, or clothed in royal ermine; alone, or surrounded by menials; *I* am the same, and depend not on those changes. I did not think that *you* should ever hear such boasting from me; but since it must be, remember, mean men may rise. Massaniello was but a fisherman, yet he filled the throne of Sicily; and had I *your* love in guerdon, believe me, it were not long before your idol world should worship the name you shame to link your own withal. The day may come when the proudest son of luxury shall give a more splendid feast than common, and bid more honored guests

to his board, because the painter Ludovic hath accepted his invitation! The day may come when your earl and marquis shall remain unnoticed, nay, pass ungreeted by, while men gaze on *me*, as on a proud show! The name you scorn may be a nation's boast; cities may dispute it, and haughty Rome claim Ludovic the Florentine as *her* son, jealous that a ray of glory should be taken from her faded crown. And more: the day may come when the swan-throated daughters of nobles shall boast to each other of a beck and smile, or careless sentence of compliment; and she shall be listened to and envied among her young companions, who can claim the light even of my life's setting-sun—Old Ludovic—the painter Ludovic! And there shall be written books and histories; and many a shadowy lid shall bend above the open page (when I myself shall be no more), seeking to know the dreams of my youth, and marvelling who was then 'The Artist's Love!' He paused, exhausted; and added mornfully; "Such hath been the destiny of many; such *may* be mine:—*may* be, if it is for you that I toil! Pause, Lady Clara, weigh well your answer; for if it be denial, the star of my life is quenched for ever!"

Love, pride, self-reproach, insulted vanity, and all the prejudice of habit, struggled in Lady Clara's heart. Twice she endeavored to reply, and twice the half-formed sentence died on her quivering lips. At length she spoke, with forced and choked composure:—"To put an end to this discussion, which is painful to both of us, I beg to inform you, Signor, that I am betrothed to Lord Seyton, and have been so, these three years past." "Betrothed!—

Lord Seyton!—impossible!” exclaimed the young artist, with a scornful smile. “This is a cruel jest. Betrothed! if, being sworn to me, you had given him *half* the veiled glances and interpreting sighs, which, being sworn to him, you have given *me*, I would have struck him dead at my feet! It cannot be: he hath ever greeted me with courtesy:—men are not wont so to greet a rival. And yet”—He paused; and then, in a tone which made Lady Clara’s blood run cold, he said: “Repeat that to my ear again, for I verily believe it will cure me of my madness!”

“It is the truth, Signor, however you may doubt it. The marriage of Lord Seyton with myself was agreed on before I ever saw his face.” “Then you do not love him—you cannot love him: say that, and basely as you have betrayed *two* hearts—” he interrupted himself, and gazing on her muttered; “But no! it is best as it is. Farewell illusion! farewell vision! there hath been nothing *real* about thee, and the disappointment is therefore the less.” He turned as if to leave her, and stepped forward into the gilded and magnificent room; but the effort was too much for him, as his glance rested on all the familiar objects which were so many links to recollection. He paused—hesitated—and flinging himself passionately at her feet, he said; “Seal thou my doom, even in thine own equivocal words; Shall I *stay* (and claim thee); or, *shall I go*? Stupified and irresolute, the Lady Clara made no reply; when suddenly Lord Altingford seized her arm with trembling violence. “Degraded girl!” said he, as soon as his sudden passion gave him leave to speak, “what is the meaning of this scene? And you, mad boy, rise and leave

my house this moment, and never let me behold your face again! Rise, sir, before I call my servants!—Insolent!”

“I wait your daughter’s answer, my lord;” replied Ludovic, with unnatural calmness. “My daughter’s answer! Zounds, sir, do you suppose my daughter is to be made love to by a fellow that works for his livelihood? Get out, sir, and don’t force me to kick you out!” “Oh father, father!” said Lady Clara, as she clung terrified to his arm. “Shall I depart, or stay?” repeated Ludovic, in the same strange tone. “Go! for Heaven’s sake, *go!*” exclaimed Lady Clara. With a grave bow, and a firm step, her young lover withdrew. Her fascinated eyes followed him as though she knew it was the last time she should ever behold him: and then the long lashes quivered over them—their brightness opened once more with a wide and startled glance—closed, sick and slow—and Lady Clara Altingford fell in a swoon at her father’s feet.

And all about a poor Italian painter!

* * * * *

Three years passed away; young Ludovic sat alone in his painting-room, his eyes fixed on the white marble slab which had become to him the gravestone of every hope. On the night of his fatal interview with her who had since become Lady Seyton, he had returned home delirious with a broken heart’s agony. Collecting, one by one, every sketch, every painting he had ever executed, he burnt them to ashes. The wild flames glared round the graceful daughter of Herodias, and mocked alike the pains of the artist, and the dreams of celebrity inspired by this first best

effort of his skill. The ashes of all lay beneath that square white marble; above it stood a little table, on which the crystal reliquary, containing the withered tuberoses, was placed; other furniture there was none; and the walls stood out, bare and desolate, offending and saddening the eye. His health had failed gradually from that hour, and he was now in the last stage of consumption; his slight figure worn to a bent and feeble shadow, and his face so emaciated that it seemed to you as it were a ghost, with wild and wondrous eyes, looking out at you.

As he sate thus worn, thus sad, and thus alone, a light step was heard, and Lisa entered. Her serious and loving eyes turned anxiously upon him. "Will you not go out to day?" said she. "I have been thinking," murmured he, without replying to her question "that I should like to journey to England." "To England, Signor Ludovic! that cold damp climate, and you so suffering?" "As well die there as here—since die I must! and I wish—in short, I shall immediately depart for England, that I may at least have such summer as their climate gives. I shall miss your kindness, Lisa." "Holy Virgin! you do not think of journeying without *me*, signor?" "There are evil tongues in the world, Lisa; and thy lover Bertoldo is in England. I would not be the cause of evil report concerning thee." "Oh, signor! oh, do not break my heart! Since my poor father died, there is none left to care how Lisa is spoken of. Seeing us together, strangers will deem me thy sister; and if otherwise, let them say their worst, and frown on me with their scornful eyes;—I can bear it all, so I am with *thee*!" "Even as thou wilt," murmured

her companion, in a languid tone; and together they journeyed to England.

With an unaccountable feeling for other days, Ludovic had carefully studied the English language, and could now read our most difficult authors. Seldom any but English books were permitted to lie on his table; and he even taught Lisa to speak it with tolerable fluency, and would take pleasure in talking to her in that language—foreign to both, and to both bitter, for Lisa well knew the history of his unhappy love.

The journey (which the irritability and impatience both of mind and body under which he was suffering, caused Ludovic to perform with imprudent rapidity), shook him dreadfully. He consulted the English newspapers, and found that Lord and Lady Seyton were spending some weeks at their villa at Richmond; the lateness of the session of parliament preventing Lord Seyton from moving further out of London. Ludovic took lodgings there, which looked on the river. After a few day's repose, he made up his mind to send Lisa to request the Lady Clara to bid him farewell—his death was pronounced certain; and he felt as if his spirit would depart more happily if he had exchanged forgiveness with her. Lisa went, and returned sorrowfully; she informed him that Lady Seyton lived in a villa close to their cottage, but that she had gone to London for two days. She forebore to add what had been told to her—that preparations were making for a splendid fête in the Italian style; that there was to be a boat race and music on the water, and that the cause of Lady Seyton's absence was to settle with her milliner about a

Venitian fancy dress which was to be worn on the occasion. "I have no doubt," said she, soothingly, "that the Signora will see you to-morrow or the day after." "Ah! Lisa, to-morrow or the day after—I may not be here!"

The prophecy of the invalid appeared likely to be verified in his excessive debility and depression of spirits on the following morning. He sank at length into a restless slumber, and Lisa with an aching heart kept watch by his bedside. The glowing summer's day wore on, and the young Florentine had just hung a dark cloak across the white muslin drapery of the casement, fearing the light might wake him; when suddenly a well-known air struck on her ear; and an Italian voice, which she recognized to be Bertoldo's sang the appropriate *barcarole*. Looking from the window, she saw on the lawn next but one to their cottage, a gaily dressed company, attended by a military band; and many pleasure-boats with showy flags and cool awnings, into which detached parties were eagerly crowding. As they glided down the river, and passed the cottage each boat playing the well-known melody, her heart ached and her head swam. She looked round at Ludovic: he was sleeping, and smiling brightly in his sleep. At length the last boat passed; and the music and voices died away in the distance. Lisa sate down at the foot of the couch, and hid her face in her hands. Ludovic started, and the smile vanished from his lips. "Let us go out upon the Arno!" exclaimed he, wildly, "let us go out and sing the melodies we used to sing!—Fear not, beloved, fear not; Ludovic is near thee; Ludovic who saved Bertoldo—and shall he let *thee* perish!

Be not sad, either, my bright one, but lay thy head upon Ludovic's breast, for *there* is pain!" He stretched out his arms, and Lisa bent tremblingly forward; but as his cold hand touched her cheek, consciousness returned: his eye dimmed, and his arm fell by his side. "Alas! Lisa," murmured he, "is it *thou*? Oh! what a blessed dream hath vanished!" "Yes, it is I; what would you?" said his companion gently (and in her heart she thought bitterly: "it *is* I, who have loved thee from first to last—who have devoted my life to serve thee, and *thou* still dreamest of her who hath forsaken thee!")

"Lisa," said the invalid, solemnly, "I think my hour is come—That music, was it real or unreal?" "It was real, signor." "No matter; it brought again to my heart old happy days; it is an air of our own land, Lisa—of *thy* land, for mine shall shortly be where spirits dwell, and Italy shall I never see again. Weep not, my poor girl; but if I die ere I behold the Lady Clara, take charge of that crystal vase, and tell her it stood before me till earthly objects waned away. Go the moment I am dead, dear Lisa, let the hour be what it may; my spirit will hover near the earth till then; for love stronger than death, have I borne her! Bid her farewell *for me*, Lisa, without reproach—without harsh words, and——Heaven bless thee!" He sank back, but the agonized girl saw that as yet it was not death, but exhaustion. Breathing, but silent, his dark eyes fixed on vacancy, he lay till midnight sounded. A priest had been sent for; he arrived in time to comfort the departing spirit, and after the ceremonies were over Ludovic spoke again. "Thou hast been

faithful and kind poor Lisa; mayst thou be loved by him thou lovest!" "That prayer may never now be heard," murmured the unhappy girl, as the last sigh escaped from his bosom, "for never can I love again!" She knelt and kissed his cold hand—gazed on the face whose chiselled beauty had never an equal upon earth, and leaving the priest to watch the body, departed to obey Ludovic's last command. The sound of revelry and music greeted her ear as she stood bewildered in the hall of the great house: wreaths and festoons of flowers were suspended everywhere; scarlet cloth was laid down from the entrance of the shrubbery to the head of the staircase. Royal dukes and duchesses were there, and crowds of brilliantly dressed people moved confusedly, like ants working over their disturbed ant-hill. "What do you want, young woman?" asked the supercilious porter. "I want to speak to Lady Seyton: it is on life and death," added she, answering the look which already threatened her with expulsion. "Nonsense about life and death in the middle of a fete like this, when everybody's just going to supper in the long gallery. You must go, and come again to-morrow. Troop! none of your half French gabbling here;" and with drunken force he was proceeding to eject her at the half-opened door, when at her exclamation, another equally intoxicated but apparently more indulgent dependent of Lord Seyton's, stepped forward to her assistance. It was Bertoldo. It was long before Lisa could make her former lover comprehend what had occurred, till after repeating "Ludovic is dead, who saved your life on the Arno!" a dull and heavy sense of misery appeared to strike him, and at length

he burst into tears. By this time many servants had gathered round the sorrowing girl, and clinging to Bertoldo who undertook to guide her, she was conducted to the Lady Clara.

The latter was much altered, and the excessive brilliancy of her haughty countenance betrayed the addition of other tints besides the bloom Nature had bestowed. She listened with a pained expression to the detail of Ludovic's sickness, but seemed to expect merely to be called upon to visit him, not understanding that he was dead; and muttered rather sharply, gazing on Lisa's dishevelled hair and disordered dress, "Signor Ludovic might have chosen a fitter messenger methinks, and a fitter time. To-morrow I could have attended to your request."

"Oh! my lady," interrupted the sobbing girl, "he had no one to send but me; and for the time—God chose it, and not he: there is no to-morrow, signora, for him, and for you, no trouble but to take this crystal vase!" Lady Clara trembled from head to foot. "What! is he *dead*?—Oh! Ludovic, forgive me—forgive me!" and as she spoke, she raised her imploring eyes to Heaven, and sank senseless on the ground.

"May thy spirit now rest in peace!" murmured Lisa, as she stole back to the cottage to watch by the dead; while she who had been his idol, stifled back tears and sighs, and struggled through her evening's vanity, a slave to the world's caprices and the will of others. Years have waned and withered since then; but many a time in such hours of empty triumph and unrepaid exertion, broken snatches of song such as floated over the Arno, sound in

the Lady Clara's ears, and she recalls the day of her Italian fête, when he who loved her better than life lay dying within hearing of their false and hollow merriment, unable even to obtain a last farewell.

On such an evening, I have heard one of her high-born and noble friends remark to another, "How very dull Lady Seyton is to-night;" and the other has replied, "Yes, she is most tiresomely unequal in spirits—*journalière* in the extreme."

THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

I AM sad for the strength and the fire of youth,
 And the light that hath passed away;
 But I bless my God for the sighing of winds
 Through the beautiful woods of May.
 I am glad with the streams, I rejoice with the breeze,
 With the groves, the fields, the sea,
 To feel, to move, to think, to breathe,
 And to know that I am free.

I bless my God for the heavenly light,
 And the clear, blue, glorious sky,
 For the "seeing eye and the hearing ear,"
 And the hope that will not die;
 I will think on the golden hours gone by,
 I will dwell on the present bloom,
 And the many smiles that are hid for me
 In the bright May-land to come.



FORGET

MILLAIS

Castle Building



CASTLE BUILDING.

SHE has wandered away from the cottage, to the deep shade of the old oak tree, to muse. Wearied with the dull, unvarying round of labor, the ceaseless hum of the wheel, and the twisting of the endless thread, she has fled from the half-lighted chamber, the shadow of the unplastered, smoke-encrusted rafters, to the free air of heaven, the canopy of blue sky and silver-edged clouds, the true temple of God, that she may forget, for a moment, the cares of the present in a day-dream of the future.

And what is the current of thy thoughts, pretty dreamer? In that most holy temple, they should rise above; they should stretch beyond the petty necessities of life, the narrow limits of time. "God made the country, but man made the town;" and rarely have we escaped from the vexed atmosphere of the noisy city, to the still fields or the shaded hillside, or the banks of the babbling rivulet, without feeling the presence of eternity, and hearing in the low breeze the voices of another sphere. The blue sky in its unfathomable depth tempting the spirit-wing, and the silver-edged clouds rising like steps before the altar of infinity, our soul mounts upward, and the dull chains that bind it

here—the clay-built cottage in which, for a few short years it finds a home—are all forgotten. Why is it not thus with thee? Alas for human nature! The blessings which continually surround us soon lose their influence; and for that which is with us always, we lose respect and gratitude. *With us*, in our gloomy *sanctum*, bright skies and green shades are but memories of stolen hours of rare and transient happiness—*with thee*, they are daily and continual companions. What wonder, then, that they fail to lift thy soul aloft,—that thy eyes are bent upon the ground,—that, with the force of habit, the distaff still clings to thy hand, even while thou art endeavoring to escape from the routine of toil. Thy “castles” are not all “airy,” it is plain; but let us not blame thee—thy thoughts are as innocent as the dreams of the younglings of the flock, basking in sunshine upon yonder lawn. The gentle sufferance—the slight tint of care that rests upon thy cheek, have in them no trace of remorse,—they do not reach to sorrow, for the tempest of passion has never yet swept the inner heaven of thy almost infantile heart. The precocity of evil belongs not to the peaceful sphere of rustic life. Dream on, then, though the phantasm be a vision of wealth or power,—though the sigh be for the vainest of all seeming blessings, and often the deepest of all real curses—riches. There are many, simple maid, endowed with all that appears so tempting to thy inexperience, who would tell thee the dream of greatness is richer than its possession. They would tell thee that many a weary heart in halls of pride, where the light of the glorious

day takes added glory from the purple of the costly curtains, and the bright chandeliers outshine the stars,—would envy thee thy barefoot homespun happiness, in the rude, old, stone-floored, smoky, and unplastered cottage. Dream on! for already there is a withered hand laid upon the garden wicket-gate; tottering steps draw nigh, and soon the cracked voice of one who loves thee well, though she has long forgotten the last dream of youth, will be heard exclaiming, “What! building castles in the air again! Off to thy work, child, for ‘idleness is the mother of want.’”

We have little sympathy, poor girl, with those unimaginative moralists, who condemn with their wise saws the wanderings of fancy, and reduce all things to a strict utilitarian standard; for fancy assimilates man to his Creator, and poetry is the language of heaven:—but we do not regret that care will so shortly dispel thy dream; for, even happiness palls here below, when long continued without intervals of gloom, and “sweet are the uses of adversity.”

THOMAS HARTLAND THE SMUGGLER.

AT the extremity of a lonely valley, overlooking the ever-changing ocean, stood Combe Court, one of those picturesque structures which the antiquary would refer to the period when the castle gave place to the castellated mansion. Combe Court, however, in point of extent could not properly lay claim to so imposing a title as the latter. Its design had originally been quadrangular, and a considerable portion of the building consisted of a rude tower, which bore the marks of having once been strongly fortified. But the old place seemed to have fallen on evil days, and there was an air of neglect and dilapidation about it, which told of coincident decay in the fortunes of its possessors. Its occupant, who was locally known by the name of "Squire Hartland," was an individual who had moved in the higher ranks of society, and whose family had in the olden time held no unimportant position in the district with which it had for centuries been identified. But their fortunes had been shattered during the troublous times of the civil war; and the patrimony which the subject of this story came into possession of was reduced almost to a shadow by an event as disastrous as it was unforeseen. Hartland smiled on the pursuits of an extensive smuggler, and permitted him to lodge a valuable cargo in his dwelling;

the matter got wind, and he was exchequered in an immense sum. The blow was overwhelming, and Hartland, who had for several years represented the venerable little borough of —— in Parliament, withdrew wholly from society, and confined himself to the solitude of Combe Court, which, with one small farm, was all that he could now call his own. His hatred to the government had become deep and indelible, and he soon renewed his acquaintance with his old friends the smugglers. Hartland had been united in early youth to a woman whose gentle and feminine spirit was ill adapted for the stormy life which awaited her; and he had an only son, named Walter, who almost from his infancy, displayed so decided a partiality for salt water, that his father—little foreseeing the events which were to take place—consented to his entering the naval service when he was scarcely twelve years old.

The wild life and hazardous pursuits of the followers of the “free trade,” had many charms for a man of the bold and restless temperament of Hartland; and it was not long before it began to be rumored that his fishing smack bore richer freights than herrings or mackerel:—still, owing probably to the extreme seclusion of the situation, and the great caution observed by his confederates, he had hitherto escaped the visits of the revenue officers. Shortly before the time when this story commences, Walter Hartland, to whom his father was passionately attached, paid his birth-place a visit, after many years’ absence. The youthful Lieutenant could not long remain at the “Court,” without discovering that his

father was deeply engaged in smuggling transactions. As an officer of his majesty's navy, he was thus placed in a delicate and difficult position; and he took an early opportunity of seriously remonstrating with his father on the great hazard and disgrace attendant upon such a calling; but the warning was unheeded. Mrs. Hartland then united in imploring her husband to abandon all connection with the lawless men with whose fortunes he had become involved—but Hartland's mind was then intently fixed on the successful prosecution of a very extensive transaction in which he had embarked nearly all his gains,—visions of wealth again floated before his eyes,—and the proffered counsel was spurned with anger. At length words arose between Walter and his father, and the latter in the heat of the moment uttered imprecations “not loud but deep” against his son, which ended in a parting as abrupt as it was melancholy. The die was cast. Thomas Hartland henceforth became a professed smuggler.

The occupation of a smuggler is looked upon with very different impressions by the inhabitants of the coast to those which are commonly associated with it by the dwellers in inland districts; and however demoralizing and pernicious it may really be to those who pursue it, the followers of the “free trade” are, even at the present day, received outwardly with the same degree of notice as those who are engaged in the legitimate pursuits of commerce and industry. This fact was exemplified in the present instance; and those who had received the “Squire” after his misfortunes, with cold words and

verted looks, now that rumors of his returning wealth began to prevail, would have sought his society with the same eagerness as ever. But they overshot their mark with Hartland.

Shortly after Walter's departure, the expected cargo arrived, and was housed, for the first time since the fatal discovery which had formerly led to his ruin, in the cellars of Combe Court, prior to its transmission into the interior of the country. Extensive preparations had been made for this purpose the following evening, when Hartland and several of his leading partners in the undertaking, who were anxiously awaiting the hour fixed for the approach of their confederates, were suddenly alarmed by the receipt of a communication to the effect that the run had reached the ears of the revenue officers, and that a force was to be despatched that evening to effect the seizure of the goods. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the little party assembled at Combe Court. The most daring and experienced lost for the moment their presence of mind; and now it was that the singular boldness and decision of the character of their leader first shone clearly out. Although almost every shilling he possessed in the world was at stake, he appeared unusually cool and collected, and was "up and doing," whilst others thought. There was only one chance of saving the property, and that was by opposing force to force. Ruin stared him in the face in the event of a seizure; and should the attempt at resistance prove successful, the machinery already in operation would secure the safety of the goods, and provide for his support in another land.

At that hour it was certainly a bold step. Before the plan of defence had been fixed upon, the assailants might perhaps be within the vicinity of the house. It yet wanted two hours for the time fixed for the arrival of the associates of the smugglers, and there was no time to send for aid, which under other circumstances might easily have been procured from a village devoted to their interests, further on the coast. The party at the Court consisted of only eight persons, excluding Mrs. Hartland and a female servant, whose alarm may well be imagined.

It is as extraordinary as it is lamentable, how soon associations with those with whom crime is familiar hardens the heart. Men shrink at first, but their better feelings rapidly become deadened, and, advancing step by step, at last they plunge into the abyss, and enter without fear or hesitation upon undertakings from which they would once have recoiled with horror. Such is but too often the case with those, who like the smuggler, make no scruple in evading the law; and Hartland, who had belonged to the high-born and the far-descended, now had become so far desperate in the pursuit of gain as deliberately to plan a scheme which must certainly be attended with the loss of human life.

The familiarity of the smugglers with scenes of peril and adventure, in some measure, made up for the smallness of their number; but it was the capabilities of the building for the purposes of defence, that they mainly relied on. The windows of the tower, which we have already spoken of, were placed at a considerable height

from the ground, and intersected by massive stone mullions placed close together; and had the defenders been sufficiently numerous, the place might certainly have been held against a very superior force unsupported by artillery. But there was a short range of building connected with the tower, which was only partly covered by the loop-holes in the latter; the great object, therefore, now was to secure this part of the dwelling in such a way as to prevent a surprise at some particular point. The preparations for defence were soon completed; the furniture was piled in masses in defence of the doors and windows; and all the fire-arms and other defensive weapons were prepared and arranged for action, and placed for security within the walls of the tower.

The twilight was deepening into darkness, when a small party of men marched cautiously, yet rapidly, along a narrow winding road, which led down the valley towards the abode of Hartland. They paused on reaching a point in the road at a short distance in the rear of the building, but which was concealed from the observation of its inmates by the massive proportions of an intervening rock that threw its broad shadow far across the narrow valley. The night was profoundly calm, and the measured, yet scarce-heard tramp of their footsteps, with the hoarse gurgling of a stream which forced its way along the bed of the glen, alone broke the deep stillness. The aged structure seemed wrapped in gloom; and not a single ray of light gave token of human habitation.

“Who goes there?” said Hartland, from one of the loop-holes of the tower, as the strangers marched onward, and neared the principal entrance.

"In the King's name," replied a firm voice, "we demand an entrance, or we will force it."

There was a moment's pause—a death-like stillness—and then the sharp report of a musket, followed by a stifled groan told the result. The suddenness and unexpected violence of the defence stunned the assailants; and they disappeared in the darkness just as the second flash of light from all the smugglers simultaneously conveyed another lesson of the uselessness, indeed madness, of attempting to force an entrance against odds so immensely in favor of the assailed. The next quarter of an hour was passed by the outlaw and his little band in agonizing anxiety; but all remaining quiet, they concluded that the king's officers had retreated for a reinforcement. A shrill whistle was soon after recognized as a signal of the approach of the people who had been engaged to assist in the removal of the goods; and before many minutes had elapsed they began to arrive in considerable numbers.

About two-thirds of the cargo had been removed out of harm's way, when the scouts came in and gave the alarm. The smugglers immediately gathered around their leader—the lights were extinguished—the drivers of the pack-horses scampered away, and all again was still. After a brief but anxious consultation, it was decided that a show of defence should at first be kept up, and then that the parties should escape by the postern of the tower under cover of the darkness. This plan was, however, hastily abandoned on learning from an almost breathless scout, who had been sent up the glen, that the

king's officers were at hand in great force, and therefore it was probable they would surround the building. The smugglers instantly fled ; but one of the party, more devilish than the rest, without Hartland's knowledge, set several of the bales which yet remained in the cellars, on fire, before he quitted the tower.

The revenue officers advanced with extreme caution and gradually closed round the building. Preparations were made for forcing the principal entrance, when the appearance of a deep glow of light within the tower made them suddenly pause. Presently their suspicions were confirmed, and a dense column of smoke began to issue from the windows and crevices, accompanied by the crackling of timber and other combustibles. The foresight of the officer in command was probably the means of saving several lives. He anticipated from the great strength and solidity of the walls, that the fire would be confined to the tower ; and he apprehended not without reason, that a quantity of gunpowder might have been left within it. He therefore judged it prudent to await the issue at a safe distance. The men had scarcely withdrawn, when a fearful crash burst on the night air ; the massive walls cracked and shivered to their foundation—a mass of blazing materials was driven far upward and scattered around over field and flood. The report of the explosion rattled along the rocks of the shore and valley like successive salvos of artillery ; and the sea-mews and other tenants of the craig shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiteration of noises so unusual.

* * * * *

After that disastrous night, Thomas Hartland was

heard of no more on the coast of Devon. Years passed away. Walter Hartland returned to his once happy home, and found it deserted and desolate. His parents were supposed to be numbered with the dead—and he now recalled with a bitter pang the quarrel with his father which had led to his departure. He knelt and offered up a prayer to his Creator for forgiveness, and then departed with a heavy heart.

* * * * *

The years 1746–7 were distinguished on the northern coast of Devon, for the extraordinary daring and remarkable dexterity of the smugglers. The efforts of the servants of government, although skilful and persevering, become almost unavailing. Seizures were rarely effected, and then seldom without the effusion of blood. The revenue officers at last declared their belief that the smugglers must be under the protection of his satanic majesty in person; and strange stories began to be circulated concerning a dark figure who was frequently seen taking an active part in directing or assisting their operations. This individual seemed indeed to bear a charmed life; always the last to retreat in time of danger—now in the thick of the affray, dealing blows with fearful effect on his adversaries, and then, like a will-o'-the-wisp, eluding their grasp, he baffled all the efforts to take him, with singular success and daring. Suddenly, however, he disappeared from the coast, and was believed to have perished in a desperate encounter in the month of January, 1747. Such was not the case: the stranger was Thomas Hartland, whose romantic history we shall now resume.

Few spots in the British seas then presented greater advantages for the residence of a smuggler than Lundy Island. From its situation, it might be said to form the key of the Bristol Channel; and its capabilities for the purposes either of defence or concealment, were certainly unrivalled. The appearance of Lundy Island, when viewed from seaward, is singularly picturesque and dreary. Surrounded on every side by inaccessible rocks, which often rise almost perpendicularly to a great height above the level of the ocean, in some parts it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine it one vast fortification, with loop-holes at occasional intervals; whilst in others, the black and overhanging sunmits of the cliffs, worn into vast caverns and yawning excavations by the assault of the waves, create fearful apprehensions of their instability in the mind of the spectator from beneath. Here the sea—even during the gentle breezes of summer—is seldom altogether tranquil: and, on the calmest day, the deep intonations, and ceaseless war of the waters as they dash idly against the rocks, come impressively on the ear, when heard on the summit of the steep. But it is in stormy weather that Lundy Island is seen to most advantage; and the wildness and sublimity of the scene at such periods is certainly not surpassed in any part of our western coast,—then indeed

“when all that sea
The terrible Atlantic, breaks its rocks
In thundering conflict, the unearthly howl
Might almost wake the dead.”

The only entrance to this remarkable island is a steep winding path through the rocks on the eastern beach, scarcely sufficient to admit the passage of two persons abreast. On every other side it is securely fortified by nature against the assaults of man. A retreat affording such extraordinary facilities for the successful prosecution of his wild and hazardous profession, did not escape the far-sighted glance of Hartland. He, however, deemed it prudent to wait until time should have so changed his appearance and obliterated the remembrance of his history as to render his residence in this natural stronghold a matter of security. He therefore fixed his residence on the coast of Holland when he first quitted his native country. After many years had elapsed, during which he had commanded a smuggling lugger, which traded to the southern coast of England, he began occasionally to revisit his native shores, his former knowledge of which now conduced most materially to his success. In course of time he confined himself exclusively to this trade, how successfully we have already glanced at. Lundy Island, which had in his early youth been populous, was now desolate and deserted, in consequence of the atrocities perpetrated by a French privateer; the proprietor was therefore anxious to obtain an occupant, and closed with Hartland on easy terms.

Our hero soon formed a little colony around him, and before many months had elapsed, a group of cottages nestled amongst the rocks near the entrance of the singular pass from the beach. It was a wild little place, and bore all the indications that its inhabitants ploughed

the deep and not the land. In outward appearance indeed it might have been taken for a fishing village—for nets hanging to dry, strings of fish, the tackling of a boat, or a broken oar, met the eye on either side: but the pursuits of its people were of a less peaceful character, and oftentimes the place was the haunt of men whose lives were as desperate as their fortunes. Hartland, however, although chiefly engrossed with the more lucrative profession of smuggling, did not lose sight of the occupation of his youth; for he introduced live-stock, and even deer into the island, and sometimes himself took into hand the plough and the sickle. His own dwelling was situated within hail of the village, at the summit of the rocks, commanding an extensive view over the waters of the Channel. Here he lived—at once uniting the opposite pursuits of smuggler, farmer, and fisherman; commanding the implicit obedience of the little band of men he had progressively attached to his fortunes, and ensuring their fidelity by the kindness as well as by the firmness of his character. That such an individual, or perhaps we may say, such a community, should have dwelt in security on an island within a few leagues of the coast of Devon, in the middle of the last century, may well be deemed an anomaly at the present day—but such was nevertheless the fact. Suspicion certainly was excited, and the island had more than once been subjected to the visits of the officers of government; but such were the precautions taken, and such the skill of Hartland, that the search was unattended with any unpleasant result. He met all the inquiries of the officers with appa-

rent openness and unconcern: drew their attention to the flourishing state of his farm and his live stock, and seldom failed to send them away completely blinded by his hospitality and his adroitness. He was not so fortunate, however, with his landlord, who soon discovered that he had let his property at too low a rent: many disputes arose, and several attempts were actually made to dispossess him by main force; but he continued to keep possession; blocked up the pass, and openly set his opponents at defiance.

“Ellen,” said Hartland to his wife, one afternoon in September, “walk with me to St. Helen’s Chapel, the Adventure is expected up the Channel, and I hear that sharks are abroad.”

They walked almost in silence to the loftiest elevation of the island, and Hartland seated himself on a fragment of the ancient chapel, and anxiously scanned with his glass the surrounding ocean. There was something in the mouldering ruin of that solitary little Christian temple looking out in this wild spot over the waste of waters, that appealed impressively to the feelings even of such a man as Hartland, whose heart, though deeply hardened, was still alive at times to better impulses.

“Hartland,” said Ellen—as he laid down his glass after a long pause—“I have been thinking of the happy day that we passed together at this spot when Walter was four years old: the recollection is mournful even at this lapse of years, when that dear boy is either no more, or knows not whether his unhappy parents are numbered with the living or the dead. Hartland, I am weary of

our present miserable life; we are growing old now, and ought to be at peace. You never go out with the lugger, but I expect to see you brought back to me a lifeless corse."

"Away with this womanish folly, Ellen," replied Hartland,—but there was something about his manner which contradicted his words, for Ellen had opened the flood-gates of his memory.

"You spoke of Walter—and what of Walter?"

"He is living, Ellen. I have heard this morning that the Wasp revenue cruiser is expected in the Channel, and that her commander's name is Hartland—it must be he."

The mother clasped her hands.

"And you expect he will pay Lundy a visit?"

"He may be our—ruin, Ellen. I have half a mind to quit the trade before long, now that he has come on the station."

At this instant his attention became fixed by the appearance of a sail in the distant horizon; at last he laid down his glass, and said: "I must go with the Adventure to-night, Ellen, my word is pledged with my partners in the venture, but I had rather it had been any other night in the year than this. It may be folly, but I always dread the anniversary of the last fatal night at the Court—nothing ever prospers that is done on that day."

Ellen Hartland turned pale at this intelligence; but she knew that it was useless to remonstrate with her husband after his word had been pledged: for lawless as was his

profession, he had never yet been known to break his word.

The evening was drawing on apace when the lugger, loaded with a valuable cargo, neared the eastern beach. It was not without a superstitious thrill of impending misfortune that Hartland pushed off to his favorite vessel that night;—he seemed to have lost the confident spirit which he usually possessed on similar occasions, and paced the after-deck apparently unconscious of all around him, until roused by Captain Penlerrick.

“Donner! Master Hartland, you look confoundedly squally to-night!”

“Oh, nothing, Pen. I have not been exactly in trim—but there’s a clear sky aloft now. You know the Wasp is expected in the channel, I fancy?”

“Oh ah, but he’ll never sting us—donner! he thinks himself d—d deep, that fellow, but he must be a d—d deal deeper before he’ll catch Martin Penlerrick.”

“Ay, ay, Pen., but the Wasp’s in new hands now my boy, they say. Luff, George, there,” said Hartland, speaking to the helmsman, as the lugger neared the coast, “the old craft’s done wonders to-night—we must keep her off for another half hour.”

The wind freshened considerably with the turn of the tide, and the appearance of the night was becoming wild, if not stormy. This was not observed without some anxiety by the smugglers; calm weather was of essential importance in landing a cargo: however, the run on the present occasion was to be made at perhaps the most favorable spot on the whole line of coast for such an

undertaking; so that unless the night turned out actually stormy, there was little to apprehend in the shape of danger. Hartland forgot all his forebodings in the anxious excitement of the moment as the *Adventure* stood in for the shore. The tide, fanned by the freshness of the breeze, rolled onwards in its advance, with aggravated violence from the main; the lugger which was deeply laden, rolled heavily and was frequently struck by a heavy sea fore and aft. Right-a-head, glimmering through the darkness and the scud, a solitary signal-light on the coast could now be discerned; the *Adventure* then hoisted a lantern, and bore down upon it. Although, as we have stated, Carn Cove was singularly adapted for the successful prosecution of a smuggling adventure, yet it required no small degree of local skill and knowledge, on a dark and boisterous night, to steer a vessel, safely within the entrance of the natural basin or harbor where the landing was to be effected. On one side a lofty ledge of rocks, which contracted into a curve at their extremity, shot out into deep water; and on the opposite side, a large and steep mass of shingles, thickly covered with sand and bent, rose as the coast receded. A considerable rivulet trickled over the hard sandy bottom at ebb tides, along the foot of this narrow opening, which afforded, except in very stormy weather, a tolerably secure shelter to a few coasters or small craft. This place was situated about half a mile from Combe Court, and Hartland's life had probably been originally partly influenced by the facilities which it offered to the trade of the smuggler.

Captain Penlerrick himself took the helm as the vessel rapidly neared the cove: "Port there, port steady!" sung out Hartland, as she entered the deeply agitated element; and dashing through the breakers, in another minute her sails were down, and she was brought up in comparatively smooth water within the narrow channel. The contrast was as striking as it was instantaneous. All was now bustle and confusion. The sand-hills became covered in a few minutes, as if by magic, by a numerous party; the hatches were thrown open, and in an incredibly short space of time, the disembarkation of the cargo commenced, and Hartland, accompanied by the mate, came ashore.

It was a wild scene;—the hoarse voice of the waters in the channel mingling with the crash of the breakers as they burst against the rocky coast with fearful violence; the flashing of the lights as they appeared and disappeared in the darkness, with almost supernatural rapidity, sometimes gleaming on the lofty and dim-seen rocks and dancing waters, sometimes reflecting the wild features and figures of the smugglers engaged on the beach; the rattling and howling of the wind amongst the half-bent sails and tackling of the lugger against which columns of sparkling spray were frequently bursting, and the swinging of the lantern on her foremast—all combined to give a strange and vivid effect to the scene, which was greatly augmented by its wild and hazardous character. More than half the cargo had been landed and conveyed away to a place of safety, when a suppressed cry of danger arose amongst the smugglers

further on the beach, which instantaneously reached the watchful ears of Hartland, who was standing, almost surrounded with the drift, at its edge. He comprehended at a thought that they had been betrayed. But he had not time for reflection, for his stern voice had scarcely given the word to "dowse the lights," before the advanced party of the king's officers closed with the foremost of the smugglers. In a moment every light was extinguished either afloat or ashore. The smugglers were completely "taken aback," and the well-known voice of their commander to "stand fast," was for the first time lost or unheeded in the confusion. Hartland, however, did not lose his self-possession; and, aided by the mate, had overpowered three of his assailants, who were on the point of gaining the boat, but such was the darkness of the night that the blows aimed for a foe might prove fatal to a friend. Hartland saw that all depended on the possession of the boat, and he had just stepped on her gunwale with the mate, and was on the point of shoving her off, when he was seized from behind by an iron grasp. He lost his balance, and fell with his assailant on the verge of the surf, before his comrade had time to effect anything in his aid. A deadly struggle now ensued, and Hartland had just freed himself from the gripe of his enemy, who fell into the water with a heavy plunge, when others of the king's officers seized him, and he was dragged upon the shore by their joint efforts. The beach was clear of smugglers, and the *Adventure* was standing out to sea!

* * * * *

The morning found Hartland a prisoner in the home of his fathers. He had passed the night in a state of mental stupefaction, for he had been recognized when conveyed to the Court by a man who had formerly been his tenant. As he lay alone in darkness and in solitude, the recollection of the murder of the king's officer on that very spot pressed upon his mind with painful intensity. He saw nothing but a felon's death before him; and he called to mind the counsel and the warnings of his excellent wife with the deepest remorse and agony of spirit. Exhausted by the vividness of his sensations, he had late in the morning dropped into a troubled and uneasy slumber, when he was aroused by the entrance of one of the sentinels, who informed him that a female was without seeking for admission. Almost before he had time to inquire the name of the stranger, his wife, enveloped in a huge cloak, softly opened the door, and he would scarcely believe the vision to be real until his own Ellen fell, almost fainting, into his arms. Hartland wept aloud.

"My Hartland," she whispered after the sentinel had retired. "I am come to save you. Penlerrick has behaved nobly, and will be off Blackwater Cove to-night when the tide flows."

Hartland stared in mute astonishment.

"What is the meaning of this, Ellen! how am I to escape from this place? If you reckon upon bribing the guards you will find yourself disappointed, and any attempt at rescue would now be madness."

"I have thought of neither, love. Change a part of

your dress with me—wrap this cloak about you, and trust to me for the rest.”

“Hartland at first remonstrated, but his wife’s resolution was formed; the transformation was quickly effected, and he was about to clasp the being who had given so beautiful a proof of the depth of woman’s affection and constancy, to his bosom for the last time, when she said “Hartland, I have two solemn requests to make before we part. Promise me—nay, swear it by Him who is almighty and all-merciful that from this day you quit the accursed trade for ever!”

Hartland pressed his wife’s hand in mute acquiescence.

“I have one more request. Our dear Walter is, I understand, on the look-out for the Adventure—little thinking that she is the last hope of his unhappy father—and it is possible—which God in his mercy avert!—that you may meet as enemies. Swear then, my husband, that you lift not your hand against your son in the hour of danger; do this and forget not your Creator, Hartland,” she added in a low and deeply-agitated tone, “and then I can die in peace.”

Hartland again assented, and they hastily parted.

The smuggler passed the sentinels in the outer room, and was beginning to breathe with renewed hope, when, as he was emerging from the building, he caught the voices of two of the officers who had taken him the preceding night. His presence of mind did not forsake him. He stooped considerably, and buried his face in his wife’s handkerchief, as if distracted with grief.

“What strapping wench have we here, Tom?” said

the foremost of the officers, when Hartland advanced from the threshold—"Avast, there, old girl; been administering some comfort within, eh?"

"Keep back, Jones," said his companion, as the former was about to advance, and have a nearer view of the supposed female; "let her alone—she is the prisoner's wife, poor thing!"

Hartland passed on as if unconscious of the presence of any one.

"She may well be in the downs," said the second officer, as the subject of their conversation was almost beyond hearing—"that her husband 'ill swing for the old business, I'd lay a guinea to a groat."

With this comfortable assurance, Hartland disappeared round an angle of the building.

* * * * *

It was with deep anxiety that this bold though altered man awaited the turn of the tide that night. Blackwater Cove, which had been fixed upon for his embarkation, was situated in a very wild and precipitous part of the coast, but seldom trodden by the foot of man. He had reached the appointed place of refuge early in the afternoon; it was an aged structure, which had been erected—at what period and for what purpose is unknown—in a narrow descent amongst the rocks leading to the beach, which it almost overhung. The hours passed away with painful tardiness; time appeared to the restless mind of the outlaw to stand still; and in the occasional gusts of wind which wailed wildly through the rain, he more than once fancied he heard the sounds of his pursuers. As

He listened to the sullen moaning and dashing of the waves on the rocky shore below, he thought of his wife, alone and deserted on the wide world, and of his son whom he was perhaps never destined to behold more, till he wept, stern as had been his soul—in very bitterness. And now it was that the pure and the upright man would have clung to that hope which never forsakes the righteous—but there had too long been no place in his heart for holy thoughts; he looked not for consolation where alone it was to be found, and therefore he was desolate.

Hartland wandered forth from his retreat at nightfall, and climbed to the summit of the cliffs, which commanded an extensive view over the channel beneath. It was not long before the moon rose, but she sailed amongst extensive masses of dark clouds, which imparted an endless variety of tints to the scenery. The night was altogether as favorable as could be wished;—the wind was on the best quarter for the approach of the fugger, and was fresh, without being boisterous. About half-flood, after Hartland had looked till he was weary on the gleaming sea, his anxiety was painfully excited by the appearance of a human figure on the summit of the lofty cliff on the opposite side of the cove. He gazed at the object for some time to convince himself that it was not a point of the rock, but it was not long before its movements, which were clearly thrown out on the skyline assured him of its reality. A thousand agitating thoughts now floated across his mind. Had his steps been traced, or did the stranger belong to some party on

the watch for the lugger? The former supposition was possible, but the latter seemed altogether improbable; but there the figure remained, and it was quite certain that no person would station himself in such a position at such an hour, unless for the purpose of observation. Whilst he was thus engaged in anxious thought, the Adventure at last came into sight under a press of canvas; Hartland rushed to the beach with all the eagerness of despair, and when he looked up to the dark summit of the distant rock, the figure had disappeared.

The lugger hove-to when she approached near the vast shadow cast by the cliffs, and a boat immediately put off from her to the shore, opposite the ruined building. It was not until Hartland had embarked, and the boat had shot off from the beach, perhaps two cables' length, that he became aware another boat had come into the cove. The circumstance was observed at the same moment by the crew both of the lugger and her boat; Captain Penlerrick instantly signalled Hartland, and putting the helm up, bore down upon him. The stranger now came distinctly in sight, she was a large galley, apparently well manned, under a press of canvas, and evidently aware of the sailing qualities of her larger chase. The struggle now became intensely interesting. The smuggler strained every nerve and did all that art could accomplish, but the experienced eye of their commander told him that it would be next to a miracle if they could get alongside the lugger before her opponents; for the galley, impelled by a favoring breeze, gained upon her chase with fearful rapidity. Penlerrick also,

by edging in further towards the shore now saw that he had placed himself in the most imminent hazard of being taken; but he was determined to run all risks to save Hartland. The lugger now fired at the king's boat; and the contest had nearly at once been decided, for the party in the galley heard the shot whiz close a-head of her bow. The echo of the discharge had scarcely died away amongst the rocks, when Hartland's boat was close alongside, the galley having dropped slightly astern by hugging the wind too closely under the lee of the land. The heart of the outlaw, which had been alternately rent with hope and anxiety during this brief but animating chase, revived when he neared his favorite vessel; and he forgot, in the deep excitement of the moment, all his promises and his perils, when he saw that there was now no alternative but to struggle hand to hand with the officer of his king. The crew of the lugger, who had watched the exertions of their shipmates with breathless interest, cheered loudly when the little boat ran alongside; the lugger instantly paid off, in order to get the wind again abaft the beam, but before she had got way, the galley was up with her. Hartland had only just stepped on the deck of the lugger, when the officer in command of the king's boat followed by several others, cutlass in hand, boarded on her lee-quarter. It was no time to hesitate;—at the very instant Hartland raised his pistol at the young officer, the moon which had for several minutes been obscured by a cloud, shone brightly out; he started, and a conviction—fearful yet indefinite—of familiarity with that face came across him; but his

hand was on the trigger, and in the agitation of the moment he fired! The gallant young man reeled backwards, and fell dead on the deck, with a deep and piercing cry. By this time the captain and crew had taken part in the defence. A brief but desperate encounter took place; and the king's men, stunned by the loss of their leader, and taken at a disadvantage in point of numbers, were beaten; but not before the deck was crimsoned with the blood of both parties. The wind was freshening, and before many minutes had elapsed, the lugger, with every thread out she could muster, was flying through the waves with accelerated speed; and by the time that Hartland was awake to the full consciousness of his deed, she was rapidly distancing her opponent.

The remainder of our story is soon told. Hartland was seen no more on the coast of England; and it was popularly believed that he ended his days and endeavored to atone for his crimes within the walls of a convent in Portugal. Mrs. Hartland, who had been liberated soon after the discovery of the artifice by which she had effected her husband's escape, is said to have died suddenly, on hearing of the lamentable death of her son; and Lundy Island once more became deserted and desolate.



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SAPPHO.

BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

"It was not song that taught her love,
But it was love that taught her song."
L. E. L.

SWEET Lesbian, though two thousand years
of time
Have swept the bosom of thy briny grave,
Still, as we hear the chime of convent bell
Stealing at evening o'er the moonlit sea,
And the rich odors that the morning flung
To the wild zephyrs, seaward wandering,
Come fainting back upon the land-breeze, then
Float there not gentle memories of thee
In every sad, low plash of waves that bathe
The foot of Leucate?

In every moan
Of gushing winds, around the tall white rocks
We hear thy sigh. In the long grass that clings
Tight to the storm-worn crevice—in the play
Of tangled sea-weed tossing on the foam,
Then streaming banner-like with the retreat
Of baffled billows—see we thy dark locks,
Dishevelled by the storms that swept thy soul.
In the blue mirror of the Ægean, still
Gazing on heaven, and tinted with its hue,
Yet ever restless, and distorting all

The images of star-born glory there,
We trace the glances of thine azure eye,
Watching its kindred fires that know no change,
Reflecting everything of heaven but peace !

Alas ! sad image of all earthly love ;
What wonder, groping in the early dark,
Before the moral sun began to tinge
The orient of creation, all untaught
To o'erleap the impalpable bonds that bind us here,
Even in thought, and yearning for that good,
Without which life is but a misery—Love,—
What wonder grasping at the priceless gem
Glittering in brightness on an idol's brow,
To find it but a shadow of a God
Beyond thy ken (for God alone is love,
And all that we call love, his shadows thrown
Upon the broken mirror of our hearts),
What wonder then, while the blue vault above
Tendered no passage to thy longing gaze,
That thou didst, deep within the blue below,
Bury thy cares, leaving thy soul of song
To the eternal winds and ceaseless waves ?
I, too, have known the bootlessness of aim,
Have loved my kind as thou thy Phaon, still
Chaunting mysterious rhymes to heedless ears,
Waking no echo ! Shunned, misconstrued, blamed
For the heart's noblest pulses, I would fain
E'en do as thou, and, ever by thy side
In holiness of human sympathy,

Lie gazing from the choral bower aloft,
Through the cerulean curtain of the deep,
Up to "the tents of stars." But I must wait!
"Above the tent of stars"—as sings the bard,
Who in more northern climes and after days,
Known, might have soothed thee with his matchless
lyre—

"Must dwell a loving father." This, to thee,
Poor sufferer was untold; and told to me,
How often—when I witnessed all the wrong
Inflicted by cold hearts on such as thou,
And on thy treasured memory—how oft
Will doubt step in when faith is off its guard!
But I will wait! And when the parted dome
Severs, and to my eyes, the light beyond
Come stealing through, I'll seek some forest tree
Beaconing the mountain height far, far away,
There lay me noteless down, and bid the soul
Wing its bright way aloft, leaving my song
Floating along the tide of time like thine,
Whispering kind sympathy to unborn hearts,
Perhaps in unborn tongues. Sweet Sappho, say!
Will we not smile in yon bright realm where thou
(Deny it, zealots, if you will) now dwellest,
When we look back upon our mundane woes,
Which, like the discord in a prelude, give
Zest to the harmony of heaven? 'Tis so!
Life has, in all its round, no other joys
Which time, eternity, and death respect—
No fadeless gems but poesy and love.

ROSSINI.

BY GEORGE H. CAUNTER.

"Wilt thou have music?—hark! Apollo sings."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE genius of the musical drama in Italy, soaring in its loftiest and most noble flights, was struck, bruised and bleeding to the ground. Cimarosa had ceased to exist. Prematurely cut off in the full meridian of his powers, the dramatic music of his country fell with him, never more to rise and warm the classic land of song with aught save the recollection of past excellence.

Cimarosa was the master-mind of his age and country. Deeply imbued with the noble, though somewhat cold and formal, beauties of his predecessors;—with the stern grandeur of Durante, Leo, and Jomelli—the noble though measured elevation, the unobtrusive though winning tenderness of Pergolese—and the broad and sublime melodies of Scarlatti—he brought forth these beauties in a new and original form, moulded and fashioned after his own lofty imaginings, and gave to them life, warmth, and poetry. Nothing in the Italian drama has ever reached the sublime and majestic simplicity which pervades the strains of Cimarosa; nothing has ever rivalled his conception of the more elevated powers of dramatic song and musical

recitation. Cimarosa was, besides, a poet of high order, and as an *improvvisatore*, he was unique; for, to the wonders of extemporaneous poetry he added those of extemporaneous music—a faculty which no other *improvvisatore* ever possessed.

Though professing to follow the school of Durante, Cimarosa belonged to no particular school. He had imbibed the excellencies of all, and created one of his own, superior to, and in nowise resembling, any other. The school of Cimarosa would have maintained the musical drama of Italy upon imperishable foundations, had that great composer lived to connect with it the powers of orchestral coloring, and the effect of light and shade with which modern improvement has enabled the Germans to clothe the combinations of dramatic harmony. But Providence willed it otherwise. Cimarosa, the persecuted victim of republican despotism in France, and of regal despotism at Naples, died broken-hearted, in the prime of life, ten days after the birth of the nineteenth century; namely, on the 10th of January, 1801,—just as he was about to wed to his own unrivalled song, the wonders of instrumentation which he had imbibed from the immortal compositions of Mozart. A short time before his death, he had finished a new *opera-seria*, in which he had concentrated the full powers of his genius, and applied it to those effects of the orchestra unknown, at that period, to the dramatic musicians of Italy. By some strange and unexplained fatality—perhaps the jealousy of contemporaries—this posthumous wreath was lost to his fame. The manuscript of his opera was not found by his heirs,

and the circumstance of its existence was known only to one or two of the composer's friends. It is to one of the latter that I am indebted for the knowledge of a fact which, had Cimarosa's life run the brief course of another year, might perhaps have prevented the decline of dramatic music in Italy.

Paesiello was a contemporary of Cimarosa, whom he survived long enough to witness the extraordinary revolution formed in the art by the youthful Rossini. But the powers of Paesiello were not of the highest cast. His strains are indeed pure, graceful, elegant, and full of dramatic feeling; but they come not from the loftier regions of the imagination, which embrace all that is great and vast. They please and tickle the ear; but that is all:—they kindle no soul-stirring emotions; they raise no excitement, none of that enthusiasm which spiritualizes the senses, severs them from the dross of earthly feelings, and brings all their energies, pure and intellectual, into the wide expanse of poetry, there to revel in all that is sublime, beautiful, grand, awful, and terrific.

The style of Paesiello wants power and contrast; it cloyes you with sweets, which, in the end, become insipid. Thus, in his *Nina*, the wailings of *la povera pazza per amore* cannot, throughout the whole piece, preserve you from ennui, even when uttered by Pasta herself.

The music of Paesiello has, however, all the acknowledged beauties which distinguish the Italian composers of the latter part of the eighteenth century, adorned with the grace and sweetness peculiar to his own style; but it has likewise most of the defects of that period. This

master had no turn for innovation—no power of creating—nothing of original daring. His fancy soared not to high imaginings; its capabilities were confined, and his mind contracted. Spoilt by royal flattery and the sycophancy attendant upon it, he believed himself the great musical luminary of his age. Placed by his royal patron at the head of the *Conservatorio* at Naples, the school he there formed has produced no master of surpassing merit, and that for a very good reason—because Paesiello was unable to link his own particular genius to the car in which the spirit of improvement of the nineteenth century has conveyed the genius of the musical drama to the high station it occupies in Germany.

This is one of the reasons why the death of Cimarosa was so fatal to dramatic music in Italy. The blow which severed the spirit of this great composer from its form of perishable matter, brought to the earth, in the same fell swoop, the genius of dramatic music, which, with gilded wings and beauteous form, hovered over the classic land of Italy. Its wings disabled, its fair form crushed and bleeding, though immortal, it lay panting upon the ground. After a while, it made an effort to rise, again soared, and again fell exhausted in the attempt. This was its last struggle single-handed, and to it are we indebted for the productions of Paër and Meyer, the last composers of the true Italian school. The operas of Meyer were deservedly successful; they evince genius and power, though not of the highest class. Paër seemed destined to replace Cimarosa. At the outset of his career, he showed capabilities which, it was imagined, would place him at the head of a

pure and classic school of the Italian melo-drama, shorn of its imperfections, and supported by the improvements of the present age, in symphony and instrumentation. But, alas! ere he had yet run the summer of his career, the genius of Paër was struck with a sudden blight; a frozen wintry blast passed over it! Still in possession of every other faculty, and exercising the functions of a useful and intelligent professor at the Académie de Musique of Paris, he has outlived the annihilation of his faculties as a composer, and can now only weep over the wreck of his once powerful and brilliant imagination.

Rossini at length appeared with a power of almost superhuman energy, and every school, save that of Germany, bowed low before the striking novelty and original beauty of his inspirations. With the aid of the spirit of the musical drama of the north, Rossini lifted the fallen genius of Italy from the ground, staunched its bleeding wounds, and bore it aloft, in a sudden and rapid flight, to the high regions of pure and soul-kindling poetry, whence it took its leave for ever of the sunny and fertile land in which, ever since the days of Porpora, it had loved to fix its abode.

Thus was the genius of song driven from the woods and groves and palaces it had so long haunted, and sent forth from them the inspirations of those immortal strains which, during two centuries, had maintained the music of Italy in high pre-eminence over that of every other country. All is now silent. In the Coliseum, in the Capitol, in the Pantheon, in the great Christian Temple, in the Vatican—among the romantic woods, waters, and rocks of

Tivoli—in the vineyards of Vesuvius, in the fertile fields of Puglia, or at the tomb of Cimarosa—on the verdant and sunny plains of Lombardy—in the sea-girt city of marble palaces—in the noble halls of Florence and amid its Appenine scenery,—in vain do you invoke the spirit which animated the strains of a long line of immortal composers;—all is cold and still as death—no respondent voice answers to the call. The noble theatres of La Scala and St. Carlo no longer resound with the lofty imaginings of the great Italian masters. Nothing is now heard in the great lyric theatres of Italy, save the nerveless and puerile efforts of that Boeotian race of composers, who minister to the present degenerate taste of the Italians, in maudlin melodies and sickly musical *concelli*, utterly devoid of dramatic feeling, and as powerless in effect as they are deficient in the attributes of genius.

Rossini is not the only great master of the present day who has fled with disgust from such a monstrous profanation of his art. Meyerbeer, so full of noble inspirations, and imbued with the grandeur of Mozart and Beethoven, went to drink of the sacred spring at the fountain-head. He sought the musical drama in the land of its birth, and, during his residence there, composed “*Il Crociato in Egitto*,” and five other Italian operas. But the degradation to which he there saw the musical drama reduced, and the bastardized form it had assumed, at length drove him back to his native Germany, whither the genius of the Italian melo-drama had preceded him. Rossini, on the other hand, fixed his abode at Paris, where he has brought his great powers to bear upon the French opera, and

founded a new school of musical declamation and dramatic melody, the beauties of which, though distorted by some defects, have added a new and brilliant chaplet to the crown of his already well-earned fame.

The master who claims the merit of having cultivated and brought to maturity the genius of Rossini, is Guglielmi, a composer of eminence, but who, in this country, is known only by name: a pretty clear proof, independently of any opinion I might hazard upon the subject, that his works bear not the imprint of universality. But if Rossini is indebted to him for the elementary knowledge of his art, Guglielmi has had no share in the formation of his style, which is unlike anything that ever preceded it, and is remarkable for clearness, elegance, strength, and extraordinary originality of character.

Though Rossini rose into sudden celebrity, and blazed forth like a meteor of surpassing brilliancy, ere the summer of his manhood had well begun, he evinced, in early youth, no extraordinary talents, nor held out any promise of future greatness. The powers of his mind did not receive their development until he had passed several years as a tenor singer in one of the smaller theatres of Italy, and the spirit which lay dormant within him was roused into action by the master-pieces he helped to perform, and by the marvellous strains of his friend Paganini. Once excited, the expansion of his genius was magical, and in a few short years the whole civilized world was filled with his celebrity.

His first successful work, though not the first he wrote, was a short opera in one act, entitled "*L'Inganno felice*;"

and so little confidence had the director of the theatre at which it was represented, that he at first refused it, and its acceptance was brought about only through the interference of some friends. Its success opened the road of fame and fortune to its author; and the poor, obscure, neglected *primo tenore*, was now sought out and courted as the rising star of the day.

The work, however, which brought Rossini into notice as one of the musical wonders of the nineteenth century, was his opera of "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," certainly the very best *opera-buffa* of this or any other age. The *libretto* was taken from "Le Barbier de Seville," by Beaumarchais, and had been written for Paesiello. Nothing either in ancient or modern times has approached, much less equalled, this production of Rossini's. It combines all the beauties of the kind of drama to which it belongs, with many quite new, and in a degree so far beyond anything that had been previously imagined, that it is alone sufficient to place Rossini high in the list of master-minds to which Italy has given birth.

It is singular that he should have built the edifice of his early fame upon the self-same foundation as that of Paesiello. The *libretto* of "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," was not his own choice. Circumstances, needless here to detail, forced him to accept it in the fulfilment of an engagement. Diffident of his own powers—a weakness which he has since fully got the better of—he felt this composition to be a task of difficulty and no little danger. Having applied to Paesiello for his sanction to use the poem, the veteran composer, inflated with the fancy of his

own unapproachable superiority, granted it not only without hesitation, but with evident satisfaction, under the idea that the work of his young competitor would prove a failure, and serve as a foil to his. Great, therefore, was his mortification at Rossini's success; and there was no despicable intrigue to which he did not resort, no mean calumny which he did not employ, to decry his youthful rival. But Rossini triumphed, because the powers of Paesiello had been over-rated, and his own held too cheap. His immeasurable superiority burst forth in a blaze so sudden and so intense, that all could not but acknowledge its power; and it at once dispelled the cloud which envy and intrigue had thrown over it, as the summer disperses the light and humid vapors which hang upon the morning air.

A series of operas followed, all bearing the indelible imprint of that new, warm, expansive, and truly dramatic style of which "*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*" was the archetype. "*La Cenerentola*," "*La Gazza Ladra*," "*Il Turco in Italia*," "*Elisabetta in Inghilterra*," and "*L'Italiano in Algieri*," all display the same elegance of thought, the same scenic powers, the same warmth of coloring, the same originality of character. As all bear the stamp of a perfectly new creation, and one too of striking peculiarity, it was imagined that in all these operas Rossini had borrowed largely from himself, and reproduced in each the melodies of "*Il Barbiere*." But this was a mistake. All Rossini's music bears an identic stamp which distinguishes it from every other. But if these operas be compared with one another, and with "*Il Barbiere*," it will be found

that Rossini has really not borrowed from himself, but only imparted to his music that peculiarity of style which stands out in bold relief from all his productions, each of which contains every variety and shade of character belonging to the subject it treats.

It is, indeed, true, that Rossini very often gives similarity, nay identity of effect, to pieces of the same description. For instance, his *cavatine* are almost all constructed alike. "Una voce poco fa," in "Il Barbiere," "Di piacer mi balza il cor," in "La Gazza Ladra," and "Di tanti palpiti," in "Il Tancredi," are so nearly akin in their melodical construction and harmonic treatment, that the same bass might serve for either. But the resemblance in melody which this gives them is only one of association, and not of reality. The same similarity is to be found in the overtures to all Rossini's Italian operas; and yet no two are alike. This is one of the master's great blemishes: it sometimes imparts monotony to his style, and diminishes its power.

His choruses, his concerted pieces, and his broad, flowing *arie* are full of variety of effect, and of exquisite beauty; but he particularly excels in the dramatic canon invented by Cherubini, and of which that great composer has made so powerful a use. In the extraordinary force of expression which Rossini has given to this description of piece—in his beautiful arrangement of the voices—in the truth which he makes them impart to the aspirations of dramatic poetry—and in the broad and bold masses of effect with which he clothes them, he stands above every composer of his age. The resources of instrumentation

form a component part of Rossini's genius : to them he is indebted for his noblest conceptions ; and it is by the indissoluble union of these resources, which he borrowed from the Germans, with his own wonderful, elegant, and appropriate melody, that he has obtained such admirable results.

In the orchestral accompaniments of Rossini, which are so identified with his vocal parts as to form an indissoluble mass and whole, there is a freedom, a boldness, and originality of design, a vividness of coloring, a sunny and pellucid brilliancy of effect, which act with extraordinary power upon the senses. But when he comes to the use of the brass instruments ; when he attempts to wield those agents of deep and tragic poetry, of dark and terrible imaginings—those formidable resources of art with which the great Beethoven was wont to express all that is grand, awful, and sublime—the task is beyond his strength, and the very weight of his armor bears him exhausted to the ground. He is unable to give due effect to means which require the strength of a giant, and are beyond the scope of his control ; he ably conceives their power, but cannot carry his conceptions into effect. Not but his genius might, if attempted at the outset of his career, have ultimately carried him to a sufficient height ; but, as I observed in a preceding paper, he has adopted a wrong method of combining the brass harmony, which he does not scatter sufficiently to make it effective ; and a bad habit of fifteen or twenty years has become a canker, which it would be now impossible to eradicate.

There is, besides this, sometimes a want of scientific

knowledge, or rather a carelessness of execution in Rossini's scores, which, whilst the intention of genius is visible, weakens the general effect, and withdraws from his influence some of the most striking resources of harmony. Scrupulously careful, and minutely particular in the composition of his melodies, Rossini has always been unaccountably careless in finishing his instrumentation. Contenting himself with a few masterly touches, and with placing here and there broad masses of great power, he has left the remainder to take its chance. But he very nicely finishes the most delicate figures of his picture, and the instrumental melodies which accompany his vocal melodies are exquisitely beautiful. Most of Rossini's scores have been worked up in the midst of playful conversation, when he has been surrounded by numerous friends. This carelessness, which leads to errors and ungrammatical combinations, is a blot upon his style, and renders his school one of dangerous imitation.

The particular bent of Rossini's genius has generally been mistaken. It does not reach the high and severe character of the tragic melo-drama, but is playful, elegant, and tender. The serious operas which he has produced do not constitute his highest claims to pre-eminence as a composer. It is much the fashion to bestow the most extravagant praise upon "La Semiramide," and "L'Otello," both of which are materially deficient in the high attributes of tragedy. The genius of Rossini has been dazzled in its ambitious eagle flight towards the sun; it could not encounter the stern severity of the spirit which it sought to subdue; and it fled back in affright to haunts

more congenial to its nature, there to revel in exuberant playfulness, and in the enjoyment of the tender, the romantic, and the picturesque. Whenever Rossini attempts deep tragedy, he is always affected and mannered; the mantling glow which he would fain impart to his abortive creations in this style, is forced, artificial, and ineffective. Instead of the majestic, sublime, free, warm, and flowing strains of Cimarosa, there is an awkward attempt at grandeur, which completely fails; an effort to convey the stern sublimity of tragedy, which warms not the imagination; and there is occasionally an unconscious and certainly inappropriate utterance of strains belonging to the comic muse, to which the genius of the master is yearning to return. The *opere-serie* of Rossini will scarcely outlive the present age.

But he has won the wreath of immortality by his comic operas, and added to it chaplets of never-fading laurel by his powers in the *semi-seria* or romantic;—in the delineation of tenderness and pathos of the most lofty kind—of all that is affecting and amiable. “*Il Tancredi*” is a master-piece of this kind of composition; heroic and noble, but not dark and horrible. The feelings which it portrays are true and appropriate; its melodies are full of grace, and its dramatic character is of a high order.

I have already mentioned “*Il Barbiere*” and its immediate successors, in terms of the highest praise, and have expressed my admiration of “*Il Tancredi*,” but there are three of Rossini’s operas of transcendent merit, which seem to have been much less admired than they deserve, and which, for some reason beyond my power to explain, do

not stand in the highest rank of favor with the public. I allude to "*La Donna del Lago*," "*Ricciardo e Zoraïde*," and "*Zelmira*." These works will one day shine among the brightest emanations of Rossini's genius. They abound in the most powerful beauties peculiar to the master, and contain that kind of melody which fashion touches not, and which therefore belongs to posterity.

It is unfortunate for Rossini's reputation that these efforts of his muse in her most propitious moments, should have failed to captivate the capricious and indiscriminating taste by which his works have sometimes had the misfortune to be judged. This gave a false bias to his mind, and to it may be attributed many glaring defects in which, perhaps, he was making, in opposition to his better judgment, what he considered a praiseworthy sacrifice to those whose souls could not reach the elevation of his.

There are many great and extraordinary beauties in his "*Mose in Egitto*," though, as a whole, it is inferior to his arrangement of the same work for the French opera. The first was brought out in this country under the title of "*Pietro l'Eremita*," a name substituted for that of "*Mose*," in consequence of some scruples against representing scriptural subjects upon the stage, said to have emanated from the Lord Chamberlain of the day. This splendid work, shorn, for the same reason, of some of its most powerful scenes, appeared in a mutilated form at the King's Theatre, and obtained but a negative success.

During seven or eight years past, Rossini has resided in the French metropolis, and his great talents are now applied to the French opera, to which he has succeeded in

giving a character it never before could acquire, and over which he would have reigned in absolute sway, had not Meyerbeer, with his "Robert le Diable," reaped a large share of the dramatic laurels of the Académie de Musique.

Rossini's French operas are among the most powerful of his productions. His "Comte Ory," is perhaps the least perfect; but the "Guillaume Tell" is a work of prodigious power, and one which will retain its popularity on the French stage, longer perhaps than even those of Gluck and Sacchini have done.

It has long been admitted by musicians that the Italians are bad symphonists, and that no master of any school of Italy has produced a good overture. Rossini is not an exception to this truth, though perhaps he has displayed, in this part of dramatic composition, more imagination than any other of his countrymen. He is said to be the inventor of the *crescendo*. But this is contrary to fact. It was in use among the Germans, and even among his own countrymen, long before he adopted it; but he gave it a new character, rendered extremely *piquant* by the manner in which he introduced it. In harmonic science, however, Rossini's *crescendi* are below mediocrity, and strike only by the novelty of their arrangement.

With the exception of the overtures to "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," and to "Guillaume Tell," all Rossini's attempts at symphony-writing are feeble. Still they are captivating by an extreme originality in the solo or *cantabile* parts. The overture to "Il Barbiere" is beautifully dramatic and effective; that to "Guillaume Tell" is of great beauty and power, though never departing from a most simple *motivo*.

But, struck as the mind undoubtedly is with this latter production, which forces admiration from you by a species of surprise, still, on hearing it often, you regret the want of some of those beautiful episodes, which impart such charms to the overtures of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Spohr. You listen with intense delight certainly; but you must not seek this pleasure immediately after hearing the "Fidelio," or the "Egmont," or the "Freischütz."

Notwithstanding these defects, and a certain flippancy of ornament, by an injudicious use of which Rossini at times breaks down in his expression of the more lofty emotions, he has certainly wrought wonders in his art. From the low state to which the musical drama of Italy was reduced after the death of Cimaroso, he has raised it to a level with the improvements of the age, applied to it the wonders of instrumentation, and given it the beauty and vigor of youth. What he has done for dramatic music in France, is apparent in the present excellence of the French opera, which Rossini has cleansed from the cobwebs, filth, and prejudice by which, for many years, it was sullied. To him are the composers of France indebted for opening to them a field of competition, from which the intrigues and jealousy of a few had previously kept them excluded.

The peculiarity of Rossini's style, which is inseparable from his genius, is the cause that he will be the only one of his school. His imitators have been able only to catch his defects, and their productions are always felt to be bad copies of a beautiful original. To catch his beauties, they must kindle their powers at the torch of his genius, and

be able to feed the glowing flame with the materials which he alone possesses.

In a former paragraph I observed, that Rossini had written rather for contemporary than for posthumous fame. This observation, which I intended to apply to his most popular works, may have been taken in too general a sense; it therefore requires some development.

The scores of Rossini, beautiful as they are in design and conception, teem with grammatical errors, and would prove bad models of composition. They are, therefore, merely identic with the vocal melodies attached to them, beyond which they carry no interest. So long as these melodies remain in favor with the public, or in keeping with the taste or fashion of the day, so long and no longer will these scores retain the interest which at present they inspire. So soon as the present style of melody becomes superannuated, these scores will fall into insignificance.

Melody is of two kinds;—one which is affected by the prevailing taste or fashion, and is made up of the particular graces and embellishments of the day;—the other broad, flowing, majestic, bearing the stamp of no particular period, and without ornament; but composed principally of long notes, upon which the sentiment is incrustated and cannot be mistaken; adorned with all the vigor and effect of striking and appropriate harmony and instrumentation. The latter is the real classic melody; classic, because it is imperishable, as being the noble and unsophisticated expression of never-varying truth. It is like those pictures of the old masters, which will be relished in all ages, be-

cause they represent that which must be understood by all generations of men.

Handel, the immortal Handel, whose works will never perish, produced much of the first kind of melody, which is now overlooked and forgotten. But his rich and pure streams of the second kind, still flow freely to delight and refresh with their beauties the present generation, as they will the remotest generations to come. Cimarosa has very little of the first kind; Mozart and Beethoven none; Winter, Weber, and Spohr, not much; Meyerbeer a great deal in his Italian operas, but none in his German and French. All these masters have written for posterity.

Most of the works of Rossini consist of the first kind of melody. He introduced a new style of ornament, which forms one of the most marked peculiarities of his music, principally made up of *appoggiature* and embellishment, which, without the amazing powers imparted to it by his genius, would degenerate into mannerism. This style is supportable only in his music. But the fashion of ornamental and florid passages is only ephemeral and likely to vary, because it is not a necessity in the expression of truth and poetry. It depends, therefore, upon mere accident or caprice. Hence it is, that notwithstanding the great power and effect which Rossini has given to this style, it will not outlive the generation destined to succeed him. Other composers, without his genius perhaps, will, as they successively appear, give birth to a new style and taste; and the present admired strains of Rossini will share the same fate as many of those of his great predecessor Handel. But Rossini is not without claims to

the admiration of future generations. He has produced some few works teeming with classic beauties, and these will stand the test of ages.

In sum, Rossini is one of the greatest composers which the nineteenth century has produced. He has appeared as the creator of a new and fascinating style; and he has raised from the dust the degraded and fallen melo-drama of his country. In a few short years, he filled the world with his renown, and acquired a universality of fame which no dramatic musician ever reached in so short a period. He has done much for his art, notwithstanding his faults. His "Barbiere" is alone sufficient to immortalize him; it is, and must ever remain, the archetype of the *opera-buffa*. Nor is this his only title to the suffrages of posterity. When his abortive attempts at the composition of the tragic opera shall be forgotten, and his now popular works have sunk, with the spirit which popularizes them, into the all-devouring gulf of time, then shall those noble works now neglected, form, with "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," the structure of his immortality.

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INFANT DAWN.

BY JAMES CONOLLY, ESQ.

OH! infant dawn! how beautiful art thou!
 Gilding the east with many color'd pride;
 With radiant, rosy bloom, and purple smiles,
 Kissing the hill tops, woods, and laughing streams,
 Even as a mother lips her infant child,
 While gazing on its cherub, morning face.
 Beaming with joy to hear its mother's voice,
 It leaps and struggles in her fond embrace,
 And crows in ecstasy; with tiny hands
 Twin'd 'mid the ringlets of her waving hair.
 So joys all nature in thy loved approach,
 Thou bright-eyed dawn! while varied, happy sounds
 Of beast and bird proclaim thy glorious reign,
 'Till the full chorus swells the vales along,
 And hills reverberate with gladsome song.

Creation's earthly lord, weak erring man,
 Shakes off the slumbers of his dreamy couch,
 With all the shadowy phantasms of the soul
 That in the night distract his sleeping sense;
 And—paying first his orisons on high
 To Him who gives, or yet withholds soft rest,—
 Walks forth to taste the bracing breeze of morn,

Which grateful blows upon his freshen'd cheek,
And fragrant incense wafts from every flower.
Maid of the morn! I love thy glowing eye,
And charms of beauty in their varied tints;
And, while entranced, thine advent I behold,
My heart, new opening, turns to him, the Great,
Who, viewing earth's wide chaos from his throne,
Uttered his first decree to listening hosts,
Commanding *thee* to shed thy cheering beams,
Dispelling darkness from her wandering sphere.
Thy rays, Aurora, penetrate my soul;
Of all things earthly I do love thee most,
Because, while dwelling on thy burning charms,
I almost see thy Great Creator, God.



LAMBERT

1750

Mother & Child

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY MISS E. A. STARR.

AH, fold him closely in thy happy arms,
 And press soft kisses on his infant face;
 Thy fond caresses making still more dear,
 To his young heart, its lovely resting place;
 Which through all life will tender memories bear
 Of thy ripe beauty, and thy matron care.

His years will pass, how quickly! and the boy
 Will fly the aids which infancy required;
 The rounded cheek forgot its earliest bloom,
 By thee so loved, by others so admired;
 And from thy side will bound to noisy play,
 Wild with the fancies, pleasures of the day.

O youth and manhood, in your gorgeous blooms,
 And tropic wilds, what lavish strength is rife;
 The mind must strive and win, the eager heart
 Must double joy, and multiply its life;
 The bliss of knowledge overpowers the pain,—
 For who would be a witless child again?

Thine eyes will glory in his fearless tread,
 Thy soul drink gladness from that manly face;

But, oh ! his heart, in all its pride, will still
 Long for the peace of thy serene embrace ;
Beloved and loving, yet can never find
A breast, like thine as safe, like thine as kind.

For not in childhood can we truly prize
 The unbroken charm of our unblemished life ;
The innocence for which affection makes
 A stormless harbor, far apart from strife ;
Our little boat rocks in its sheltered bay,
And joys as duly rise, as buds in May.

Nor till our lips have tasted many a spring
 Of bitter feeling, is the freshness known,
The assuaging mildness of maternal love,
 Whose fulness gushes for our sake alone,—
And thirsted, O how often, for the cool,
Untroubled waters of that sacred pool !

THE PROPHECY.

BY THE REV. H. CAUNTER.

"He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy."

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

IT was the morning of the Montem. Eton was a scene of the busiest preparation. Clavering was senior col-
leger, and was therefore to be the chief actor in the
pageant of the day. Morley, his friend and cousin, was
to be one of the runners, for which he had provided a
splendid fancy dress, that bid fair to eclipse every other
in the procession. At the appointed hour, the merry col-
legers proceeded in regular array to Salt-hill, where the
captain of the academic band, ascending a certain eminence,
flourished a flag as preliminary to the busy proceedings of
the morning. After this ceremony had been duly per-
formed, the runners set out upon their usual expedition of
authorized robbery, stopping every passenger, from the
prince to the bargeman, and demanding salt, an Etonian
synonyme for money, under pain of summary castigation.

As Morley was traversing a retired road on his return
from a most profitable predatory excursion, he observed
a very extraordinary figure standing in the centre of his

path. He appeared to be a man upwards of fifty, upon whose brow, however, suffering rather than years seemed to have indented many deep lines, which imparted to his countenance an expression of sternness rather than of amenity. His eyes were dark, prominent, and full of fire, showing that, in spite of wrinkles, which traversed his forehead in broad and clearly-defined ridges, the spirit was yet unsubdued by the great conqueror Time; and that though he had passed into the "yellow leaf," his faculties were still green. His hair was short, thick, and grizzled; his eyebrows exceedingly bushy and prominent; while the flowing beard, which almost covered his expansive chest, was nearly white, except that portion of it which grew upon the cheek and upper lip. This was quite black, and, blending with the exuberant growth beneath his chin, gave him an appearance, though by no means repulsive, yet somewhat approaching to the superhuman. He had evidently been handsome. The wreck indeed of beauty was upon his lineaments, but they were nevertheless noble in ruins. Though the hand of time had begun to crumble the fabric, still the grandeur of the present was enhanced by associations of the past.

The stranger's figure was tall, and of fine proportions. He wore a sort of tunic, confined by a thin silk girdle, which showed it to great advantage. It was evident that he affected singularity; and he certainly had attained his object. Upon his head he had an undress hussar cap, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of purple cloth, edged with tarnished silver. His hose were of gray cotton, carefully gartered with white ribands, and he was

shod with a short buskin which reached just above the ankle. He seemed fully to have subscribed to the court fool's maxim, that "motley's the only wear." Though, however, there was something fantastic in his dress, it was by no means unbecoming. There was an odd sort of elegance about it, which arose perhaps more from the fine symmetry of the figure which it covered, than from any harmonious combination of the colors which composed it. Morley remembered to have heard that a person had been frequently seen in the neighborhood who was supposed to be mad, and who, it now occurred to him, precisely answered to the description of the figure before him. He nevertheless advanced boldly towards the stranger, and demanded salt.

"Salt! what mean you?"

"Money."

"Go to the rich."

"We exact from rich and poor alike."

"Exact! thou art then both publican and sinner."

"Come! wilt thou depose thy tribute?" and he extended the mouth of a richly-embroidered bag. "Let me beg, venerable sir, that I may not be detained."

"Beg! Thou art too fine for a beggar; thy livery belies thy calling. I should have taken thee for some knave's serving-man, who had robbed a theatre to apparel thee, but that I am more charitably disposed to think thou art some ape's serving monkey." The blood rushed to Morley's cheek in a torrent. "I tell thee again thou art too fine for a beggar. Go to, go to, silly dog!"

"I beg not, but exact."

"And suppose I should refuse thy demand: thou art not a very formidable assessor."

"Then force should compel it." The stranger smiled scornfully. "Come! disburse; a sixpence will purchase your security from any further molestation: we take anything but copper."

"If a sixpence could be divided into intangible atoms, I'd rather blow them to the winds than give thee one. Fie upon your custom! You rob—ay, you may frown, young bully, and strut like a peacock round a well: I say it at all risks, and in good current English—you rob in order to make a gentleman of your schoolfellow, and purchase an honorable title with the fruits of knavery. Beware of him, young man! He will be a serpent in your path, and sting the hand that fosters him. Take heed, I say; he will repay thy legalized larceny in his behalf with the devil's requital. A word to the wise:—if thou'rt a fool, why, thou wert born no better than thy kind, and wert therefore born to be fooled."

"What mean you?"

"I mean, in the first place, that I will not give the value of a rush to help to mature an embryo villain. I mean, in the next place, that this Clavering, for whom thou art graceless enough to pillage the poor passenger, is that villain."

Morley was staggered. He felt his heart throb with indignation, but was completely overawed by the manner of the mysterious person who addressed him. There was a something in it at once so commanding and uncommon, associating too, with it, as Morley did, an idea of insanity,

that he could neither summon resolution to exact a contribution from him, nor divest himself of an apprehension that there was a prophetic spirit in his words; for impressions often get the better of our judgments, and force us to believe, in spite of the contradictions of our reason. Belief is independent of our wills; and we are frequently conscious of a credulity which we should be extremely reluctant to avow, and of which our very consciences make us feel ashamed. Morley tried to shake off the impression which had so suddenly overcast his spirits, but no appeal to his better sense could overcome its influence. He felt unaccountably depressed; nevertheless, affecting to laugh at the ominous prediction, with a smiling countenance, but a throbbing heart, he said to his mysterious interlocutor, in a tone of assumed pomposity, "How long hast thou been a prophet, sage sir? I cry thee mercy; I thought the season of prophecy had gone by. Art thou another Cornelius Agrippa, or a male Mother Shipton, whose vaticinal, like the sibyl leaves, contained prophecies that never came to pass, except when some kind soul was sottish enough to do a silly thing, merely for the sake of realizing the prophecy. Nay, tell me, thou modern Archimago, canst thou really look behind the curtain of the present, down the dark vista of the future, and tell of things to be? 'Thou art beside thyself,' as the Roman said to the Apostle of Tarsus; 'too much learning has made thee mad.'"

"It is well, boy; thou art a cunning simpleton, but a mole would have perception enough to discover how poorly that smirk and flippant wagging of the tongue hides the

tremor within. There's lie written upon thy face: 'tis marked as legibly as coward upon thy heart; for while the one assumes the smile of incredulity, which is unblushingly contradicted by the pallid cheek and quivering lip, the throb of apprehension disturbs the other." Morley was struck dumb. He felt this to be too true, and his awe of the stranger increased. The latter continued:—"Remember, I have warned thee. Thou art young, and hast not yet tasted the bitters of disappointment. I have 'wrung them out.' They are prepared for thy speedy quaffing, and they shall be as 'the gall of asps' within thee. Again, I bid thee beware of Clavering. Farewell!"

He was about to depart, when Morley, impelled by a superstitious excitement, which he had never before felt, but could not now control, exclaimed—

"Stay! one question before we part. As I am to be unhappy, is my life to be long or short?"

"Let me see thy palm." He took Morley's hand, and, after having attentively surveyed it for several moments, said, in a tone of most painful and almost appalling solemnity, "Thou wilt not count the midnight hour of thy thirty-fourth birthday. Death will take thee with the bloom upon thy cheek; the worm will feed daintily upon it. But we must all die: what matters it when?"

Saying this, he slowly turned, slightly bent his head, and left the astonished Morley almost transfixed to the spot. A sudden thrill passed through his whole frame. His brain began to whirl, and his heart to sicken. It passed, however, in a few moments, but was succeeded by a depression which fell like a paralysis upon his hitherto

buoyant spirit. He was ashamed of his want of energy, still he found it impossible to baffle the despondency which was stealing upon him. He felt as if he was about to be the victim of some indefinable visitation. He was conscious, it is true, of the utter absurdity of such an apprehension, yet he could not stifle it; he could not get rid of the awful impression which the words, and especially the last words, of the stranger had left upon him. It seemed as if his inmost soul had been laid bare to the scrutiny of that mysterious man, for he was evidently acquainted with the emotion which his warning had excited within him, and which Morley used his best endeavors to disguise.

“Is it possible,” he thought, “that I can have anything to dread from Clavering? We have been reared together. We have been attached from infancy, and he has never wronged me. Why, then, should I suspect him? It were unjust—nay, it were base to question his integrity or to doubt his love.”

Morley was extremely distressed, and joined his companions in no very enviable frame of mind. It was some days before he entirely recovered his spirits; and even when he had recovered them, the recollection of that mysterious being who had cast such a dark shadow before his future path, would frequently intrude to perplex and disquiet him. He had no absolute faith in the gift of vaticination. In all appeals to his reason upon this question, the answer was brief and unequivocal. Nevertheless, whatever might be the suggestions of his reason to the contrary, he could not, against the direct bias of his

feelings, shake off the impression so emphatically forced upon his mind, by the prophetic caution which he had received to beware of Clavering. Time, and a change of scene, however, at length weakened in his mind the freshness of this strange event; and the remembrance of it eventually became no longer painful.

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had seduced, and heartlessly abandoned, a poor, but amiable girl in the neighborhood. This Morley knew; yet such is the force of that happy liberality of principle inculcated among the better born of the land, when in *statu pupillari* at those great fountains of learning, our public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to engender a thought that such a trifling accident could in any way operate upon Clavering's friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling towards himself; and, in spite of the stranger's warning, treated him, as he had ever done, with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and taken his degree, though his character at college had been anything but unblemished. He had acquired some equivocal propensities, and had been suspected of several very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university. This was not unknown to Morley; and occasionally the warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at

his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted within him to be staggered by what might after all be nothing more than a whimsical caution, the mere chance ebullition of madness. Shortly after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were at the best doubtful, and Morley was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Morley, nevertheless, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had so long felt a very sincere attachment, because some few rumored deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof. His eyes, however, were unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his kinsman's character. To Morley's consternation, Clavering was suddenly taken up on a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount, and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but, though not indeed without a very narrow escape, honorably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty and executed.

For a considerable period after this tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Morley's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to beware of Clavering, and by neglecting the warning his life had been placed in jeopardy. He remembered

the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birth-day. He was now scarcely three-and-twenty, but eleven years seemed so short a term to one who had a strong desire of life, that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its terminating so speedily. In spite of himself he could not bring his mind to feel, though he could easily bring his reason to admit, the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance, because such divine communications have long since ceased to be made; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak—that it was superstitious, but he could not control it. It was a sort of mental calenture, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehensions substantiated into a reality. He became so extremely depressed, that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her anxiety, he fully stated to her the cause of his unusual depression. She argued with him upon the folly, nay, the criminality of giving way to an apprehension which, in the very nature of things, must be perfectly groundless; since even the sacred scriptures represent the hour of death as a matter hidden amongst the mysteries of Providence, and therefore beyond the penetration of man. The caution which the stranger had given him to beware of Clavering afforded no proof of extraordinary penetration, since one who had shown himself to be so wantonly profligate in youth, as

Clavering had done, was a very fit object of warning; and surely it could be no evidence of supernatural endowment, or the gift of more than ordinary foresight, to bid a person beware of a bad man. These representations were not without their effect; yet as the clouds of despondency dispersed but tardily, his mother persuaded him to go abroad with some sprightly friends, hoping that change of scene might restore his mind to its wonted repose. Nor was she deceived; after an absence of three years he returned quite an altered man. The impression left by the prophecy of the stranger seemed to have entirely passed from his memory. He had formed new friendships, marked out new prospects, and appeared to look forward without any withering apprehensions of evil. His mother was delighted to observe the change, though even she, as he advanced towards his thirty-fourth birthday, could not help entertaining certain misgivings, when she thought upon that melancholy prediction, which had so long cast a shadow across the course of her son's peace.

Year after year rolled on without any event happening to interrupt the uniformity of a very chequered life, until Morley entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his age. The impression originally left by the stranger's prediction had been entirely effaced, and, as he never mentioned the circumstance, his mother justly surmised that he had forgotten it altogether. She had not, however. She watched the days, weeks, and months roll on, with the most painful anxiety; not that she believed the stranger's prophecy was about to be accomplished, but because she longed to be assured of its fallacy. Anxiety and belief clashed, and

the latter was shaken by the perpetual collision. The possibility of its fulfilment was ever present to her mind, and this possibility, however apparently remote at first, was brought nearer and nearer every time it recurred to her thoughts, until at length it appeared before her with all the vividness and amplitude of reality. The death of her only son was an idea continually presented to her waking thoughts, as well as to her slumbering faculties; so that however strongly her reason might argue against its probability, still the phantoms of thought would arise without any formal evocation, and they addressed themselves more potently to the mind's eye, than the wiser suggestions of reason to the understanding. So manifest was Morley's emancipation from the fetters of that moody apprehension which had formerly enslaved his mind, that not only was his spirit buoyant, and his peace undisturbed, but he evidently looked forward to happiness in time as well as in eternity, since he had paid his successful addresses to a very beautiful girl, and the period was appointed for their union. It was fixed for the day after the lady should attain her one-and-twentieth year, which would carry Morley nearly to his thirty-fifth; so that it was clear he anticipated no intervening evil: on the contrary, he talked of the consummation of his happiness with a fluency and earnestness, which clearly showed that he fully expected to see it realized. His mother was pleased to observe that he no longer clung to those old recollections, which she even now feared to revive, and to which she could not herself revert without a strong but indefinite apprehension of danger.

The morning of the thirty-fourth birth-day at length dawned, and Morley rose from a night of peaceful slumber in the best health and spirits. He seemed not to have a single care upon his thoughts, which were apparently undimmed by one painful recollection. A select party of friends had been invited to celebrate the day. The spirits of the mother became more and more elastic as the time advanced; and when the friendly party sat down at her hospitable table, every apprehension of evil had entirely subsided, since her son was at her side in full health and unusual animation. There were only now a few hours to the conclusion of this long-dreaded day, and the almost impossibility of anything like fatality supervening, seemed so clear to her mind, that she became satisfied the Eton stranger was an impostor, and her heart was consequently entirely released from dread. Morley was the more animated at observing the unusual flow of spirits which she exhibited, as he had observed her of late frequently depressed, and his filial affection was of the most ardent kind. As he looked at her, a bright tear stole into his eye, but the tender smile which followed showed that it was neither the tear of sorrow nor of agony. It was now eight o'clock, and Morley was in full health and spirits. The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were about to retire, when his mother, no longer able to conceal the joy which had been long struggling for vent, exclaimed exultingly:

“My child, has not the stranger who accosted thee on the day of the montem turned out to be a false prophet? This is your thirty-fourth birth-day; there you are, alive

and well. I wish he were now present, that we might have the benefit of laughing at the charlatan's confusion."

Every drop of blood in a moment left Morley's cheeks; his eye fixed, and after a pause he murmured, "He has not yet proved himself to be a false prophet." Seeing that his mother was distressed at his manner, he rallied and affected to treat the matter with indifference. The ladies now retired; but it was evident that the mother's ill-timed observation had aroused some fearful reminiscence in the mind of her son.

He scarcely spoke after the ladies had retired. The shock occasioned by a dreadful recollection so suddenly reawakened had, in a moment, struck like an ice-bolt through his frame, and chilled every faculty of his soul. His friends sought to divert his mind, but unavailingly. "Like a giant refreshed with wine," the thought which had now slumbered for years, arose the fresher from its long repose, and carried with it through his heart a desolation and an agony which nothing could enliven or abate. The convulsive quiver of his lip, and the strong compression of his eyelid, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, but in vain; it was too evident that he was not at ease. Nine o'clock struck; it boomed slowly and solemnly from the church-tower through the silence of a cold autumnal evening, and smote sullenly upon Morley's ear like the wail of the dead. He started, his cheek grew pale, his lip quivered more rapidly, his fingers clenched, and, for a moment, he sunk back in his chair in a state of uncontrollable agitation. His friends proposed that they should

repair to the drawing-room, in order to divert him from the dreadful apprehension which had evidently taken such a sudden possession of his mind. Every one present was aware of his montem adventure, and attempted to banter him upon the folly of giving way to such unreasonable fears; but the revived impression had taken too strong a hold upon his soul to be so easily dislodged. He struggled, however, to conceal his emotion, and in part succeeded.

When he joined the ladies, he appeared calm, but grave; yet there was an occasional wildness in his eye, which did not escape the perception of his anxious mother, and disquieted her exceedingly. She, however, made no allusion to his change of manner, conscious that she had unwittingly been the cause of it, and fearful lest any recurrence to the subject should only aggravate the mischief. Morley talked, and even endeavored to appear cheerful, but it was impossible thus to baffle the scrutiny of affection; maternal anxiety was not to be so easily lulled. There was an evident restraint upon the whole party, and at an early hour for such a meeting, about eleven o'clock, they broke up. Morley took a particularly affectionate leave of all his friends; they seemed to fall in with his humor, satisfied that his present moodiness of spirit would subside with the morning, and that he would then be among the first to join in the laugh against himself. It only wanted one hour to the conclusion of the day, and he was in perfect health, though somewhat troubled in spirit. One of his friends, a medical man, who lived at some distance, was invited to remain until morning, to which he acceded; and shortly

after eleven o'clock, Morley took his candle, and retired for the night. As he kissed his mother, he clung affectionately round her neck, and wept bitterly upon her bosom. She at length succeeded in composing him, when he retired to his chamber. He slept near her. She was exceedingly uneasy at observing the great depression by which he was overcome, and severely reprobated her own folly in having so suddenly recalled a painful recollection. She, however, did not feel any positive alarm, as the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and she flattered herself that as soon as the village clock should give warning of the commencement of another day, his apprehensions would dissipate, and his peace of mind return, without any fear of future interruption. By this time she was undressed, and about to extinguish her light, when she fancied she heard a groan; she listened; it was repeated, and appeared to come from her son's chamber. Instantly throwing on her dressing-down, she hurried to the door, and paused a moment to listen, in order to be assured she had not been deceived. The groan was repeated, though more faintly, and there was a gurgle in the throat, as of one in the agonies of death. She opened the door with a shriek, and rushed to the bed. There lay Morley, upon the drenched counterpane, weltering in his blood. His right hand grasped a bloody razor, which told all that it could be necessary to tell of this dreadful tragedy. He had ceased to breathe. By his watch, which lay on a chair close to the bedside, it still wanted ten minutes of twelve. He had not counted the midnight hour of his thirty-fourth birth-day. The stranger's prophecy was fulfilled.

THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

LIE down in that low quiet bed,
 Thou weary care-worn child of clay,
 The earth's cold pillow props thy head,
 Thine eyes have closed on busy day;
 No sounds thy deafened ear can reach,
 No dreams thy aching brain perplex,
 Nor scornful eye, nor taunting speech,
 Thy meek and wounded spirit vex.

A heavy doom was thine to bear,
 No peace to hope, no rest to find,
 With none thy lot to soothe or share,
 Poor outcast of a world unkind!
 What hour of thy brief tearful life,
 From care, from bitterness was free?
 And now escaped the unequal strife,
 Blest sleeper, shall we weep for thee?

Oh! close the turf above her head,
 And hide her from the world's cold eyes,
 They shall not now profane the dead,
 Nor see how calm and still she lies.

Come let us steal away, and bid
These tears of selfish sorrow cease,
And leave her here in darkness hid,
To taste her new-found blessing—peace.

SONNET.

BY R. F. HOUSEMAN.

O H! there is music in my heart to-night,
Sweeter than lapsing river-waters, when
They weave their circling spells in secret glen,
Darkling and peaceful!—Silently the light
Of a dead happiness goes gleaming bright
Before my eyes—how beautiful! and now,
The dream-touched radiance of a stainless brow
Shines out amidst the dimness, pale and white!—
Most gentle vision!—Thou art she with whom
Erewhile I plucked from youth's full-foliaged tree
Hope's perishing buds, and love's delicious bloom!
Wherefore thus brought, in wakeful fantasy,
To mock the spirit's loneliness?—Ah me,
What spell had triumphed o'er the envious tomb?

THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE REV. W. H. FURNESS, D.D.

ALTHOUGH no moral worth can justly be attributed to the man who is honest, industrious, and temperate, merely for the sake of the honor and thrift to which these qualities conduce, yet modes of thinking prevail, which cause the intrinsic value of these virtues to be overlooked, and lead men to account them solely or chiefly valuable as means, means to the attainment of some one of the authorized objects of pursuit, ease, wealth, or place. Unquestionably they are the best qualifications for success in life. Still it greatly derogates from their essential worth, to regard them only as means to something better; as if anything the world has to give could be better than virtue itself. It is at once the most solid wealth, and the highest dignity. It is to be estimated, not only, nor principally as a means of worldly well-being, but as an end, as life's noblest end. And he has the true way of thinking, who, instead of being industrious and temperate that he may be rich, is ambitious of being rich that he may have a larger sphere of activity, and a better opportunity of self-control. As it is important that men should know that personal virtue is the great means of happiness, so is it certainly not less important that we should see, far

more clearly than we commonly do, that happiness, or rather the possession of those things in which happiness is generally considered to consist, should be a means of virtue, of personal improvement, and should be sought on this account, and for the sake of this good end.

As it is in the moral concerns of life, so is it in relation to intellectual pursuits, the acquisition of knowledge. In order to demonstrate the value of knowledge, it might seem to most persons to be enough simply to enumerate its practical benefits, to show its utility, how it contributes to the daily purposes of life, and confers power, power over inanimate nature, power over men, putting the sceptre of the physical universe in our grasp, and pouring its treasures at our feet.

But even were we able to specify all the uses of knowledge, the half would not be told. After all, there would remain for the love and pursuit of knowledge, a reason above all these reasons; namely, in knowledge itself. When Henry More, the old platonizing divine, was asked why he studied so hard, he replied, "That I may know." When he was asked again, why he wanted to know, again he made answer, "That I may know." Apparently he gave no reason for his intellectual toil; but, in fact, he gave the very best reason. For there is an absolute worth in knowledge which cannot be computed. It is the natural and necessary food of the mind, the nutriment of our intellectual being. It is in us an ineradicable instinct, to crave knowledge as we crave daily bread. A striking analogy presents itself here between the body and the mind. As the former desires food, so does the mind

hunger to know. And this intellectual appetite is felt before we can possibly have any experience of the benefits of knowledge.

This simple fact, by the way, that we desire knowledge before we have the least idea of its advantages, claims particular attention; because it furnishes a decisive argument against that false philosophy, which has unhappily become the practical, unwritten philosophy of the present day, and which maintains that selfish calculation is the grand spring and wheel of all human activity, that, in all that a man does, whether it be good or evil, he has always an eye to his own pleasure or profit, and that the purest virtue is only a disguised self-seeking. Against this doctrine, so painfully repugnant to every generous sentiment, Nature herself does most emphatically testify. Here is the natural desire of knowledge, for instance, one of the primal facts in the constitution of man. It is the instinctive yearning of the mind towards something out of itself. It is obviously originated by no calculations of self-interest. For it springs up within us antecedently to any perception on our part of the uses of knowledge. Even the common bodily appetite for food is not, in the first instance, nor ever, while the body is in health, the offspring of calculation. The infant, when it first hungers for nourishment, does not know whether the food it craves will nourish or destroy. Nor can you excite hunger in a sick man by discoursing ever so eloquently upon "the ordinance and institution of eating." But, without discussing the point any further, we recommend to such of our readers as may wish to know the truth in regard to

the possibility of disinterestedness, the writings of one of the profoundest of modern thinkers, Bishop Butler. To his Eleventh Discourse, which is an admirable exposition of the principles of human action, Sir James Mackintosh, in his "View of the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," points as to the dawn of sound philosophy in these later times.

To return ;—there is in man a natural desire of knowledge. It does not look beyond knowledge to any benefit which is to accrue therefrom, but it rests in knowledge as its end. It is not confined within any assignable sphere. It is not limited to things that are at hand. To the remotest objects in time and space it turns with an interest even more intense than is awakened by what is near. Let the light of knowledge fill never so large a circle, still the mind pants, by the instinct of its nature, to penetrate the dark beyond. Would you be made conscious of this fact of your nature? Cast one earnest look at the grand dome overhead, and those still fires, hanging so mysteriously there, will instantly provoke "the sacred hunger" of the mind. The aspect of the heavens displays, as in some boundless hall, the natural food of the mind, and nature invites us to enter there, and subsist as in our rightful dwelling. All things challenge our curiosity. They summon us to inquire and know. How great the faculty by which a relationship, closer than that of flesh and blood, is revealed between the mind of man and the immeasurable universe. It connects him with Immensity and Eternity; for there are no depths of time or space into which it does not urge him to plunge. It is a badge of his present dignity, a prophecy of his destination. Con-

sider any individual, no matter how obscure, or how he may be bent and scarred by labor, consider how there is folded up within him a power by which he is related, not only to what he sees and knows, but to what is unseen and unknown; binding him, as by a visible tie, to all existence. His being, thus regarded, dilates beyond the scope of imagination. We contemplate a mighty nature, of which the visible shape is but a dim and vanishing symbol. One of the most pitiable objects on earth is a human being, in whom stirs no curiosity, no desire of knowledge. Captain Cook tells us that, as he approached one of the islands of the Southern Ocean, a solitary savage was descried, fishing from a canoe. As the vessel of the European drew near, and sought communication with him, he evinced not the slightest astonishment. There was no reason to suppose that he had ever witnessed such a sight before, or that he was bound, as some barbarians are, by his ideas of dignity to express no surprise. His indifference is represented as pure stupidity. Such a condition of human nature seems so abject, that one is almost inclined to think that it must have been a spectral illusion, floating there on the wave, and not a real man with the complete faculties of a man. When, in other instances, the same illustrious navigator tells us of the ardent curiosity of the new tribes that he visited; this one fact redeems the picture of savage desolation, and is a compensation for all the want and ignorance with which it is associated.

The mere act of knowing, the simple perception of truth satisfies and delights us. It sometimes seems to be thought

that the pursuit of knowledge is painful and laborious, and that there would be no inducement to it, were it not for the practical purposes to which the intellectual stores we may gather admit of being put. And there is a disposition to undervalue all intellectual pursuits that are not productive of some direct tangible benefit, and to discourage all labor of this sort, upon which there is not the fullest insurance in dollars and cents. We have no intention of advocating, in opposition to this tendency, the false notion of the wise men of antiquity, who held it derogatory to the dignity of science and philosophy to apply them to what they pronounced the mean and material interests of every-day life. But we do affirm that the jealous regard, anciently cherished for the honor of science, this uncompromising recognition of its intrinsic excellence, gave a freedom and nobleness to scientific labors, of which they are in danger of being wholly destitute in these modern days, when the mind, with all its wondrous, God-inspired faculties, is wont to be treated as a mere mechanical contrivance to promote the purposes of our social and domestic economy. At all events, into whatever errors ancient wisdom was betrayed by its religious reverence for the intrinsic nobleness of knowledge, we are liable to errors fully as injurious, from our unsleeping avidity to secure its marketable advantages. We have well-nigh forgotten that it has a value in itself, and are ready to defy all studies as barren and worthless that do not serve the common objects of life. We repeat, therefore, the bare vision of truth, of things as they are, produces, or rather it is, an indefinable satisfaction. For the truth of this

proposition, we appeal not to poetry—to any of the fine arts, but to those sciences, which, while they are the richest in the applications, of which they admit, to useful purposes, are deemed the most homely and uninviting in themselves. We shall not rely for illustrations of the intrinsic delights of knowledge, upon such questionable cases as that of Dr. Busby, whose enthusiasm for the classics was so great, that he is said to have died of bad Latin. But we refer the reader to the mathematical sciences—to Geometry. In no department of knowledge is such an unmixed pleasure taken in the simple contemplation of truth as in these. No rhetorical art, no figures of speech have had such potent charms as the crabbed figures of arithmetic. It would be a strange sight now-a-days, to see a venerable mathematician, such as our Bowditch was, break forth, like him of old, who, when the solution of a problem that had long defied his sagacity, flashed upon him, rushed out into the street, shouting at the top of his voice, “I have found it! I have found it!” And yet, every one who has given particular attention to studies of this sort, sympathizes with the enthusiasm that prompted to such an outbreak, and knows by personal experience, the pleasure produced by the simple perception of mathematical truth. What a striking illustration of the intrinsic beauty of knowledge is given in the notices of Archimedes! So engrossing was his devotion to his darling science, that he forgot to eat and drink and pay common attention to his person; and when they dragged him to the bath, he occupied himself with drawing diagrams in the ashes, or on the ointment which was put upon his

body. He held it to be trifling with the pure truths which he studied, even to apply them to the construction of engines for the defence of the city where he dwelt, against the formidable armies of Rome. And when he had put them to use in this way with such success that, if but the end of a bare pole appeared above the walls, the besiegers were smitten with the dread of some new machinery to be turned against them, still the power and the renown thus acquired, seemed to him but as the baubles of a child, in comparison with the delicious pleasures of Geometry. Amidst the uproar of the siege, he fled to his beloved pursuit; and when the city was taken, he was found lost in study. The law of self-defence, which, we are assured, is the first law of nature, was to him no law at all. He forgot that he had a life to defend, and resented the entrance of the soldier who rushed in upon him with a drawn sword, not as a peril to his person, but as a very impertinent intrusion on his studies, and begged him to wait until the demonstration was finished, and then he would attend to him.

The peremptory demand of our times that knowledge shall be immediately available to some profitable purpose has the effect, not only to cut off every branch of knowledge as worthless, which does not give immediate promise of fruit (as classical learning for instance), but it tends to chill the genial glow of our native curiosity. It cools the ardor of intellectual activity. Already has this economical disposition stood in the way of the greatest inquirers. The invaluable labors of Galileo were ridiculed as useless, and, by insisting that knowledge must be lucrative, point

was given to the text of the itinerant friar, who, wretchedly punning upon the name of Galileo, preached against him from the words, "Ye men of *Galilee*, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?" Must it not quench the poet's inspiration to be perpetually reminded by the whole spirit of the age that he must prove the use of his beauteous creations? "Of what conceivable use," many cry, "is a man's learning, if it brings him in no money?" Happily for us, the great inventors and discoverers, the philosophers and poets never reasoned thus. They recognized the absolute as well as the relative value of truth; and for its own dear sake they toiled. There were no price-currents in the days of Homer and Milton. And had there been such things then, think you, those great men would have looked into them to see whether epic poems were in demand, before they set to work to produce the *Iliad* and the *Paradise Lost*? Or was Walter Scott prevented from writing those brilliant romances by the knowledge that novels had long been a drug?

By watching all so anxiously for the practical results of knowledge, we are sure to defeat ourselves, and lose the very advantages we are so eager to secure. Here is a weighty reason why we should insist upon the intrinsic worth of knowledge. If it is to be turned to a useful account, it must be first and principally loved and sought for itself. That is a comprehensive saying of Bacon's familiar to us all, that if we would command Nature, we must first implicitly obey her. The same may be said of knowledge. If we would have knowledge to be our faithful servant, we must learn to woo her as a bride. Or, in

plainer phrase, it must be sought as an end, if it is to be effectual as a means. It is easy enough to cultivate some one faculty of the mind, the memory, for instance, and accumulate an immense store of facts, which, instead of proving a coat of mail to the understanding, shall only weaken and overpower it. It is common to speak of what is committed to memory, as so much got by heart. So the phrase runs. It is singularly false. For what is usually committed to memory, however trippingly it comes from the tongue, very seldom has a deeper origin, and has very little to do with the heart. But if it is knowledge that we want, knowledge that shall fit us to meet the various and untried occasions of life, and make us stronger for what we know, real, living knowledge, it must be worked up with the very life of our being. As the Mexicans, when they first saw a horseman, mistook the appearance for one animal, so our knowledge, if it is to serve our purposes, must not only seem, but be, one with us. And to acquire such knowledge, we must pursue it for its own sake, and seek it as hidden treasure. If we are forever computing its profits, looking over and beyond what we have in hand to do, to the distinction we are to acquire, or the money to be made, or the good even which is to result to others, our attention will certainly be distracted, and we shall lack that hearty concentration of our strength, which alone will enable us to grapple with a subject, and "tear out the very heart of it."

It is interesting to remark, in this connection, how continually we defraud ourselves, of all true pleasure and profit, by looking all too anxiously for the effect to be pro-

duced on us by any great work of Nature or Art. Hence it happens that any new and wonderful sight, whose beauty has been loudly and generally published, seldom produces its full effect at first, because men look for the effect, and not at the thing itself. Hardly an individual returns from visiting Niagara, who does not confess to a feeling of disappointment, when that miracle first opened upon his view. The reason is obvious. Men visit that world-renowned spot, thinking not of what they are going to see, but of what they are going to feel, not of the Falls, but of themselves. With the attention thus distracted, they fail of receiving a full impression of the wonder. Were any one, of a bright moonlight night to be suddenly transported in his sleep, for an hour, to the foot of Niagara, there can be little doubt, that, when, startled from his slumbers, by the great voice of the waters, he should behold the stupendous spectacle, he would be overwhelmed by the sublime vision, and, after sleeping through the remainder of the night, if indeed he could sleep again that night, without some potent drug, what a glorious dream would he have to tell in the morning! So it is with the acquisition of knowledge. In whatever department a man labors, be it History, Science, the Fine Arts, or Philosophy, he will be certain to miss the delights of knowledge, if he does not lose himself in his peculiar pursuit. He must give up his heart to it without reserve or stipulation. Undoubtedly there are numbers who are impelled to the pursuit of knowledge, not by a pure love of knowledge, but for the sake of her dower, for the distinction they will obtain. But precisely to the extent to which their vision

has been double and not single, and they have looked to fame, and not to science, they have failed of both, and never has the intellectual laborer so truly deserved renown, and so richly won it as when, in the enthusiasm of his pursuits, he has forgotten both the praise, and the very existence of the world. Such an one, is ever ready to confess that no wealth nor honors can for an instant compare with the bare perception of a great truth. "Take, take away," once exclaimed one of these men, "the gaudy triumphs of the world, the long, deathless shout of fame, and give me back that uneasy rapture, when truth first burst upon the startled sight."

Of all the labor ever done under the sun, that of the Alchemists was the most worthless. And for a plain reason; they were actuated not by a generous thirst for knowledge, but by motives confessedly selfish, the love of life, and the accursed thirst for gold. They explored nature not for truth, but for the *Elixir of Life* and the *Philosopher's Stone*, with the one to turn all things into gold, and to prolong this mortal existence indefinitely with the other. As they were impelled by these sordid principles, their toil, than which none was ever more indefatigable, came to nothing. Occasionally indeed, their higher nature proved too strong for them; and losing sight of their selfish objects they had their curiosity awakened by the mysterious relations and affinities of matter incidentally disclosed in the course of their investigations. Thus they rendered incidental service to the invaluable science of Chemistry; and so their pursuits were rescued from unqualified contempt.

How important it is to the very utility of knowledge that we should recognize its essential worth, and whatever other advantages it may bring, account the simple possession of it our chief pleasure, is shown in the case of many of those who have been most distinguished for their intellectual successes. How often has it happened that they who have made the greatest advances in science, and laid the world under the greatest obligations, have died in extreme poverty, while others were making fortunes out of their inventions. From such cases it would seem that a single eye to knowledge is incompatible with the existence in the same individual of those provident qualities which enable a man to clutch the main chance at a good living. Science is very jealous of the affection of her votaries, and he who would win her triumphs must give her his whole heart. We mourn over the fate of those, who, while they have made splendid discoveries, have lived in want; as if they had received no reward. But if they had known that they could not have both wisdom and wealth, and had been permitted to choose, would they have hesitated a single instant? They would immediately have cried, "Let obscurity come, and incessant labor, and the extremest poverty, but give us knowledge, no matter at what cost of personal comfort; we shall account ourselves only too favored."

And here we are reminded of a passage in that admirable Essay of Mrs. Barbauld's "Upon the Inconsistency of our Expectations." It should be written upon every young man's heart. "Is knowledge," asks this writer, "the pearl of great price? That too may be purchased

by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. 'But,' says the man of letters, 'what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!' Was it then in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill-employed your industry. 'What reward have I then for all my labors?' What reward? A large, comprehensive soul, well cleansed from vulgar fears and perturbations and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?" Even in the humblest occupations, however the desire of gain and the ambition of rising in the world may tend to stimulate men's energies and insure their elevation, he is, after all and in the end, the most successful artisan, as he certainly is the happiest man, who seeks, not money nor distinction chiefly, but perfection in his art, and is bent, not only upon knowing the true principles of his trade, but also upon realizing his knowledge in the product of his labor.

From what we have said, it follows that the one thing

most desirable to possess is not any amount of information, however large, but an ardent thirst for knowledge. Not he that knows much is the true lover of knowledge, but he who, whether he knows much or little, is eager to know more, in whom the desire of knowledge burns an unquenchable flame. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." If this saying be taken without a very essential qualification, then is all knowledge dangerous. For the amount of all human knowledge is very little in comparison with the actual sum of truth. But it is not the little knowledge that is dangerous, but the knowledge, whether little or great, that is accounted by its possessor enough, and which he makes no effort and has no desire to increase. By this estimation of it, he shows that he holds it, not in the love of it, but for his vanity or ambition. The true sign of intellectual life is not the quantity of information one has acquired, nor the abundance of the appliances of learning which he has collected in the shape of books and libraries, but a steadily-increasing desire of knowledge. The poor man, who has to show, as his sole literary wealth, only an odd volume, well thumbed, of some standard work,—nay, the "swart artisan," who has not even a book, but who, while he is toiling amidst smoke and fire at the anvil or the forge, is greedy to know the properties of iron,—is more truly an educated man than he who sits in the pride of learning amidst whole shelves of folios. The love of knowledge is the one thing essential. This point is well illustrated in the "Contributions of Q. Q." by two soliloquies, the one of a young lady just from school, who is supposed, as the term is, to have

finished her education, and who, wonderful creature! has nothing more to learn. She enumerates with great satisfaction the *ologies* she has gone clean through, and truly the amount is no trifle. But on the next page a philosopher is introduced,—one who has descended into the depths of knowledge, and brought back, as his deepest conviction, a sense of his own ignorance.

From what has been said, it follows that the common excuse given by men engaged in the active pursuits of life for the entire neglect of intellectual culture is quite beside the mark. “Why,” they ask, “why should we submit to such hard labor, and read and study? Of what earthly use is it to us? It does very well for those whose profession is learning in one form or another, but it is no concern of ours.” Let it be that, commercially speaking, the pursuit of knowledge is of no use to the man of business; that it will not help the sale of a single bale of goods, but rather, through the diversion of mind it may occasion, cause a lucrative transaction now and then to miscarry; still, it is a fact, that is not to be ignored, that in every man, whatever may be his walk in life, active or retired, there burns, more or less brightly, the divine fire of mind. Every man has that in him which no mechanical routine will satisfy, which demands knowledge as its natural sustenance and the absolute condition of its growth. If there were men who have nothing to do with the acquisition of knowledge, one cannot but think that there would be a difference between their whole structure and that of the wise and educated,—a difference that is not at all discoverable now upon the closest inspection. If

the man of business has no use for a mind, he would have been made very differently. As one is sometimes said to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the business man would have come into life with a pen behind his ear and with an instinctive faculty for the calculation of interest, simple and compound. But there is no such wide difference as this among men. Noble words and the history of noble deeds cause all men to thrill and glow, and every man sympathizes with his fellow-men in the progress of knowledge, and in the discoveries of science. In every soul of us there is a hunger to know, which is feeble only when it is neglected. For the sake of this precious part of us, knowledge is to be sought, be our occupations what they may. The mind has wants far more vital than those of the body. The reader has read in his childhood of the Prince in the Eastern story, who, by some magical charm, was turned, one-half of him, into marble, so that, while one side was living flesh, the other was cold immovable stone. How much more deplorable the condition of him whose mind, which is infinitely more to him than his body, is sunk in the stone-like stupor of ignorance, and who has it to remember that it is so by his own will! When will that blessed day dawn, when the higher nature of man, with its boundless aspirations, its immortal hunger, will be duly revered and cared for?

But there is no man, no young man certainly, who, having the opportunity of mental culture, has come to the deliberate determination to relinquish entirely all hope of intellectual culture. Multitudes please themselves with the idea of retiring by and by, and exchanging the irk-

some shop or counting-room for a quiet library and literary recreations. What grown-up man can be beguiled by such a delusion? Have we not seen the folly of it over and over again in real life? Dr. Johnson mentions the case of a tallow-chandler, who, having amassed a considerable fortune, retired, making over his business to his foreman, with the delightful prospect of literary ease. It does not appear that he was a niggardly man, and had any objection, generated by his old trade, to the consumption of the midnight taper. But certain it is that he gave no encouragement to his old employment by any studies of his, pushed far into the night, for he grew very weary, and was soon seen hovering round the old shop, until at last he went in, and begged as a particular favor that they would let him know their *melting* days, and he would come and help them. Thus, fitted by no preparation for the retirement which he had been looking forward to for years, he was forced to fly for relief to the most disgusting part of his old business. When we hear men promising themselves a refined literary leisure hereafter, while the common cares of life are twisting their roots in with the whole texture of their minds, and binding every faculty round and round, we are reminded of the old lady who was observed to attend daily upon the drawing of a lottery. One of the clerks, noting her constant attendance, asked her for the number of her ticket: "My dear child," she exclaimed, "I have not got any ticket. But, if it please Heaven that I should draw a prize, I can draw a prize whether I have a ticket or not." Is the absurdity in this case one whit greater than that of him who thinks

to enjoy the delights of knowledge without that intellectual preparation essential in the very nature of things? Is not he, too, looking for a prize for which he has purchased no ticket?

It is necessary to the efficacy of all labor that it be spontaneous. No work is well done, whether in the workshop, the school, or the study, that is not done, as the sailors say, "with a will." And yet, we know not how it is, the very best way of inducing hearty and victorious exertion is to put oneself under the iron necessity of exertion. This is the way to awaken the energy of a slumbering will. Let him, therefore, who is resolved to vindicate the claims, and feed the appetite, of his mind, bind himself irrevocably to the task. A task it may be for a long while, but the time will come when it will be his privilege and pleasure, and he will be ready to declare with Fénélon that if the riches of the Indies were poured at his feet, he would not exchange for them his *love of reading*.

SPRING.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

THE fairest child of all the seasons,
Loveliest one of all the year,
May, with all her flowers and blossoms,
And her bright sunshine is here.
Thousand lovely flowrets blooming,
Fill the air with sweet perfume;
Nature, bright, resplendent, smiling,
Bears no trace of Winter's gloom.

Sings again the little streamlet,
Waked from out its wint'ry sleep;
Flows once more the quiet river,
Bearing tribute to the deep.
Back have come the woodland songsters,
From the far-off southern climes;
Sounds again the green-clad forest,
With the merry warblers' chimes.



Cupid and Psyche

ETTY

W. Etty

CUPID AND THE GRACES.

BY LEILA.

IT is their summer haunt ;—a giant oak
 Stretches its sheltering arm above their heads,
 And midst the twilight of depending boughs
 They ply their eager task. Between them sits
 A bright-haired child, whose softly-glistening wings
 Quiver with joy, as ever and anon
 He at their bidding, sweeps a chorded shell,
 And draws its music forth. Wondering, he looks
 For their approving smile and quickly drinks
 (Apt pupil !) from their lips instruction sweet,—
 Divine encouragement ! And this is “ *Love*
Taught by the Graces ” how to point his darts
 With milder mercy and discreeter aim ;
 To stir the bosom’s lyre to harmony,
 And waken strains of music from its chords
 They never gave before !

MAHOMET.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

A FABULOUS mist has so long enveloped the character and pretensions of the great Arabian prophet and conqueror, that the familiar and *vraisemblable* view given of him by Mr. Irving reads like an historical novel, in which, while the leading incidents are founded on fact, the filling up is pure fiction. But we are assured that, while the taking grace of the narrative is to be credited to Mr. Irving, the facts are drawn from the best sources, and particularly from the volumes of the Arab historian Abulfeda, found in the convent of St. Isidro, at Madrid. In addition to these we have the legends and traditions connected with the Prophet's name in the whole circle of oriental literature—a wide field, and one which Mr. Irving's taste has lead him to explore with due diligence. A very readable book is the result, from which we shall make a slight sketch of the principal features of Mahomet's life and character.

Tradition surrounds the birth of the prophet of Islam with those portents and wonders with which superstition loves to dignify the objects of its reverence. Heaven and earth trembled as he came into the world; the Tigris burst its banks and flooded the adjacent country, while Lake

Sawa forsook its bed. The sacred fire of Zoroaster, eternally tended by the Magi and watched by hosts of devoted Ghebers, was suddenly extinguished, and all the idols of the children of men fell to the earth. An astrologer cast the nativity of the new-born, and predicted that he would establish a new faith among men. Wonders accompanied him through the period of infancy, if his foster-mother is to be believed. Angels watched his footsteps in childhood, and, to prepare him for his destined ministry, wrung out of his heart "the black and bitter drops of original sin inherited from our forefather Adam," and replaced them by faith, knowledge, and prophetic light, impressing at the same time the seal of his commission in a bodily mark between his shoulders, which, however, to unbelieving eyes wore always the appearance of a large mole.

Undenied by either faithful or unbeliever is, nevertheless, the fact that Mahomet early evinced an intelligence beyond his years. At twelve years of age he attracted the attention of a Nestorian monk, to whose acquaintance he was introduced by his uncle, in the course of a journey across the desert from Mecca to Syria, and who was anxious to convert him to Christianity. The effect of his teachings upon a mind already stored with Arabian legends and poetic traditions, may be discerned in the Koran, and in the traditional sentiments of Mahomet.

At sixteen, arms rather than religion seem to have formed his occupation, and he acted as armor-bearer to his uncle, in one of the wars of his tribe. After this he went as agent or factor in caravan journeys, ever adding

to his knowledge of affairs, and increasing his insight into the characters of men. These journeys led him also to fairs, or public meetings whose object was not purely one of traffic, but also of poetic competition between rival tribes. At these fairs were recited the poetic legends of Arabia, especially those which have a religious bearing; and in all there was instruction for a noble and aspiring mind like that of the young merchant.

That he did become noted for a wisdom unusual at his time of life is proved by his having been selected, through the recommendation of a young man with whom he had become acquainted during these caravan journeys, to settle the affairs of a rich widow of Mecca, whose husband, a merchant of extensive connections, had left his business matters in some confusion. This lady, whose name was Kadijah, employed Mahomet, at double wages, to conduct a caravan to Syria, and so well was she satisfied with his ability and integrity on this occasion, that she even doubled the stipulated price, and afterwards made use of his services on several similar expeditions.

Kadijah was forty years of age, and is called by historians "a prudent woman;" but the good qualities of her youthful agent seem to have awakened in her mature bosom a feeling which is not always sure to result, whether in young or old, in that kind of circumspection which the world agrees to call prudence. It cleared her sight at least in one direction, however, for it is recorded that being at the hour of noon with her damsels on the terraced roof of her house, watching the approach of a caravan commanded by the handsome young agent, she

exclaimed—"Behold the beloved of Allah, who sends two angels to watch over him!" at the same time declaring that the heavenly visitants were visible to her mortal eyes, as they spread their wings to shield the youthful supercargo from the sun. Eyes which are thus endowed at times, are not, perhaps, very uncommon, for love deals in the supernatural. The next day a faithful slave of Kadijah waited on Mahomet with a proposition of marriage on the part of his mistress. No nosegay of speaking flowers, no silken bag containing a pebble, a nutmeg, or a bud of cassia opened the negotiation. "Mahomet," said the messenger, "why dost thou not marry?" The pride of the young man spoke, "I have not the means," said he, for success and approbation had made him aspiring. "But if a wealthy dame should offer thee her hand—one who is handsome and of high birth—" "Who is she?" said the youth, breathlessly enough, we may suppose, for who believes that Mahomet had had, up to this hour, no secret suspicion of his favor in the eyes of his mistress? "Kadijah!"

The wedding was not long in coming off, and on the occasion Mahomet sent to the desert for his dear nurse Halêma, who had supplied the place of a mother to him, and presented her with a flock of forty sheep, which she took back to her native valley—one of many proofs of his native goodness of heart. The marriage, strange as it may seem, proved happy, in spite of wise prognostics, and Mahomet never ceased to bless the day that gave him to Kadijah. Some kinds of nobleness in both may hence be supposed; and one is tempted to make some sage re-

flections for the benefit of the young and giddy, touching the uses of respect and esteem in love. If not the essential foundations, they at least make most substantial buttresses for an edifice not a little apt to get out of the perpendicular under certain variations of atmosphere.

The view given of Mahomet's character by his historians is remarkable as differing very much from the accounts put forth by enthusiastic followers of common heroes. Nothing is so much dwelt on as his moral worth, his good judgment, his remarkable prudence and steadiness, and his great skill in affairs. "Allah," says the historian Abulfeda, "had endowed him with every gift necessary to accomplish and endow an honest man; he was so pure and sincere, so free from every evil thought, that he was commonly known by the name of Al Amin, or "The Faithful."

The wealth of Kadijah having placed her husband above the necessity of toil, his active and enthusiastic mind had leisure to indulge its natural taste for religious speculations. The Caaba was now filled with idols, the gross superstition and ignorance of the age and country having turned even Abraham and Moses into objects of stupid idolatry, as "givers of rain," etc., although the Jews, who possessed the Hebrew Scriptures, were still numerous in Arabia, with a record or tradition for every valley and mountain. Out of the fragments of Judaism and Paganism had grown up an empty and debasing worship, which was odious to the superior mind of Mahomet; and his thoughts were gradually turned, and at last, irrevocably fixed, on the idea of a great religious

reform. The recognition and worship of one only God, creator and governor of the universe, delighting in goodness and purity, and severely averse to evil in all forms, he perceived to lie at the base of whatever religion could do for the human heart; and he considered Noah and Abraham, Moses and Jesus Christ, to have been divinely appointed messengers, sent from time to time by God's fatherly love to recall the world to a knowledge of this great truth. He especially venerated Abraham, as the father of Ishmael, from whom his people, the Arabs, drew their origin. The corruption and idolatry about him seemed to intimate that the time for another prophet had arrived, and the operation of this thought, which he dwelt upon incessantly, in his daily walks, and in the mountain solitude near Mecca to which he was fond of retiring, resulted in the belief that he himself was this prophet.

Intense meditation on this great theme affected his whole being. He withdrew himself more and more from society, and at times endured no companionship but that of Kadijah, whose anxieties for him were incessant, and who never willingly quitted his side. Dreams, ecstasies, and trances ensued, and he would at times fall on the ground, and remain unconscious of all around him. In short his health suffered from the highly excited state of his mind, and epilepsy or some disease akin to it appears to have been the result. This is of course denied by his followers, who hold the suggestion impious, and believe his paroxysms to have been evidences of heavenly possession. At length a decisive vision confirmed his belief in his own mission, and caused his wife and her cousin

Waraka, a translator of part of both the Old and New Testament into Arabic, to acknowledge him a prophet. After a month of fasting and prayer on Mount Hara, as Mahomet lay wrapped in his mantle, he heard a voice calling to him. Uncovering his head, he found himself surrounded by such splendor of light that he fell into a swoon, on recovering from which an angel appeared to him, bearing a silken cloth covered with writing, which he commanded the shrinking prophet to read. "I know not how to read," was the reply, but the angel reiterated the command, with a promise of divine assistance. Thus emboldened, Mahomet found himself able to read what appeared on the sacred cloth,—the decrees of God, as afterwards promulgated in the Koran. In the coolness of the morning he doubted the correctness of his own impressions, and went trembling to Kadijah to seek her counsel. "Joyful tidings dost thou bring," said the true wife and enthusiastic woman; "by him in whose hand is the soul of Kadijah, I will henceforth regard thee as the prophet of our nation. Rejoice! Allah will not suffer thee to fall to shame; hast thou not been loving to thy kinsfolk, kind to thy neighbors, charitable to the poor, hospitable to the stranger, faithful to thy word, and ever a defender of the truth?" This enumeration of the grounds of her own belief in the supernatural distinction vouchsafed to her husband speaks volumes for them both. Indeed there is abundant reason to believe that throughout this early and difficult stage of his career, while his claims brought him nothing better than losses, injury, and insult, he was most sincere and earnest in his pretensions, bent

on the extermination of the debasing idolatries of his nation, and on establishing the worship of the God whom he had learned from Jews and Christians to revere. Spite of the acknowledged excellence of his character up to this period, his friends deserted him, he was the butt of poets and jesters, and his own tribe, the Koreishites, stung by the disgrace which they conceived to have been brought upon them by the defection of one of their heads, after seeking in vain to silence him, threatened his life. His uncle, Abu Taleb, hastened to inform Mahomet of these deadly menaces. "O my uncle!" exclaimed the enthusiast, "though they should array the sun against me on my right hand, and the moon on my left, yet, until God should command me, or should take me hence, I will not relinquish my purpose." Personal violence soon ensued; Mahomet's family and the few converts he had been able to make fled into Abyssinia, and a law was passed banishing all who should embrace the new faith. Mahomet himself took hiding in Mount Safa with one of his converts, but was drawn thence by the conversion of Omar, a powerful warrior, once his fiercest enemy, ever after his most faithful and powerful champion.

From this time the number of converts increased, though not very rapidly, the certain loss of worldly position and all else that worldly men most prize being the only prospect of those who embraced the doctrines of Islamism. Mahomet's visions grew more and more frequent and astonishing, appearing always when they were most needed for the encouragement of followers or the discomfiture of enemies,—a peculiarity which perhaps the highly excita-

ble temperament of the prophet may account for, without suspecting intentional deception on his part. During all this time he was receiving revelations of the different portions of the Koran, which, being repeated to his secretaries or disciples, were by them taken down on parchment, on palm-leaves, or on the shoulder-blades of sheep; thrown promiscuously into a chest, and there left at the mercy of accident, and with no attempt at order or arrangement. These revelations bear trace of the instruction Mahomet had gathered from the Christian scriptures. They are in general of a pure and elevated character; and if they are in some respects wild and even corrupt, it must be recollected that the channel through which they came to the young enthusiast during his sojourn in the Nestorian convent was none of the clearest or most direct, and that the digest he made of the ideas then imbibed was perhaps quite as near the purity of Christian law as the precepts and practices of so-called Christians about him. He inculcated in various forms the rule which lies at the foundation of Christian ethics. "He who is not affectionate to God's creatures and to his own children, God will not be affectionate to him. Every Moslem who clothes the naked of his faith will be clothed by Allah in the green robes of Paradise." "Every good act," he would say, "is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water

to the thirsty is charity." "A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, 'How much property has he left behind him?' But the angels who examine him in the grave will ask, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"

After the death of Kadijah and other of his devoted adherents, the fortunes of Mahomet at Mecca assumed a still darker hue; and after many escapes and deliverances he resolved upon his flight to Medina,—a movement so momentous in its consequences that his followers date from it as we from the Christian era. He left Mecca before the dawn in company with Abu Beker, who, though a brave man, quaked with fear as the sound of fierce pursuit reached their ears. "Our pursuers," said he, "are many, while we are but two." "Nay," replied Mahomet, "there is a third; God is with us!" A beautiful legend says that at this moment of peril, when the fugitives reached a cave in which they sought shelter, an acacia tree had sprung up before the entrance, a pigeon made her nest in the branches and had laid her eggs, and a spider had spread his web over the whole. When the pursuers beheld these signs of undisturbed quiet, they turned away and continued the chase in another direction. Escaping all perils, Mahomet entered Medina in safety, and with the air rather of triumph than of flight, so great was the number of proselytes who greeted his arrival. The time of his hegira or flight corresponds with the year 622 of the Christian era.

It was at Medina that the first mosque was erected,

Mahomet assisting with his own hands. Here, when the exhortation, cried aloud by the muezzin, "God is great! There is none other! Mahomet is his prophet!" had drawn the people together for worship, did he who was afterwards to become one of the great powers of the earth preach, by the light of splinters of palm, and leaning with his back against one of the date trees which served as pillars to support the roof of the primitive edifice. Here too was his tomb erected in after days, at first sight of which, to this day, pilgrims approaching Medina bow themselves to the earth and pray to the one only and true God whose worship it was the object of Mahomet's life to establish. The thatch of palm-leaves has been replaced by a gilded dome, and the unhewn date trees by shapely pillars. But its chief glory and distinction is still that the prophet of the faithful was its founder and first ministrant, and that within its sacred bounds he delivered his last solemn charge. "I return to him who sent me; and my last command to you is that ye remain united, that ye love, honor, and uphold each other, that ye exhort each other to faith and constancy in belief, and to the performance of pious deeds. By these things alone men prosper; all else leads to destruction. I do but go before you; you will soon follow me. Death awaits us all; let no one, then, seek to turn it aside from me. My life has been for your good; so will be my death."

These are not the words of a willing impostor, nor is there more reason to suspect self-seeking fraud in the testimony of his entire life. There was a period of some ten years, during which, in the intoxication of success, he lost

sight of his own principles, and forsook the law of love which had so long commended itself to his better reason ; but as the dazzle of earthly affairs subsided, he seems to have returned to his first great ideas, and to have been anxious for nothing so much as to preserve his people from a return to shameful idolatry and the degradations which follow in its train.

The change in his views with regard to the propagation of the faith took place after he was established in Medina, encircled by powerful and enthusiastic followers. He by some process arrived at the conclusion that the power thus placed within his reach was intended as a means of effecting his great purpose ; and it was in these terms that he made known his conviction to his disciples. " Different prophets," said he, " have been sent by God to illustrate his different attributes : Moses, his clemency and providence ; Solomon, his wisdom, majesty, and glory ; Jesus Christ, his righteousness, omniscience, and power,—righteousness by purity of conduct, omniscience by the knowledge he displayed of the secrets of all hearts, power by the miracles he wrought. None of these attributes, however, proved sufficient to enforce conviction ; even the miracles of Moses and Jesus have been treated with unbelief. I, therefore, the last of the prophets, am sent with the Sword ! Let those who promulgate my faith enter into no argument or discussion, but SLAY all who refuse obedience to the law. Whoever fights for the true faith, whether he fall or conquer, will assuredly receive a glorious reward."

We will not follow Mahomet through the stormy career

to which this manifesto is the key. Various fortune attended his arms: a victory at Beder, a defeat at Ohod; now an attempt on his life, now a miraculous conversion to his religion. Through all is evident the corrupting effect of great power upon a mind naturally noble. We see, as Mr. Irving well observes, "how immediately and widely he went wrong the moment he departed from the benevolent spirit of Christianity which at first he endeavored to emulate." Yet instances of forbearance and generosity are everywhere to be found, leaving it impossible to doubt that goodness was the natural habit of his life, and the bloody propagandism to which he gave himself for a time only a foul excrescence, such as the sting of an insect will sometimes cause to grow on a thriving and beautiful tree, leaving the greater part of its branches and foliage in their full health and beauty. The personal influence of the Prophet was immense. His relatives, his wives, his children, his disciples, had all, evidently, a love for him which went far beyond the mere reverence which might have been excited by a belief in his mission.

The affectionateness of his nature was so deep and true that no success or disappointment ever for a moment made him unkind to those he loved. His first wife, Kadijah, had his whole heart; and never while she lived would he wound her devoted attachment by taking another. Even after her death, when he married many wives, some from policy, some from affection, he retained a grateful and fond recollection of the worth of her who had been his first friend. When the beautiful Ayesha, who ruled his heart so long, betrayed a jealousy at the mention of her predecessor, and

asked, "Has not Allah given thee a better in her stead?" "Never!" exclaimed Mahomet, with a burst of honest feeling: "never did God give me a better! When I was poor, she enriched me; when I was pronounced a liar, she believed in me; when I was opposed by all the world, she remained true to me." And in this mind he lived and died, kind and gentle as he was to the various elderly as well as youthful companions who shared his lot, after success had made it a high honor to be called his wife. Not less striking than his habitual domestic affection was the reverential love he cherished for the memory or rather the idea of his mother, who died when he was but six years old. He was nearly sixty, when, passing near the place where she was buried, he longed to pay a tribute of respect to her grave, though according to his own law this was not permissible, seeing she had died in unbelief. In an agony of tears he implored of Heaven a relaxation of this law. "I asked leave of God," he said, mournfully, "to visit my mother's grave, and it was gratified; but when I asked leave to pray for her it was denied me!" Who can fail to perceive here the yearning of a deeply tender and susceptible as well as highly imaginative nature?

Domestic sorrows marked his life; several of his daughters died, and the only son heaven ever vouchsafed him lived but fifteen months. The father suffered agony as he watched the departure of this darling of his hopes; but his religious faith proved effectual in sustaining him, even here. "We are of God! from him we came, and to him we must return!" And as he laid the body in the

tomb, he cried, "My son! my son! say God is my Lord! the prophet of God was my father, and Islamism is my faith!" intending these for the instruction of the child when he should be questioned by the examining angels on the other side the grave. Some of his followers interpreting an eclipse of the sun which happened just then, into a sign of heavenly sympathy with his sorrows, he said, "The sun and moon are among the wonders of God, through which, at times, he signifies his will to his servants; but their eclipse has nothing to do with the birth or death of any mortal." The grief which he suffered on this occasion ripened the deathseeds in his own constitution. His extraordinary exercises of mind, his night-watches, his military exposures, with the effects of a subtle poison which was administered to him some years before by treachery, combined to induce premature old age. He felt that his end was approaching, and resolved to use the remains of his strength in a pilgrimage to Mecca.

He was accompanied by an immense train of pilgrims, and by all his own family. A solemn invocation opened the march, uttered by Mahomet, and repeated by all; "Here I am in thy service, oh God! Thou hast no companion—to thee alone belongeth worship! From thee cometh all good! Thine alone is dominion—there is none to share it with thee!" When we consider that this man was brought up in a hideous idolatry, we cannot but be struck with the reverential attitude of his mind, ever obvious, even in times of saddest aberration. Carefully fulfilling every minutest rite of pilgrim duty, that his disciples might not be without a model in this great

point of their faith Mahomet reached Mecca, and there preached, either in the Caaba or from the back of his camel, to assembled multitudes, who saw with grief his growing feebleness. "Listen to my words," he would say, "for I know not whether, after this year, we shall ever meet here again. O! my hearers, I am but a man like yourselves; the angel of death may at any time appear, and I must obey the summons." It was not very long after this that he was attacked with violent pain in the head, accompanied with the vertigo and delirium which had marked all his former seizures. In the night he insisted upon rising and going forth, attended only by a slave, to the public burial-place of Medina, where, in the midst of the tombs, he lifted up his voice and cried to the dead, "Rejoice, ye dwellers in the grave! More peaceful is the morning to which ye shall awaken, than that which attends the living. Happier is your condition than theirs. God has delivered you from the storms with which they are threatened, and which shall follow each other like the watches of a stormy night, each one darker than that which went before." When Fatima, his only remaining child, came to his tent, "Welcome, my child," he said, and made her sit beside him. He then whispered something in her ear, at which she wept. Perceiving her affliction, he whispered her again—a consolation for the prediction which had distressed her. He now made a last effort to go to the mosque, where all were deeply affected by his exhortations, and one man met them by a full and public confession of his sins. "Out upon thee!" said the impetuous Omar; "why dost thou make known what God had

suffered to remain concealed?" But Mahomet rebuked him, saying, "O son of Khattab; better is it to blush in this world than to suffer in the next." Then lifting his eyes to heaven, he prayed for the self-accused,—“O God, give him rectitude and faith, and take from him all weakness in fulfilling thy commands.” As his pains increased, his anxiety as to the future life was more and more evident.

He ordered that his slaves should be restored to freedom, and that all the money in the house should be distributed to the poor; then, raising his eyes to heaven, “God be with me in the death-struggle,” was his fervent prayer. In this frame he departed; and no mourning was ever more sincere than that which accompanied his honored remains to their last resting-place.

In person, Mahomet is described as being of the middle height, and stoutly built; spare in his youth, but more corpulent as he advanced in life. His face was oval, his features were marked and expressive, particularly his mouth; which is said to have promised the peculiar eloquence which was so potent an instrument in his career.

In character, he was grave but social; his smile was sweet and captivating, but unfrequent; the respect of his associates was always commanded by the dignity of his manner, but their hearts were none the less won by its fascination. His intellect was beyond question extraordinary; he had the soul of a poet, with the stern zeal of a religious reformer; his glowing imagination gave all its power to the one only object of his life, that object to which he turned all his powers of every kind, with a perfect unity of devotion which insures success in all things,

good or bad. His voice was of the quality which charms the ear,—a quality invaluable to the preacher. All the legendary and aphoristic lore of his nation gave richness and point to his teachings, and many instances are recorded in which his words had an effect which it was not at all surprising that his followers ascribed to inspiration.

As to the moral character of Mahomet we must in all candor allow that, with some gross faults, it had a high general tone of excellence, when contemplated in reference to his age and country; and while we cannot deny that his enthusiasm degenerated into imposture, we must reckon him among his own victims, and give him the praise which is due to one who desired to do good, though sometimes by unjustifiable means. High authority ranks him as the Moses of the Ishmaelitic branch of the descendants of Abraham, and considers the immense success of his doctrines as the fulfilment of the divine promise of temporal prosperity to the line of Ishmael.

TU PARCE ILLI ARBORI.

BY JAMES M. SAUNDERS, LL.D.

"Woodman, spare that tree."

NOSTRA in vireta sævam ubi arrigis manum,
 Frondator, unum tangere aut
 Privare noli fronde robur. Illa me
 Umbra recepit parvulum
 Arbos, avusque collocavit rusticam
 Propter domum. Qua nunc sita est,
 Frondator, illic arborem relinquito,
 Neu tange dirus ascia,
 Quæ laude claret omnium, cacumina
 Quæ tollit udum ad æthera,
 Percara nobis, languido grata advenæ,
 Hac tu secures abstine.
 In cujus umbra lusitans sororeculæ
 Et matris olim amplexibus
 Puer fovebar, parvulumque poplite
 Suo pater me sustulit.
 Te, amplector, arbos, teque semper diligam
 Dulcis juventæ consciam.
 Multos viresce, turbini resiste tu,
 Multos per annos integra,

Gregem canorum fronde tutans, advenam
 Umbra hospitali protegens.
 Frondator, hei quid stas, recede, cara nam
 Hæc arbos et sancta est mihi.

SPRING.

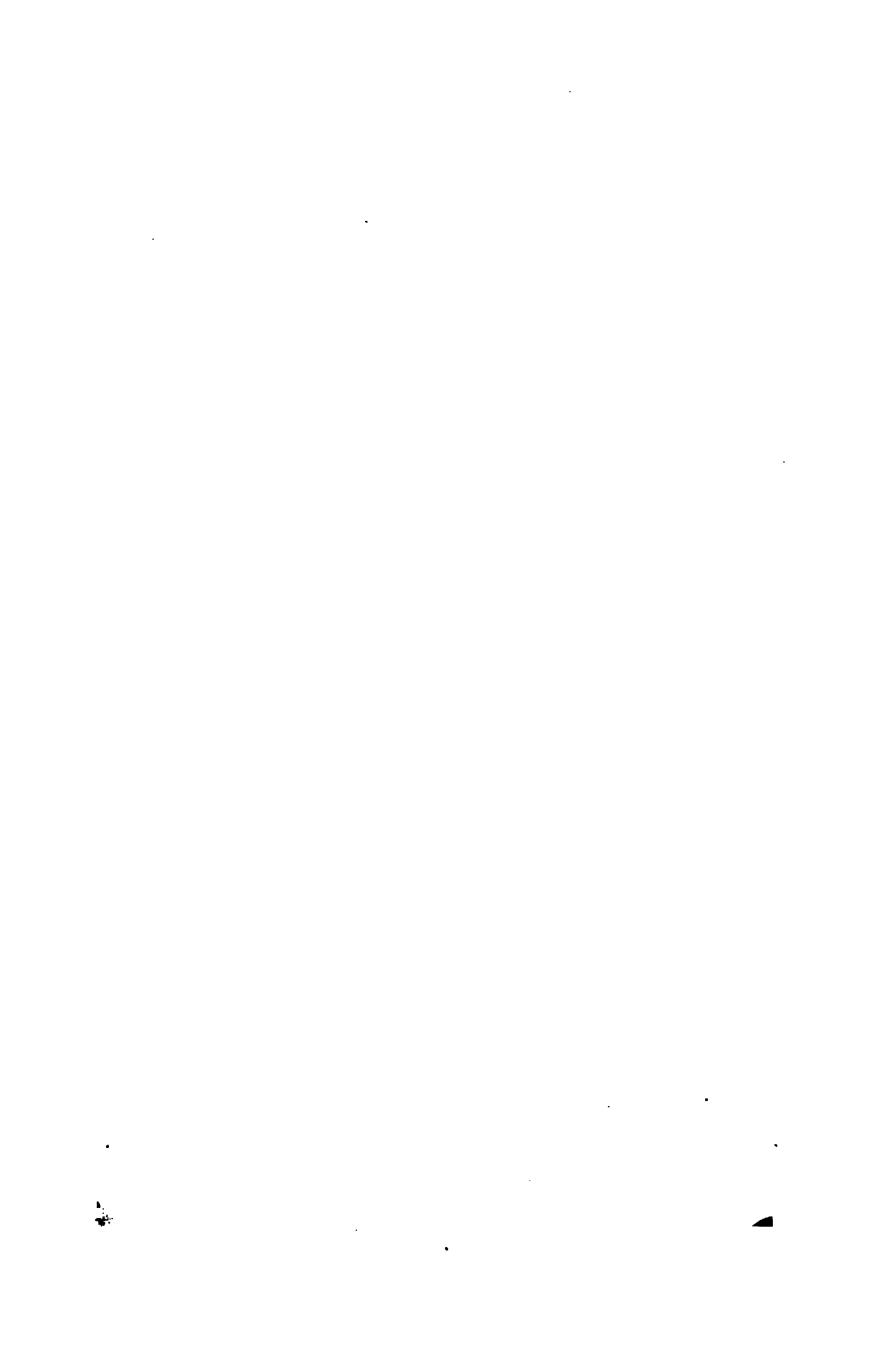
BY ROBERT G. ALLISON.

SPRING, with her myriads of buds and flowers;
 Spring, with her cool and shady bowers;
 Spring, with her jocund, happy hours;
 Spring, whose rainbow hues at even
 "Span, with bright arch," the eastern heaven;
 Spring, whose limpid fountains
 Leap down the verdant mountains,
 And wander amid bowers
 Of ivy and laurel flowers;
 Spring, with her singing-birds, has come
 To gladden each lovely rural home.
 So may grateful Spring's return
 Revive the flowers in Friendship's urn;
 Bright be the beams of each joyous day
 Which may feel the breath of blushing May!

SONNET.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

OH! what avails it, that we have a dower
Of golden talents and of priceless gifts,—
Strong stirring eloquence that strangely lifts
The soul from earth by its resistless power ;
Or music, whose far-reaching tones can melt
The rough heart of proud man, and creep
Through woman's breast, until its mysteries deep
Are half explained which long had hidden dwelt ;
Or poetry, whose magic wand can make
The desert blossom as the rose ;—Oh what
Are all these wondrous powers, if we have not
The fear of Him, who with one word can take
Eloquence—music—poetry away,
And leave us nothing more than speechless, senseless clay!





THE CONVOY.

"For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows, far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane."

A TALE of the sea! No, not a tale, courteous reader, but a talk! The Annual is the peculiar ornament of the centre-table, the companion of our social hours; and it is by no means desirable that its literary contents should be exclusively confined to mere stories of passion and dramatic interest. These things may induce vain longing for excitement in the young, or disappointment and dissatisfaction in the more advanced, whom destiny has tethered within the narrow circle of domestic life, with its homely, though heartfelt endearments. At the best, they are merely calculated to lighten the weariness of our more lonely hours; but "Leaflets of Memory" should be rendered acceptable even in moments of relaxation, when the mind overtaken, would rid itself of thought; and no class of composition can be better adapted to this purpose than descriptions of the grand and beautiful in nature,—scenes in which man plays but a subordinate part, sufficient merely to infuse into the theme, that slight tincture of human selfishness which suffices to bring the heart into the field, to aid the head in giving life and vigor to attention.

“What a beautiful book!” exclaims some morning visitor, at a loss for a suitable remark, wherewith to break the ice of an interview at one o’clock, without resort to the hackneyed commentaries on the weather; and here, too frequently, the practical usefulness of the Annual ceases. I would not have it thus with ours:—so let us talk together for a little while with the familiarity of old acquaintance, at this happy season, when, in accordance with time-honored prescription, the links of the chain of friendship require to be brightened with all the regularity of house-cleaning in October and the merry month of March.

What have we here? “The Sea! the Sea!”—and beautifully the *burin* of the artist reflects the beauty of Nature’s first-born child.—A convoy overtaken by a squall!

You have heard, no doubt, of the remarkable skill with which the American Indian threads his way through the intricate morasses and unmeasured forests of the West, regulating his untried route without the aid of the needle, and determining the hour, when night is confused with day and no friendly star is visible through the dense, overaching foliage, or the still denser veil of the tempest. For him, the moss upon the bark defines the north, and the growth of luxuriant limbs points out the direction of the noonday sun. The twitter of the awakening sparrows, the cawing of the sentinel crow, the call of the pheasant and the turkey, the flight of pigeons and of bees, the hum of the wandering beetle, the voices of the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will, the cry of bats, the heavy tread of the

porcupine, the songs of the sweet warblers that love the calm smile of Diana, and the satiric hooting of Minerva's favorite bird;—these are his measures of the passing time. He needs nor clock nor compass.

But the sea, the trackless sea, has also its peculiar features in every region of its apparently unmarked waste of waters. Though the mariner is dependent upon the magnet for the knowledge of his course when the less variable stars refuse their light; though no landmarks rise above the ever-changing surface, and time, in the absence of the sun, is measured only by the watch; yet the myriad people of the deep, changing with every degree of latitude, give evidence to the intelligent observer that Nature governs by the same wise laws, and spreads abroad the same variety of taste and happiness, beneath the deep blue mantle of the waves, and the paler canopy that seems to overhang our rarer ocean of the upper air. If the land has its wide variety of mountain, precipice, and flowery prairie, the sea has also its bright green meadows, its hills, its valleys, and its caves, where the *Confervæ* simulate the moss, where the *Gorgoniæ* weave their living bowers, where even the rocks are instinct with life, and the tall coral forests laugh to scorn the boasted beauty of the autumnal woods.—Could we but raise the veil!—Even the waves themselves have character and ever-varying meaning; there is language in the clouds of the ocean sky, and the winds of the deep sea have voices unheard by land. Should we read the picture to which our attention is for the moment directed, with eyes as familiar with the billows as are those of the Indian and the pioneer with

the details of the woods, it may tell us of what has been, and what will be, as well as the mere action of a point in time, to which alone the power of painting is said to be confined.

The convoy has been suddenly overtaken by one of the most formidable accidents of the sailor's dangerous career. Who that has read the graphic descriptions of maritime life on which Marryat and Cooper have nearly exhausted both the subject and themselves, is ignorant of the terrors of the white squall—that pest of sunny seas and cloudless skies? But an hour ago, and the lumbering merchantmen lay scattered over the glassy plain, with heavy canvas flapping lazily against the masts, and every light kite spread to woo the coy, reluctant breeze; but the breeze came not. The bosom of old Ocean heaved gently as the breast of a strong man sleeping; for, when does old Ocean, though in deepest calm, cease utterly to breathe? Even the gallant frigates lay almost without motion on the brine, and the helm ceased its functions, except when the occasional cat's-paw crept stealthily along, tickling the waters into a ripply smile, and lifting the canvas for one instant, to let it fall back, the next, with all the sickly languor of hope delayed. Not a speck was seen upon the broad dome of heaven—not a spray-cap on the broad basin of the visible sea; but, in the west, the blue expanse of air seemed gradually to assume a dusky hue; until on the horizon,—was it mist that overhung the distant verge of sky and wave!—A landsman would have promptly answered, “I see nothing there; but it looks strangely.”

“I do not like the brassy face of yonder sky, Mr.

Thompson," said the Master, as he raised his cap to the officer of the deck; "these horse-latitudes are treacherous places."

The Lieutenant started from the musing attitude in which he had been leaning with his head upon his hand and his elbow on the taffrail, humming, "As slow our ship her foamy track," and dreaming of "those we leave behind us."

"Have you examined the barometer, Mr. Sheed?" he inquired.

"At six bells, no change since noon, Sir," replied the sailing-master.

Mr. Thompson slowly turned his gaze around the whole circle of the horizon; then elevating one ear to windward, he stood for some moments in deep silence.

"No swell—no speck of cloud—no sound of a coming gale," he remarked with a smile.—Sheed shook his head, and his eye was troubled. "Ha! here comes a fairer messenger," added the Lieutenant cheerfully;—"here comes a merry breeze! This is not the way that a white squall gives notice of its coming—is it Mr. Sheed?"

The old sailor quietly remarked, "The horse-latitudes need close watching, Sir;" the Lieutenant laughed, and the next minute the whole convoy was dashing gaily along, before a six-knot breeze, full on the starboard quarter, the young billows dancing wildly over the long gentle swell, and all thought of danger at an end.

Alas! for the uncertainty of human calculations! Scarce fifteen minutes had elapsed, when suddenly there was a lull so complete that the vessels lurched heavily to wind-

ward. At the next moment, everything was restored to its former condition. The waves danced as gaily, the skies were as bright, the flag-ship dashed the foam as joyously from her fore foot as it parted the tiny billows, and if the rudder-fish sank deeper towards the keel, and the heaven-tinted *Physalia** lengthened his cable with prescient instinct, these things were hid beneath the veil of waters. Yet the Lieutenant sprang to the barometer.—It had fallen full three half inches, and its surface was still deeply concave! Pale was the face of the officer—quiet and sternly firm was his tone—as, springing once more upon deck, he issued without waiting for superior command, his order to the sailing-master, with lips compressed,

“A gun, Sir, on the instant! Make signal to take in sail.”

Then all was haste and activity on board the flag-ship, perplexity and hurry with the merchantmen.

“What means that gun?” said the officer of the leading frigate, to a brother lieutenant by his side. “By heaven, Tom’s reefers are aloft! Is the old man mad?” But even while he spoke, the more distant vessels of the convoy disappeared from sight, as though enveloped in mysterious night, and a long flash of lightning shot from near the zenith to the western verge of the horizon. In one instant, as if by magic, half the heavens presented one black mass

* The Portuguese man-of-war—a molluscous animal, rich in hue as the rainbow sky. It sails like a bladder on the surface of the waves, and is balanced by a long cable-like organ, hanging from beneath its body. No storm can wreck it, though its substance is as soft as jelly. It is very common in tropical seas.

of clouds; and in the next,—snap went the top-gallant masthead, down came the royal and top-gallant yards and sails, and the loosened rigging and the slackened canvas were flapping like banners and streamers in the air.

Another scene, I ween, was now presented by that devoted convoy,—if *scene* it may be termed, where all beyond a narrow circle around each laboring ship, was shut beneath a shroud of thick, impenetrable night. The wind howled past the bending masts, and piped through the straining shrouds. The sails were lashed firmly to the yards, or, torn from their bolt-ropes, rode wildly, like misty ghosts, upon the van of the tempest, far, far away from human ken. The sea was smoother than before; for no wave might brook the fury of the storm; but its surface was one vast plain of foam,—one milky ocean of fermenting froth. Away and away, under their naked spars the vessels drove, now here—now there—before the fitful gale that seemed in maddening rage, to own no aim, no purpose but destruction.

Happy indeed were the affrighted crews of those now widely scattered vessels, when the wind, though still with unabated fury, selected a fixed course, and the long regular swell came roaring in the wake, while broad lines of foam stretched far to leeward over trough and billow, like vast white serpents dragging their lazy length along, for miles into the distance. Happy were they, although the ever-increasing waves rose higher, higher, higher,—mountain on mountain piled,—and the huge combs came tumbling down in cataracts of storm-lashed brine. For now, each ship that had survived the

bursting of the tempest, obeyed her helm once more, and human skill and human science might once more struggle with the majesty of nature, like Jacob with the angel.

In physics, as in morals, all storms exhaust themselves. Love, hate, tempest, all are vampires, preying on their own vitals. At length the gale declined, and over the agitated sea, still panting from the exertion of expended rage, the little waves danced merrily again, before a summer breeze. Rolling with easy motion on the subsiding swell, those vessels pursued once more their destined course, sadly, but hopefully, like an army returning from the field of victory. Those vessels? All but two! Two gallant barks "shall plough the waves no more." The bones of the lost crews lie sleeping in the living bowers of ocean, far down in the twilight shades, where the wind, and wave, and sunshine are unknown. With many a shattered spar and temporary mast, the survivors sought their port, sadly, but happily. The dangers of the sailor's, like those of the soldier's life, are so constantly present to the mind, so familiar to the daily thoughts, that no disaster can produce the deep impression which follows similar distresses, when they occur within the circle of domestic life. The real terrors of the battle and the wreck rest chiefly upon those who gather round the ingle-side at home; for He that "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb" decrees, that the constant presence of impending death shall rob the monster of his gloomy brow. Man sees not the cloud in which he is enveloped;— within its threatening pale, the thunderstorm is but a summer cloud.

“And did you find this story in the print itself?” you ask; “or have you heard the history of its meaning?”

I know not what may have been the artist's purpose, but the cloud, the lightning, the brisk breeze, the gentle swell, and the playful ripple, coupled with the signal gun, the obscurity of the distant sail, the signals, the broken mast, and the inaction on the frigate's deck, are such as hardly could occur from any other circumstances or in any other place. In other regions of the ocean, the white-squall usually gives some further warning, by the premonitory swell and the rushing sound of the coming gale; but within the tropics, the barometer should be the seaman's almost only prophet. The verbal picture which I have presented, portrays an accident of fortunately rare occurrence, but it is true to nature and the plate.

HAGAR AND HER SON.

BY MISS E. W. BARNES.

WHEN in the wilderness she prayed,
 Deserted, suffering, and dismayed,
 God heard her fervent prayer ;
 From his high throne in heaven above,
 Sustained her with his arms of love,
 And made her all his care.

Forth sprang cool waters to the light,
 To bless the mother's ardent sight,
 And save her dying boy ;
 She clasped him to her breaking heart,
 With hope God only could impart,
 With gratitude and joy.

If e'er this world to thee should seem
 An arid wilderness, a dream
 Of darkness, doubt, and ill,
 Look thou to Heaven, and only there,
 Clasp thou thy hands in fervent prayer,
 And bend thee to his will.

Forth, in the desert's weary waste,
Shall living waters flow, in haste
 Thy thirsting soul to bless;
There such refreshment thou shalt find,
That to Heaven's altar thou wilt bind
 Thy hopes of happiness.

THE ROMAN SCRIVENER.

BY CHRISTOPHER GREENLEAF.

IT is difficult to write of anything pertaining to Rome, the "Eternal City," once the mistress of the world in Arms, as she now is in the Arts, without unconsciously adopting a thousand hackneyed expressions of rhapsody and delight. It is the purpose of the present writer to avoid this propensity, so far as may be possible; regarding less all past associations, than scenes and characters of modern every-day life.

The sensations of the foreigner, especially the American, in Rome are curiously interesting. Coming from a new world, which boasts not a single ruin, he finds himself suddenly amid the wreck of past centuries, and within the very bosom of antiquity. He almost doubts his own identity, so varied and startling are his emotions, conjured by the scenes around him; until mentally rehearsing his school-day lore, he remembers how the city founded by Romulus rose to the pinnacle of all earthly greatness; then how, declining through long centuries, it gradually came to be, throughout much of its area, but a mass of crumbling and discordant ruins. To an artist more especially, Rome is replete with scenes and associations of infinite

interest. The temples, the obelisks, the triumphal arches of the ancient city, magnificent even in decay; the villas, the palaces, the convents, cathedrals, St. Peter's, the Vatican, of more modern erection; all aid to furnish themes for enthusiastic admiration and patient study, which could not be exhausted in a lifetime.

The reader will fail to recognize in the name of Mr. Henry Buckingham, that of one of our favorite American painters. Few students of the Arts, however, ever made a pilgrimage hence to the *alma mater*, Italy, who carried with them a juster appreciation of all the stores of artistic knowledge which was there accessible to him. After a brief sojourn in Florence, he hastened to Rome, which was to him the great centre of the antique world. There he found themes for contemplation, not only in world-renowned specimens in every department of the arts, but also in the new and picturesque forms of society which met his eye at every turn. Regarding all things with the eye of an artist, modern social distinctions were unheeded by him; and he often found as much to interest him in the look and garb of a peasant as in those of the haughtiest noble who sported his holiday attire along the Corso.

There was one class of persons now and then to be met with among the motley population of Rome which interested our artist as well by the novelty, as by the picturesque-ness of their character and pursuits. They were the *scrittori*, or public scriveners. They were usually poor scholars, such as in America would become teachers, or penny-a-liners, or editors; in benighted modern Rome, however, they can find no such employments. As the

name indicates, these persons are scribes, whose occupation, in part, is to prepare manuscripts for the poorer classes, many of whom are incompetent to write or even read their own musical language. The income derived from these employments, however, would be too limited for the support of the most economical Italian, were it not for the more liberal compensation the scriveners receive from foreigners, the nobles, and often the priests, for translating or copying manuscripts. It usually happens in this manner, that the poor scrivener, though living as it were "from hand to mouth," becomes after a while as important a personage as is the "editor" in all countries which are blessed with newspapers; is the factotum of his neighborhood, and the confidant and mediator of scores of youthful lovers; and is a personal and especial friend even of his father confessor, who smiles good-naturedly at his peccadilloes, and grants him many little indulgences in consideration of his intellectual attainments and his elevated social position.

The scrivener usually has his "office" in the vicinity of a public thoroughfare, within the shadow of some time-worn ruin; some palace, or temple, or triumphal arch, around whose crumbling masonry the bright green ivy clings tenderly, as if endeavoring to bind up the wounds of the past, as well as to secure it from all future wreck. In this manner he not only *saves his rent*, a consideration not to be despised by him, but enjoys a most picturesque abode, thronged on every hand with classical associations, lighted by the sky and sun of Italy, and embalmed with all the fragrant airs of that "flowery land." Kind, gene-

rous Nature be thanked for it! the joys of life are distributed through all ranks and conditions of humanity, with wonderful impartiality; and even the poor Roman Scrivener may have pleasure in store, which the proudest noble in the land might sigh for in vain.

Jacopo Cipriani was, about the time of which we write, one of the most famous of all the *scrittori* of Rome, whose abodes, as described above, were found among the ruins. He was a favorite universally with foreigners, from his accurate knowledge of their various mother tongues, as well as from the amenity with which he always tendered his professional services. Our artist, Buckingham, embraced an early opportunity of making the scrivener's acquaintance, and soon found it to be of invaluable service to him. Signor Cipriani, or rather Jacopo, as everybody called him, proved to be not only a skilful instructor in the Italian, but also a most agreeable and accomplished antiquarian. He was perfectly familiar with all the favorite places of resort, within both the ancient and the modern city; and led the way to many a gallery of art and temple of antiquity, which the young artist would otherwise never have seen. With Jacopo, Rome, the great metropolis of the Past, had long been an all-absorbing study. Little had ever been written concerning its history, that had not undergone his careful perusal; more especially within a half mile's circumference of the ruin which he had appropriated to his professional uses, there was not a column or stone, but he could inform you from what quarry it had been taken centuries before; what sculptor carved its matchless proportions; and in what

Vandal incursion on the fated city, it had been dashed from its lofty eminence, and laid prostrate in the dust.

We cannot gratify the inquisitive reader's curiosity in reference to Jacopo's age, at the period of this veritable history, with any other reply than that it was somewhere between two and threescore. Our want of definiteness on this head, arises from no indisposition on our part to oblige; but because he, being a very prim old bachelor, always desired to have that affair remain in a delectable state of uncertainty. It was evident from a variety of sly innuendos, put forth on the subject by the scrivener, accompanied with a roguish blinking of the left eye, that he had not yet despaired of bettering his condition by the acquisition of a wife.

How and where he lived, apart from his professional pursuits, is a subject of almost equal mystery. It is only known that he lodged at a sculptor's in the neighborhood, partaking his frugal meal most usually in the market-place. It was beneath the ruined arch he had so long occupied, that he felt most "at home." The place was admirably suited for an out-of-door residence. The wall facing the south protected the occupant from the mid-day heat; while by shifting his seat morning and evening, he had it in his power, in direct opposition to the habits of the sun-flower, to turn his back towards the rising or descending "orb of day." His "office" furniture consisted of a plain table and a plainer chair, which served his purpose admirably during the day, and were safely sequestered after nightfall in a dark niche of the ruin. The fact is, the articles in question were not worthy of being

stolen; moreover, if it had been otherwise, no one of the lazzaroni of Rome could have been found sufficiently daring to appropriate anything that belonged to Jacopo. Poor though the humble scrivener seemed, many of the neighbors shrewdly suspected that he had managed to amass a sum quite sufficient to make him comfortable without exertion the remainder of his days. But rich or poor, a merrier heart did not beat in all Rome than Jacopo's. If he had ever known any especial sorrow or disappointment, no trace of it could be perceived in his uniform and unvarying cheerfulness. Rich, indeed, he was in his own estimation; for he held undisputed possession of the same triumphal arch built of the choicest marble which centuries before had been erected in honor of some blood-stained conqueror. Indeed, had that very personage, or his ghost appeared to claim possession of the hoary and ivy-clad monument to his achievements, Signor Jacopo Cipriani would, doubtless, have addressed him fearlessly: "Avaunt, sirrah! know you not that you are trespassing on my private domain!"

Many were the delightful strolls taken by these two, the scrivener and the artist, amid the countless wonders of the "Eternal City." Buckingham never wearied in listening to the legendary lore of his voluble companion, who, for his part, was delighted at meeting one so ready to hear him with patience and respect. Now and then, on meeting a cowed monk, who would smile blandly on Jacopo, the latter would inform the artist, how many a glass of wine the two had drank together on Sunday afternoons in some dark old monastic pile. Not unfre-

quently also, the communicative scrivener, while passing among the peasantry, would inform his companion of many an affair of the heart, touching some of the number, and how he was concerned in helping to make matches for the young people. Thus it was that wherever Jacopo went, he was welcome with his companion, who thereby added greatly to his store of information concerning the people in whose midst he sojourned.

After a residence of some months in Rome, Buckingham learned from a correspondent, an English artist at Florence, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany, desirous of affording some unusual incentives to artists, as well as of transmitting, by request of a distinguished prelate, some appropriate painting to the Bishop of a diocese in America, had offered a most liberal premium for the best painting, St. Cecilia being the subject, that should be exhibited to his Highness within a given period; the award to be determined by a committee of experienced and acknowledged artists. This generous offer aroused all of Buckingham's patriotic pride. Some American artist then in Italy should, he felt, for the honor of his country, secure the premium, and as their number was very limited, might not the task be allotted to him? He retired to his studio, and labored day after day, endeavoring to impart to the canvas the conception he had formed of the sainted St. Cecilia. His excessive anxiety to bear away the prize tended somewhat to unnerve him, and render him distrustful of every effort of his brush. Still he labored on; obliterating at each sitting, all his former efforts; until at length he found himself bewildered by the very variety of his conceptions

of the sacred character of the Saint. Embarrassed thus by the excesses of his own fancy, he resolved as a last resort to seek among the living for the object he would impress on the immortal canvas. He readily communicated the peculiarity of his position to Jacopo, and easily interested him in his behalf. Each sought assiduously in the varied walks in which they were thrown, among the nobility as well as among the peasantry, for a seraphic countenance appropriate to the proposed subject; and each sought in vain, until the young artist, with all his zeal for the honor of his country, was almost ready to despair.

Fortune at length, as if weary of coquetting with one so deserving her favor, came to his aid just in time to rescue his former hopes from utter abandonment. It was during Holy Week, on the evening of Good Friday, that he and Jacopo mingled listlessly with the throng that were hastening toward St. Peter's. Amid the awe-inspiring ceremonies, due to the sacred festival, that were observed within the noblest edifice ever reared by man in honor of his Maker, the agitation of the artist's mind soon subsided. On the evening in question the services were peculiarly solemn and impressive. A dense mass of human beings, differing widely in rank, yet equalized by the common requirements of religion, were gathered within the splendid temple. A devout and awful silence pervaded the multitude, listening with rapt attention to the low murmurs of the priests. Suddenly the lamps that had thrown a dazzling lustre around the altar and the tomb of St. Peter were extinguished; while, as by a miracle, a stupendous cross of light, as designed by the

wondrous genius of Michael Angelo, seemed suspended from the lofty dome, shedding not a rude, gaudy glare upon that sea of upturned faces, but a gentle glow, like the mild radiance of moonlight, harmonizing admirably with the hallowed atmosphere of the sanctuary. Many were kneeling at the moment; those who were not suddenly prostrated themselves beneath the sacred symbol of Christianity. Among the number of the former, none were more devout than Jacopo; but it was not until the appearance of this startling tableau that Buckingham bowed himself to the marble floor. In the act, as he turned his gaze for a moment from the blazing cross overhead, his eye rested upon the upturned features of a young girl who knelt near him. She was habited in the rude garb of the peasantry. The coarse hood, which usually served at once as a protection against the elements and the rude gaze of the inquisitive, had fallen to her shoulders, leaving her unconscious of the sudden exposure; while her riveted gaze, her rapt devotion, her faultless beauty, her entire expression of devout awe, as of one who with enraptured gaze penetrated beyond the lofty dome and the loftier sky, and beheld opening glimpses of Heaven, and heard sounds of seraphic music, overwhelmed the artist with emotions almost akin to idolatry.

Here at last, the thought instantly occurred to him, was the model he had so long sought for St. Cecilia. Pointing unconsciously to the equally unconscious figure beside him, he laid his hand heavily on Jacopo's shoulder, and whispered, almost aloud, "Eureka! Eureka!" The scrivener, suddenly uttering an ejaculation which sounded

wonderfully like "Diabolo!" followed with his eyes the direction indicated by Buckingham. It was strange, what a burning glow overspread Jacopo's withered features. The artist regarded him for a moment with amazement; then, turning toward the girl, he observed that she rose from her kneeling posture, and, following the beck of a female figure clothed in the deepest mourning, was soon lost sight of, with her companion, in the dense throng.

"Heaven has favored my most ardent desire, dear Jacopo," said the artist, as they emerged from the cathedral. "I have been permitted to behold the very countenance whose true portraiture alone may make my fortune."

"Alas, Signor," said Jacopo, with an unusual show of emotion, "the heavenly features which may prove to you the omen of success and happiness only serve to remind me of my misfortunes."

"How so, Jacopo? What can you mean?"

"Do not smile, Signor, at the idle gossip of a silly old man. My heart, withered though it be, is not yet insensible to all the delightful emotions which arise and warm my bosom at the remembrance of the bright hopes of my youth. Shall I proceed further, Signor?"

"Certainly, Jacopo. It would delight me to learn more of your past history."

"I believe I have never informed you, Signor, that I was born at Florence, and there grew to incipient manhood. Who can be born and live in Italy, yet remain insensible to the charms of love? It was my misfortune that I loved above what they call my 'rank.' Rank, as you have perhaps discovered, Signor, is, in Italy, but a

ludicrous farce ; yet upon that turned the question of my happiness. I do not doubt—indeed, I am assured—that Teresa loved me ; but pride and false friends reminded her that I was but a poor scholar, while she was descended, though remotely, from a long line of noble ancestry. Need I tell you that through these influences my suit was rejected ? Weary almost of my life, I abandoned my native city, and came hither. The ruins, Signor, which are now so familiar to me, seemed to harmonize with the utter desolation that reigned within my heart. Since then my chosen home has been amid the sublimest relics of Rome's past magnificence, where I have lived apart from the emotions which usually absorb the thoughts of my fellow-men. As for Teresa, I have not seen her since I first left Florence. I heard long ago that she had married a dashing cavalier of her own rank. Her image had not crossed my mind for years, until—can you believe it, Signor ?—I saw her features copied in those of the girl we saw to-night beneath the dome of St. Peter's. For a moment I almost imagined that I was again a youthful Florentine, kneeling at the feet of beauty ; but, placing my hand here among these thin and snowy locks, I was at once reminded that I was but a poor Roman scrivener. Pardon me, Signor, for thus taxing your patience with the idle story of my early love ; but you are yet young, and you know not how fondly we who are passing down among the shadows of life cling to the faintest gleams of sunshine that have fallen to our lot."

"You have my warmest sympathies, dear Jacopo," said Buckingham. "I know little of the thing you call 'love.'

Indeed, I sometimes fear that I am insensible to the tender emotions of which I hear so much. I fear I am too fastidious, as I can admire nothing which is not a fit copy for a choice work of art; and such specimens, you know, are rare even in Italy. It is possible I might be tempted to throw away some of my superfluous enthusiasm on the fair copy of your old sweetheart, Jacopo, if I were only thrown occasionally within the power of her charms. However, I shall paint her portrait for my picture of St. Cecilia, commencing my task early in the morning; and as I owe the fair girl a debt of gratitude, and should not be able to sleep a wink all night with her charming features beaming before my fancy, I shall amuse myself with writing a letter, Jacopo, and shall intrust you with the delivery thereof, provided you will in the first place look over the document, and correct my imperfect Italian, and provided, in the second and most important place, you ever succeed in again laying eyes on the young lady."

"Never fear me, Signor," replied Jacopo. "I shall use every means to discover her, as well for your sake as to gratify my own curiosity."

The friends parted for the night. Buckingham's first proceeding on reaching his studio was to draw his brush fantastically over various bits of framed canvas whereon were depicted imperfectly the features of a youthful female. Having thus embellished these unsatisfactory attempts of his own at portraying St. Cecilia, he produced his letter-portfolio, and commenced writing. Thus, as well as in pacing to and fro across his chamber, and gazing from his window upon the magnificent panorama which

surrounded him, he passed the night, until, as morning dawned, he fell asleep in his chair. His slumbers were brief, as he was soon awakened by the bright glare of the rising sun, shining full upon him. He soon resumed his painter's task; and his eye began to brighten with anticipations of success as the features of the young Italian girl, one by one, glowed from the canvas.

During their next interview, on the afternoon of that day, Buckingham delivered to the scrivener the note designed for the fair model of his Cecilia. Though he had written it from a hasty impulse, he still desired Jacopo to deliver it if an opportunity should ever occur. He felt that in this manner only could he express his obligations to the unconscious beauty of the fair Italian whom he might never again behold. The scrivener immediately retraced the entire note, here and there correcting slight errors which were natural to the writer, as being unskilled in the language; adding, at the close, the request that any reply which might be made should be left at his "office."

Jacopo, watching every opportunity, at length discovered the object of his search, accompanied, as before, by a figure in deep mourning, in the midst of the throng at St. Peter's, during the closing services of Holy Week. He also contrived, following closely at her side, to place the note gently and unobserved within her hand. She at first seemed startled at the touch of a stranger; but, observing the venerable and benevolent features of the scrivener, she carefully secreted the note beneath her bodice, and, giving him a signal to retire, she hastened

on with her companion. Jacopo became impatient, far more so, indeed, than did Buckingham, but the impatience of neither brought any reply to the note. The artist meantime labored assiduously to complete the proposed painting; and having shown it only to Jacopo, who fell into raptures on account of its faithful representation of the real as well as the ideal character, he proceeded with it to Florence, there to contend with it for the premium so generously offered by the Grand Duke.

The sight of the fair young girl who had aroused all of Buckingham's artistic admiration had awakened a new train of emotions in the bosom of the scrivener. As he sat day after day beneath the ruined arch, waiting for the light footsteps of the girl bearing her own reply to his young friend's note, or for the arrival of some messenger despatched by her, he began to feel almost like a youthful lover looking anxiously for some token of affection from his fair dulcinea. Uppermost in his mind was the impression that she whom Buckingham had chosen as the model of his Cecilia bore a near resemblance to the Teresa of all his own youthful dreams; and it was with the hope of being enabled to unravel the mystery by which the two seemed in some manner united, that he desired again to see the fair counterpart of the object of his youthful love.

Meantime our heroine remained entirely unconscious of the emotions which she had so innocently excited in the breasts of Jacopo and Buckingham. That a young American artist had imagined that the expression she wore on any especial occasion would become a painting of St. Cecilia, and had accordingly placed her features on

canvas, to be submitted to the inspection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and of the artists at his court; and that a respectable and somewhat antiquated scrivener, groping every day of his life among manuscripts and ruins, had conceived a great fancy for her, from having discovered that she bore a real or imagined resemblance to an old sweetheart of his own; of both these facts she remained profoundly ignorant. The fact is, though it may appear incredible in this land of schoolmasters, she could not read a syllable of manuscript. For reasons which will presently appear to the reader, she dared not exhibit the note to her mother, the companion who always attended her; while she found it for some days impossible to escape the strict espionage which watched her every movement abroad. More than a week had elapsed since the receipt of the note, which still remained a sealed mystery to her, when she could bear the suspense no longer; and the curiosity natural to one so young and ingenuous (not to say *to one of her sex*), impelled her forth in search of an interpreter. She remembered to have seen or heard of a scrivener who sat beneath a ruin not far from her humble home. Thither she hastened, trembling like a guilty thing at every step, for this was her first adventure. The sun had already declined far down the western sky when she reached the ruin. Jacopo sat busily engaged with his manuscripts, while the girl, looking over the top of his chair, discovered to her surprise, that the scrivener and the bearer of the letter were one and the same person. The sound of her footstep at length attracted Jacopo's

attention; and on beholding beside him the fair girl of whom he had recently thought so much, he started from his seat as at the sight of some ghostly apparition. She resolutely declined the offer of his chair, and producing the note she asked—

“You remember this, signor! What does it mean?”

“Have you not read it?” inquired the scrivener.

“You forget, signor; I am poor. I cannot interpret it.”

“Sure enough, I never thought of that,” said Jacopo with a sympathizing air. Then resuming his seat, unfolding the manuscript, producing his eye-glass, and premising that the letter had been composed, not by himself, but by a youthful and accomplished American artist, he proceeded to read the manuscript aloud. Jacopo’s last statement tended to increase the anxious curiosity of the girl, who leaning gracefully on the back of his chair, listened attentively throughout. The mysterious document, liberally rendered, ran as follows:—

“I know you will open and read this letter with much astonishment, coming as it does from one whom you have never seen. I am persuaded that you have never looked upon me even for a single moment; for during the instant when alone I beheld your ravishing beauty, your gaze was riveted on another and a worthier object. It may be best that you should remain ignorant of the stranger who has dared to regard you with a degree of admiration never before excited in his breast by the sight of mortal woman. It is quite possible, also, that I may never again look upon you; and that the vision of heavenly beauty

which I beheld to-night beneath the dome of St. Peter's, has been withdrawn from my gaze, never to be renewed. One of the poets, however, writing in my native tongue, has declared that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever!' If so (and I believe it with all my heart), the vision of that enraptured moment will never cease to bless and guide me with its radiance, leading me to a purer ambition and a higher destiny in future.

"I have come from a country yet in its infancy, to this land of hoary centuries, to cultivate my favorite Art. I have pondered over the works of the old masters, until I have been by turns discouraged by my own poor acquirements, and again stimulated with the hope of rivalling their splendid achievements. Recently a fresh stimulus has been applied to my artistic ambition. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the generosity for which he is renowned, has proposed a premium for the best representation on canvas of one whom your religion has taught you to revere—St. Cecilia. As the successful painting is to be sent to America, I have been for days and weeks moved by an irrepressible ambition to win the proffered reward.

"I had from the first a vague conception of the countenance I desired to depict; the calm sublime forehead; the eyes melting with tenderness, yet glowing with rapture; the lips slightly parted in the unconsciousness of worship, giving breath to the essential adoration of the soul. But after repeated efforts I failed to impart to the canvas the vague conceptions of my fancy. I needed to discover a living countenance which should embody and

define what I sought; and failing in this I began to despair.

“The curiosity natural to a stranger in Rome; the desire to forget my anxieties on the subject which had so long absorbed me; a variety of emotions drew me to-night to St. Peter’s. It was at the moment when I became transported at the sight of that radiant cross, the symbol of all my hopes for the future life, my startled gaze rested upon you as you knelt near me. It was but for an instant, yet that single glance sufficed. It was as if the sainted Cecilia glowing with the radiance of the upper world, had come down to respond to the vague longings of my soul. I felt that I had discovered the object I had sought so long in vain, and as I offered a prayer of gratitude to Heaven, you turned away and were soon lost to my sight.

“You will wonder why I write, but my heart and brain are full of the rapture which none but an artist can know. As I gaze from my window upon the moonlighted glories of the ‘Eternal City;’ as I remember the countless scenes of beauty and grandeur I have witnessed in her midst; I feel that the remembrance of all these may pass away; but the vision of seraphic beauty which Heaven granted me to-night, is alone that which will abide with me forever.

“By the dawn of the morning, I shall be busy with my brush, endeavoring to impart your features to the canvas. Should my hope of bearing away the proffered prize be realized, the painting will embellish an American cathedral, imparting perhaps to others somewhat of the

same rapture which glowed upon your countenance to-night at St. Peter's. I am your debtor, and I know not how otherwise I can do aught to cancel the obligation, than by the mode I have now adopted. Allow me then, *my own Cecilia* (for thus I must address you), with the assurance that I can never forget you, or that impressive scene of which you were the brightest feature, to bid you for the first, and it may be for the last time, Adieu.

BUCKINGHAM."

The sun was setting as Jacopo finished reading the manuscript. He turned and found the girl gazing thoughtfully upon the ground.

"Pardon me, Signorina, but by what name shall I call you?" inquired the scrivener.

"Maddalena," said the girl.

"And your mother?" said Jacopo.

"Not a word of my mother," said she, placing her finger upon her lip. "And now, kind Signor," she continued, placing Buckingham's note again beneath her bodice, "adieu."

"You will come again," suggested the scrivener.

"Perhaps. Adieu!" and she was soon lost to his sight.

It would be idle to attempt to delineate the scrivener's feelings for days subsequent to this interview, which had again revived all the ardor of his youth. His anxiety again to behold the fair Maddalena was heightened, while it was somewhat relieved by a letter he received soon after from Buckingham, writing from Florence, in which

the writer informed him with ill-suppressed exultation that he had won the prize.

"It was most remarkable," continued the manuscript, "that among the paintings exhibited for the premium, there were beside my own three others, which were portraits of the girl we saw at St. Peter's. It appears that she with her mother recently resided at Florence; and the artists who copied her features in their paintings of St. Cecilia, were astonished when I informed them that I had met her in Rome.

"It seems that her mother, Teresa Roselli by name, was left some years since a widow, with but one child, her daughter Maddalena. They say she married a dashing young fellow in obedience to the wishes of her family, although it was believed she loved another. Many circumstances conspired to wean the mother from the world. She lived for years in the closest retirement, designing to devote her daughter to the church. Her husband having squandered their mutual estate, she was left in a condition of entire dependence, but found means for comfortable support in the art of embroidering, which she had acquired as an accomplishment in early life. I have been shown some of the priestly robes which were embellished by her needle; and I assure you they are beautiful beyond conception. I am informed that it was from the prospect of greater encouragement in her art, as well as from the demands of the prelates of Rome, that she has recently changed her residence from Florence to your own city. One thing is certain, Jacopo, that the mother's wishes in reference to the daughter must be

foiled. I intrust the affair to you, until I see you again at Rome."

The writer must hasten to a conclusion which the reader has already anticipated. If thy quick imagination had not already foreseen all that followed, I should delight to tell how Buckingham returned to Rome and met the fair Maddalena more than once beneath Jacopo's ruined arch; and how the scrivener undertook to become her instructor during moments stolen from her humble home; and how that venerable personage discovered that the girl's mother was really no other than the object of his only youthful love; and how at length he dared to intrude upon her privacy, and make himself known to her after a separation of more than a score of years; and how by degrees the hearts of the elder two warmed towards each other, as they revived the remembrances of the unforgotten past; and how it was proved as the young lovers, the artist and his model, wandered among the ruins, that Love, born of heaven, can survive all sublunary things; and how, when two years after their first acquaintance, Buckingham became wedded to Maddalena, and purposed returning with her to America, the scrivener had succeeded in persuading Signora Teresa, who had long since recovered from her monastic gloom, that they also had better unite their fortunes for the brief term of life which remained to them.



REYNOLDS

The Golden Farnwell

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

GRIEVE not, my mother, lest thy natural tears,
 Weaken my purpose at an hour like this !
 From thine own bosom, when a feeble child,
 Drew I the courage that befits the free,—
 Wouldst thou destroy *thy* offspring in *my* breast ?
 Never, dear mother ! No ; I've seen thee tried !
 Thine is the majesty of womanhood,
 Steeled by experience—tempered by misfortune—
 Yielding, yet firm,—not like the brute cast metal,
 Stubborn, but brittle !—that is manhood's state :—
 Nor yet like plastic childhood,—the soft iron,
 Pure, unresisting, moulded to any form
 Of good or evil. Like to a well-wrought spring,
 Bending with every shock, but conquering,
 By permanent gentleness, where man is crushed
 And childhood turned astray,—such hast thou been,
 My widowed mother : Wilt thou fail me now ?
 Nay ; tell me not how treacherous is fame :
 Deem'st thou the loudest blast her brazen trump
 E'er poured upon the ears of gaping fools
 Could pay me for one quiet smile of thine ?—
 Glory !—I am a freeman born—no slave,
 Called forth to bleed in some oppressor's cause,
 Forging fresh chains for fellow-slaves ;—no child,

Led on by stars, and garters—silly toys—
 The livery of pre-eminent disgrace.
 Forgive me, mother, if I probe old wounds,
 To win therefrom some balm for present woes.
 There is a mound in yonder churchyard : he
 Who sleeps there for his country died :—not fame !
 'Twas when the eagle perched upon the pine ;*
 The lion roaring round its rocky base :—
 When Concord's bells rang forth discordant war
 And Freedom clapped her hands ! Upon *his* knee,
 Prattled thy infancy : upon his grave,
 The flowers are of thy planting ; and thy tears
 Have hung upon them, like the dews of heaven,
 Morning and evening. Shall a foeman's tread
 Brush off thy gems of feeling ? Shall *I* be
 Less than *his* grandchild ?—Kiss me, mother !

Ellen ;—

Nay, let the flood have way ! 'Tis thy first woe !
 Age hath not yet inured *thee* to the storm.
 Lean on my shoulder, dearest ; 'tis thy right
 To claim support—not yield it. Yet bend not
 Too very feebly !—Ellen, remember thou ;
 These scions, weaker still, must lean on thee !
 “ Stay with us,” sayest thou ? It is hard, indeed,
 Aught to deny thee, paragon of hearts,
 So free in gifts, so niggard in demands !
 I will not prate to thee of *honor*, love :—
 That fear-wrung tribute to a tyrant world

* Allusion is here made to the colonial banner, bearing the pine tree, before the adoption of the rattlesnake, which antedated the stars and stripes.

Should never part me from my idol. *Duty*
Not *honor*, is the freeman's law.—Sayest thou,
“Duty begins at home?” Ah, sweet upbraider,
Little thou know'st the evil thou wouldst court!
The love of woman, like the mystic power
Binding the spheres, still urges towards a point,
That point her home:—man's is centrifugal:
Planet-like he sweeps, in circles wide
Apportioned to his power. Or this or that
Unduly weakened or unduly strong,
Or spheres or hearts rush headlong into ruin.
Were I to yield my duty to thy love,
Thou wouldst despise, where now thou worshippest.
Henry, my boy, be it thy care to guard
Our little Mary, shield her, serve her, love her!
Learn thus betimes a freeman's holiest task,—
To aid the weak,—till thy young arm gains strength!
And thy tongue eloquence to serve the state.
Should I lie low, be thou the prop, as I
Have been, I trust, to the declining years
Of a fond mother! Mother, am I wrong?
And now, unconscious prattler, this to thee!
(How my heart yearns towards this, our latest born!)
Be thou the mother of young heroes, when
Columbia, swarming with proud millions, shall
Laugh in free scorn at every foreign foe,
Secure of peace in majesty of strength;
When brutal war to her shall be unknown,—
Brutal though necessary—save when her sons,
By generous impulse urged to foreign lands,

Shall startle tyrants with the battle-cry
Of deathless Liberty (Heaven speed the hour!)
Marching o'er broken sceptres, by the light
Of burning thrones, till the wide world is free
And war a miracle of history.—Ha! the summons!
Nearest and dearest to my heart, adieu!
Commending you to the All-merciful, I go,
A citizen-soldier of the starry flag,
Heart-free to battle for a holy cause,—
“God and our native land!” Farewell! Farewell!

THE MARRIAGE OF ABEL.

FRAGMENTS OF EARLY TIMES.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

IT was the morning of the Sabbath; there was a holy calm resting upon the earth, and the air seemed hushed in solemn silence. The broad light of the lately risen sun was poured through the gorge of a mountain, and down the slope till it rested on the outspread plain below, where were blooming flowers of various hues and commingled odors. There was no rank luxuriance that proves the fulness of blossom, and mars the hopes of abundant fruit; no vegetable decay had yet enriched the earth, by centuries' deposit,—but herb and plant sprung up in their order, with size and form, with scent and beauty, as they had been fashioned by the hand of the Creator, and colored with hues drawn from heaven.

Spread abroad were flocks of sheep and goats, whose milk and wool compensated the watchfulness and care of their owners, but whose herding was the result of their gregarious nature, rather than the teaching and discipline of man.

Though the whole scenery was made beautiful by the irregularity which marked the surface of the earth, yet

there were no ravines, no upturning or wasting of the hillsides by torrents; for, as yet, there were no inequalities in the movement of our planet,—the poles of the earth were then the poles of the heavens, and no change of position disturbed the atmosphere, or excited to meteorological phenomena. The dew dropped from heaven, like angels' tears, to moisten and refresh the flowers; and the clouds sent forth at times their treasures of rain to gladden, not to mar, the earth.

The trees, though of the oak and especially the plane, were yet of slender growth; no decay had reached a single stock, nor had time destroyed a branch. Here and there, however, towered up samples of trees of giant *size*, but not of giant *growth*: they were of the creation, and knew no culture or bending of the twig; the hand of the great Architect had placed them where they were, and their first fruits had produced the beautiful clumps that dotted the scene. Young nature was there in all her loveliness, her maiden charms, and maiden purity; and the sun, the great source of light and day, seemed to derive pleasure from the scene, which his own presence made so lovely.

Perhaps it would be better to say that the sun assisted to make it lovely; for besides the profusion of beauty that was manifest in the scene,—hill and dale, mountain and plain, stream and lake, tree, plant and flower, and the gorgeous sunlight that seemed to rest upon their impalpable richness—besides all these, there was to be seen a beauty in all, and around all that seemed independent of the combination of visible charms; one, in happy asso-

ciation, as if present to make all else more lovely, but still referable to an independent and invisible cause.

In the infancy of nature the spirit of the great Parent of all hovered over the cradle, and whispered peace, and safety, and love; and the conscious presence of the divinity diffused over the face of earth a smile of grateful recognition. And the incense of warbling and of odor mingled with that of enjoyment, as a tribute to Him whose hand had spread abroad such expressive loveliness: all was altar, all was sacrifice, all was priesthood,—and in all and over all, beautifying and sanctifying was the object of adoration.

Up from the centre of the lovely scene rose, in delightful harmony, two voices hymning the God. Intelligence was in the sound; and in words meet for praise, two hearts blessed their Preserver for the peace and rest of the past night, and for the love with which each was animated for the other—and both for the Creator. Two beings, members of the first family of earth, were sitting beneath a tree whose pensile branches shut out the rays of the sun, while they invited the morning breezes that came over meadow and upland bearing the fragrance of every lovely flower, and imparting health and delight.

The morning hymn died away, though gentle sounds, as if echoes were multiplied in the air, seemed to repeat and protract the notes. There were auditors, not visible, and worshippers unseen, whose office was to bear upward the prayer and praise of contrite, grateful hearts to the visible presence of Him who was invisibly present everywhere, or seen only in and by his works, and heard by his provi-

dences. When the aerial sounds had ceased, the pair rose from their knees; and as the youngest, and most delicate, assumed an upright position, her long hair fell gracefully backward, and displayed a face of exquisite loveliness, on which rested a smile of humble devotion, mingled with a consciousness of accepted sacrifice.

“Have you felt as I have,” said she, “when rising from our devotion—some sense of peculiar presence—awful, yet delightful; and as the sound of our own voice is wafted away, or taken up for repetition by the invisible guardians around us, an influx of spiritual warmth has come, as if the perishable breath that passed from our lips had been replaced by the warmth of seraph respiration?”

“I have remarked, dear sister,” said the other as he threw his vigorous arm over the delicate shoulder of his companion,—“I have remarked that the answer to our prayers seems often to precede the petition, and that heavenly-mindedness, which begets prayer and is the end of prayer, seems in the heart before we ask the gift: its own loveliness inspiring a wish for its continuance.”

“Even, dear Abel, as but yesterday our father besought the heavenly messenger to *continue* his visit, because the presence had created a desire for augmentation of the companionship.”

“But now, that my flocks rest from their night grazing, and need less my watchfulness than at evening and early morning, let us repair to our father’s abode, that, having exchanged vows of love to each other, and offered praise to God, we may exhibit obedience to our parents, and unite with them and our brother and sister in the worship

which our Creator demands, and to which this day is specially devoted."

"I would gather a bunch of flowers for dear Cain," said the female, "but that I have marked that he never exhibits a love for flowers, though his life is devoted to the cultivation of the earth. It is strange that he should find no pleasure in what may be considered the most delightful branch of his pursuit, especially when that pursuit is voluntary!"

"That is, because the end of his labor is that which occupies his thoughts—he has less joy in the *pursuit* than in the *results*, and the accumulation of perishable products is the object which excites and rewards his exertions."

"But Cain has a heart susceptible of the finest feelings, of the deepest, purest love. Oh, Abel, could you have heard his impassioned appeal to me when last we met, and when all I could say to him was that he could never have less from me than a sister's love—and I had nothing more to offer—could you have heard or seen him then, you would have confessed that Cain possessed all that power of love which you say is necessary to an enjoyment of nature's wonders, as they lie stretched out before us!"

"Susceptibility of strong feelings, of *love*, indeed, my dear sister, is not the evidence of that quality which makes lovely—the most sordid selfishness is quite consistent with the most violent passion. But the delicacy of sentiment which you describe, of which I know you possessed, and which alone gives attraction to love, has in it nothing of self. True love—pure affection, seeks the good of its object. Think you, my beloved one, that I would claim

the fulfilment of your promise to wed me, on the morrow, if there lurked in your heart a wish to marry Cain? Or, could I desire, loving Cain as I do, that he should lose you? Do you not remember the remark of the blessed angel: that the peace of heaven was more peaceful, if not preserved, by the association of divine feelings of corresponding affection, corresponding powers, and corresponding views?"

"But could Cain have sought only his personal gratification in his efforts to bring me to his tent? Might he not have sought my happiness as well as his own, and intended to devote himself to the promotion of that peace which arises only from mutual sacrifice?"

"Do you believe, dear sister, that he could thus have acted, and thus have made you happy?"

"I do believe, Abel, that he had thus resolved, and that I might have found happiness in his resolve. I think there is in my heart, and I have thought that I discovered the same in our mother's, a feeling of pride in man's devotion which would supply to us the place of affection, if the devotion was constant."

"But can that devotion be constant without love? Will not the accidents of life disturb the devotion of man, and thus destroy the occasion of pride in woman? Alas! what but love—pure as an angel's affections—could bind our parents now! What, dear Mahala, would supply to you the place of love, when the rash humor of our elder brother should manifest itself, if not in unkindness, at least, in restlessness and neglect?"

"How often, Abel, have we seen the sign of grief, almost

of anger, pass from our Father's brow, and the smile of affection take its place, as he cast his eye upon his group of children, upon Cain and you, and little Ada and myself; may not the Creator have placed children in the tent of man, not more to perpetuate the race than to soothe the present irritation, and bring back to the heart the affection which disappointment and vexation seem to be expelling thence?"

"All your thoughts, Mahala—all your arguments are urged with the loveliness of your own affection. So pure, so elevated are all your feelings, that the angels who are invisible around us constantly commune with your spirit, and cultivate and strengthen those sentiments of good which influence your motive and direct your action. But, alas, my dear sister, what would that heart be, if good affections with angelic influences did not fill it all? Be assured, when once the sanctuary of love is violated, and envy and desire for revenge enter the enclosure, then all true affection is driven forth as were our parents from Eden, and flaming swords guard the desecrated spot."

"But let us hasten, Mahala, for I see our father entering the tent of worship, and I would not be, nor have you, the last to meet him—Cain yet lingers in his garden, and will earn rebuke by his tardiness.

"But would it not be kindness, Abel, for us to linger yet, that Cain may enter first, and then be spared the censure of Adam."

"No, no, my beloved one, no: when offence has been committed, to mitigate or share the consequence, may be good; but to do the wrong that another may be spared,

is in itself a sin. Let us hasten onward, lest our absence be construed into disobedience to our father. 'How terrible is disobedience, how fearful are its consequences.'"

Hand in hand the affianced ones passed onward, and joined the family group that was about to offer prayer to God. And upward to heaven from the family altar ascended the smoke of the sacrifice which the fire was consuming, and upward from the hearts of the worshippers, went the incense from the sacrifice of desires and the offerings of affection, which man burns to his Maker's glory and his own good.

* * * * *

Standing among the luxuriant products of the virgin soil was the firstborn of men; he had been looking, with joy and pride, at the bountiful harvest that rewarded his pleasant toil, and the bursting buds, and wanton growth of the yet unblossoming tree and herb, age and infancy mingled in vegetation as in animal life—and as spring, and summer, and autumn, poured out to him their leaves, their branches, and their fruits, the heart of the only tiller of the soil was lifted for a moment in holy reverence and earnest gratitude to Him who had blessed his labor and changed the curse of toil to a blessing for the humble.

Another form was walking in the garden—and the face of Cain, burnt as it was by exposure to the wind and sun, was lighted by a smile of recognition, as he welcomed the winged messenger.

"I came with pleasure, Cain, at your bidding, for I have waited long this rarely occurring invitation."

"Invitation!—Joyed as I am to meet you, did I invite your presence? I was wrapt for a moment in gratitude and praise to the Creator of all and Bestower of all."

"And that gratitude and praise is the invitation which *we* recognize; you offer prayer and praise, and we bring the response. Less and less frequent has been my visible presence with you for very many days, though I and others are around you at all times, but passion darkens the atmosphere, or dims the vision, and we are unseen and unfelt."

"Are the future inhabitants of the earth to be passionless?"

"Alas! no; ages after ages shall pass, and each successive age shall have less communication with the spiritual world. In time, the living word of God shall become precious by its scarcity—until at length the revelation cease, and man be left to the record of what has been."

"But shall not knowledge supply its place?"

"Knowledge of what? Can human knowledge exceed divine intelligence? and can the interpreters of man's words pour knowledge upon the world like the messengers of God? No, Cain, no—with sin and disobedience shall come darkness of intellect,—oracles shall fail,—divine messages shall cease,—and the just conception of God's works on earth, and of the laws he has given the heavens, shall be lost; and false notions of nature, false teachings concerning the stellar hosts shall prevail,—man himself shall turn from the worship of the Creator to admiration of the created, and idolatry shall be the child and the promoter of ignorance."

"Ignorance! can man cease to know what he has already learned?"

"With the diminution of joy in knowledge will be the diminution of science itself; until what you have learned from Adam shall be forgotten by man; and when this earth has grown old, men will acquire an immortality of fame by discovering truths of nature, which are known to little Ada, your youngest sister. It will be worth the sacrifice of life, for a man to ascertain that the planet which you inhabit moves in a mighty circle round the sun."

"Why, how else will they suppose that the system could be balanced?"

"It will be a part of their ignorance, not to know that such a balance is necessary. But you will learn these things from Adam; he is instructed in the laws by which matter in all its forms exists and associates; and he knows that while these laws cannot fail, a knowledge of their operation may cease to exist among men."

"Can such changes be?"

"Can they fail to be? See what changes are around you—what of the Garden is left? The mighty stream that poured through that lovely enclosure, as your father has often told you, has by mere attrition worn away the soil of the place consecrated by Adam's sinless youth, and the visible presence of the *Elohim*; so that ere long the distant sea will receive as a deposit from the stream, the last of the earth that composed that home of innocence; and the angel of the flaming sword will be called away from a guardianship where nothing is left to provoke in

man a desire to return—nothing that the hand of disobedience could desecrate.”

“Has sin changed aught in me?”

“Has it not? Where are your daily colloquies with heavenly messengers? where the fulfilment in you, or through you of those mighty promises whose prospective fulfilment soothed the anguish of Eve’s departure from Paradise?”

“Shall not the world be blessed in *my* seed?”

“Neither in thee nor thine.”

“’Tis for Abel then, and Mahala:—and, with this outrage on my affection is the disappointment of the promise of my birth? And I must toil on amid the profusion of inanimate earth,—an outcast from love, disappointed in my ambition: and Abel must triumph in all,—beloved of Adam and Eve, of Mahala, of—”

“God.”

“Of God—beloved of God; and thus from him shall come the Shiloh!”

The fading form of the angel was scarcely seen by Cain, but his voice was heard pronouncing: “Neither in thee nor in Abel shall the promise be fulfilled; for the unborn has the Maker reserved the honor.”

* * * * *

The evening of the second day of the week was drawing on, and the light of the declining sun was resting on the beautiful landscape that lay west of the “hill of sacrifice.” A gentle ripple on the lake that occupied the centre of the valley reflected the gorgeous hues, and flower and foliage were steeped in liquid gold;

here and there a bird awakened his evening note, which seemed to communicate voice to the whole scene; and the beasts of the field and of the forest came forth from their shady retreats and wandered abroad in the loveliness of parting day. As yet the tiger had not acquired his thirst for blood, though his nature was manifesting itself in his growing shyness of man and man's favorites. The streams yet slaked the thirst of all animals, and the vast variety of herbage and fruits satisfied their hunger.

No cloud that day marked the horizon, and as the sun sank lower and lower in his evening retreat, his expanded form poured new richness upon the heavens, and the whole west was one mass of liquid light.

From a southern point at the base of the hill was seen a movement, and shortly afterwards six human beings were observed emerging from the tent, that occupied a sheltered position below. *Mankind*, in solemn procession was going up to the evening sacrifice. It was the hour and the place.

Foremost in the company was Adam. In his towering form was combined all that has since been dreamed of manly perfection; his tread was firm upon the earth, and his eye was elevated towards the altar that stood half way up the mountain; though in that eye was observable a restlessness, which denoted more of a parent's anxiety than a parent's pride. Leaning upon the arm of Adam, was the mother of mankind, full of ripened beauty. Disobedience had driven her from Paradise, but it had made Adam the companion of her departure. Grief, silent, thoughtful grief, had hung a weight upon her

heart; but it had not yet diminished the loveliness of her form, or the exquisite expression of her face. Not since has such a man trod this earth; not since have the flowers of the field seemed to borrow their lustre from such a woman.

Cain followed, leading in his hand the young and gentle Ada. Every fawn that sprang up from the copses around, provoked her to disturb the measured step of the procession, and the young gazelle that paused to gaze upon her from the summit of a rock felt its own eye dimmed in the lustre of that of the youngest of the children of men. Abel and Mahala closed the procession. With them there was less of anxiety than was seen in Adam and Eve, and nothing of the painful restlessness which distinguished Cain. Mahala wore the bridal dress. It was made of the skins of the youngest lambs of her lover's flock; lambs that had been selected for the perfection of their form and the beauty of their delicate fleeces, as the sacrifices of the day.

Leaning on the arm of Abel, with head declined, as if modestly thoughtful of the fulfilment of her wishes, Mahala heard and replied to his profession of love. Graces seemed attendant on her lovely form, the sun settled in glorious lustre upon the pure white of her neck and shoulders, and the odors of a thousand flowers were crushed out by her delicate footfall.

"Beloved Abel," said Mahala, pressing the arm of her lover, and pausing in the progress, as if to give force to her remark, "have you observed how restless, how undevotional seems our brother Cain? If aught could bring a

pang to my heart at this moment, it would be that what constitutes your happiness and mine, seems to be the occasion of anguish to *him*."

"Mahala, does there lurk in your bosom an affection for Cain, that would make this *occasion*, less than one of entire happiness to you?"

"Is sympathy with the anguish of one brother incompatible with love for another? May I not mourn, dear Abel, for the disappointment of Cain, while I enjoy all of the happiness which your affection and mine can impart?"

Man—pure, innocent, and fortunate, even as Abel—has something of selfishness lurking in his heart, that makes him unjust to the motives of woman; suspicious of the extent of those very virtues for which he loves her, intolerant of any affection in her which does not centre on himself, and most intolerant of any feeling of regret on her part, for that disappointment in another which would be death to him; and never, since Adam, was there a man without the feeling which is so opposite to the other characteristics of the good.

Though Abel felt the gentle rebuke of his sister, and to himself confessed its justice, he could not quite dismiss from his heart, the feeling by which that rebuke was earned. Pressing, therefore, the arm of Mahala closer to his side, he pointed out to her the necessity of hastening forward, to resume their places in the little procession. The whole soon reached a small level plot on the northern side of the hill, on which stood a rude altar of square stones, selected, not hewn, covered with a broad slaty slab, and upon the last, lay a pile of wood.

In front, on the west side of the altar, kneeled Cain and Ada.

At the altar, standing in deep devotion, were Abel and Mahala, and at the side of the altar was Eve. Elevated above all, on the eastern side, stood Adam; on one hand lay the prepared victims for the holocaust; on the other burned the torch that was to light the fire on the altar.

The first human dispenser of the great sacrament had no formula, no precedent. Skilled in the affections and passions of man, their delights and their dangers, and prescient of the future, he stood with the solemnity of a priest and solicitude of a father. And when he had surveyed the scene, so extensive, so lovely, his eye rested upon his wife and children, who, with himself, constituted the whole world of mankind;—the fountain whence was to flow the stream of human life, a turbid torrent, chafing and wasting where it rushed.

But Abel and Mahala—how loving, how lovely!—could they suffer or provoke violence?

With elevated head and outstretched hand, the father of mankind implored from the Creator the choicest blessing of temporal gifts and spiritual guidance. He prayed for peace, and love, and issue; and as he lifted his soul in prayer, the rays of the setting sun played in golden radiance round his head, and seemed a crown dropped there by the hand of some ministering angel.

Adam paused, and there was silence; the high communion of his heart could not brook a sudden transfer to human colloquy; but, mingling the love of God with parental affection, he at length addressed his waiting

children, and while he commended to them that gentle forbearance which is the child of love and parent of desirable peace, he absolved them both from all duty of special obedience, and gave to them the right to rank with him in the race of families, but below him in patriarchal and political authority.

“Go, my son, and be master of thy tent and thy flock; no more can I exact obedience from thee; no more need thy conscience excite in thee to meward more than filial reverence. Go, be the head of thine house, and may God bless thee in thine, as he has blessed me in thee.”

The nuptial benediction of Eve was breathed almost in silence over her daughter, whom she kissed with maternal fondness, and lifted up her voice and wept.

The sacrificial flame ascended from the altar, and through the clear, pure atmosphere above and around them burst forth a thousand stars, ere yet the posthumous light of the sun had passed from the west.

Cain went silently and sullenly down the hill, darkening in soul.

The wedded pair rose from before the altar, and hand-in-hand they sought their home.

Was it the evening breeze amongst acacia sprays that poured such sweetness out? Or was it the multitude of angelic visitors invisibly thronging the air, that struck the chords of their harps, and sent up, with the incense from the altar, their epithalamium for the first marriage of the children of men? If it was, their voices of praise and thanksgiving were not more acceptable than the incense that went up from the hearts of Abel and his wife.

LINES.

BY FRANCES B. M. BROTHERTON.

I WOULD I were a star—a quiet star,
 Throned gloriously in yonder azure sky,
 Shedding a flow of silvery light afar,
 Like the mild radiance of a seraph's eye.
 From that high home, *beloved one*, on thee
 Forever should my raptured vision rest—
 And like a fairy dream, each hour would be,
 That found me thus with thy dear presence blest.

I would I were a zephyr—balmy, light—
 Laden with breathings of the gentle Spring;
 I'd bathe thy lips and cheek with a delight
 Calm as the sweepings of an angel's wing.
 Amid the clusters of thy shining hair
 I'd linger, envious of that glorious brow
 Whose dignity would grace a king, to wear—
 When brave and loyal hearts before him bow.

I would I were a spirit—bright and fair,
 To guard thee from life's ills with Love's own might,
 Near thee for aye—at morn—or noonday's glare;
 And 'mid the hush of lone, mysterious night:

Then ever at the holy twilight hour,
My tireless wing should overshadow thee :
And thou wouldst bless the soothing, unseen power,
That wooed thy soul with sweetest harmony.

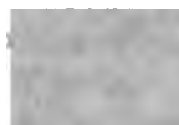
It may not be—yet if in yon bright world,
My soul shall put a robe of Glory on ;
When Love's broad banner o'er me is unfurled,
And golden harps proclaim a victory won—
I shall be ever near thee—thou shalt feel
Soft, sweet, low whispers round thy spirit come.
Blest, blest were I, if they to *thee* reveal
The radiant glory of my far off home.



Georgiana

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



PHYSICS 354

LECTURE 1

MY COUSIN GEORGIANA.

BY J. W. THOMS.

"Oh, she loved the bold dragoons,
With their broadswords, saddles, bridles, &c."

OLD SONG.

"She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars."

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY IV.

THERE was not a finer woman in England than my cousin Georgiana. She had a dark eye and a white hand, a good figure, pretty ankle, and well-turned arm; and, in consequence of the latter gift of nature, had patronized Dizzi and Bochsa, until her performance on the harp might have excited the admiration and envy of King David himself. When I add that Georgiana possessed a very respectable independent property, my readers will, I am sure, place implicit credence in my assertion, that, had I not been aware of her positive determination never to marry a civilian, I should long since have sought to convince her of the euphony of my patronymic, and have used my best powers of eloquence to induce her to change her maiden denomination of Georgiana Dashwood into the more musical and matronly one of Mrs. George Frederick Augustus Higginbottom.

But I knew her predilection for the "dear delightful

military," and therefore, to spare her the pain, and myself the mortification, consequent upon a refusal, I did not *pop*.

Her admiration of the "gallant defenders of their country," as she called all the military of her acquaintance, whether regulars, militia, volunteers, or yeomanry, was in fact a passion. She talked of them, she dreamed of them, she lived but for them. Her inclination was evident in her conversation, in her costume, and more especially in the fitting up of her boudoir, where, in the place of puling love-sick poets, and pastoral valleys sacred to love in cottages, battle pieces and grim-visaged warriors graced the walls.

It was indeed the *beau ideal* of the boudoir of a colonel's lady, and such Georgiana hoped one day to see it. Consequently, her flirtations were innumerable and incessant; her list of lovers was but another version of the army list; an army list, as it were, upon the peace establishment. But I will do Georgiana the justice to say that she was discreet in her advances; that she displayed good generalship in her attacks on the hearts of the warriors. In fact, the intensity of her admiration was regulated by the rank of its object; her love for a captain was great, but for a major, *major*.

What an event in the life of our martial-spirited heroine was a field-day! What a day to be marked with a white stone was a review! Then, as regularly as if she belonged to the staff of the general in command,

"The lady left her peaceful dwelling,
And rode her forth a colonelling."

And after a long and sportive warfare with the heroes under review, in which eyes, sighs, sandwiches, and champagne, were marshalled against crosses, orders, and Waterloo medals, she returned home to dream of little Cupids rendered decent by uniforms, and furnished with epaulettes instead of wings, and regulation small-swords instead of arrows.

Year after year passed in this unprofitable way, and, in spite of the ingenuity with which her plans were laid, Georgiana regularly returned to her winter quarters without succeeding in the grand object of her campaign,—namely, winning a husband. The subalterns were afraid to look up to her, the colonels and staff officers too proud to look down upon her, and for some seasons she remained without an offer. At length an Irish major, who claimed acquaintance with her on the strength of having served in the fortieth, whilst her cousin Charles was in the thirty-ninth, ventured to throw himself at her feet in the character of her avowed admirer, and would certainly have been accepted, and raised by the hand of the modern Bellona, but that, with the peculiar modesty so inherent in natives of what O'Connell *once* called “the first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,” he accompanied his protestations of love by inquiries, which the lady deemed too minute, into the nature of her property. Georgiana's delicacy was offended (a fact which excited considerable surprise in the mind of the major), and accordingly she reversed the order in which the word of command is generally given, and before the bold Milesian had completed his “address,” in hopes to “stand at ease” in the good opinion of the fair

damself, she commanded him first to "halt," and then to "march" out of the house.

The major was disappointed, and so, to tell the truth, was the lady. The fates seemed to wage war against her wishes.

"So to a coat of regimental red
She never *was*, but always *to be* wed."

And she was one-and-thirty, or, to use her own expression, she had had "her majority" ten years, before she got the command of a husband and household.

When she did, spite of all her protestations never to marry a civilian, the fortunate winner of her hand was not a soldier. She had failed in fixing the affections of one of those avowed slayers of their fellow-creatures, and was fain to accept the addresses of a somewhat kindred spirit, who busied himself only with intestinal wars, and received his commission not from the Horse Guards, but from Lincoln's Inn Fields. In short, Georgiana Dashwood, the maid who loved the military, condescended, as a *dernier ressort*, to marry a surgeon.

Many and merry were the jokes which were perpetrated on the occasion, at the different mess-tables throughout the kingdom, as soon as the Post and the Court Journal communicated the news. But one alone shall be immortalized.

"So Georgiana Dashwood is married at last," said a pert cornet of the —, then quartered at Brighton.

"What regiment?" inquired one of his lisping and well-

mustachioed *compagnons de guerre*, to whom our heroine's propensities seemed familiar.

"No regiment," was the reply; "although she always said she would marry a soldier, a surgeon is the lucky man."

"Faith, then," said Georgiana's old attaché, the Irish major, who happened to be present, "faith, then, hasn't she kept her word, by marrying *one of the lancers*?"

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

"When the storm
Of the wild Equinox with all its wet,
Has left the land as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops."

AN opening in the cloud !
And sunlight gushing tremulously through,
Drinks up the white, thin shroud
That spreads where lately shone the summer dew.

The sky is dark again ;
And roaming sadly in the woodland path,
I deem that grove and plain,
Lie in the shadow of celestial wrath.

The crow, in accents harsh,
Gives voice to sorrow in his olden haunt,
But nigh the reedy marsh.
I hear no more the blackbirds' merry chaunt ;

The brook no longer winds
In silver beauty by the homes of men,
And, full of laughter, finds
A green concealment in the shrubby glen.

But melancholy tones
From the worn, pebbly channel faintly rise,
Like low despairing moans
That leave *maternal* lips when *childhood* dies.

And well the brook *may* mourn ;
For the bright leaves that shaded from the sun
Its tripping wave, are torn
From the dark, wind-tossed branches one by one.

And on young herbs that made
Its margin beautiful, the hoary frost
A blighting finger laid,
And their green witchery of hue is lost.

The flowers no longer raise
Their cups of fragrance, courted by the bee ;
But the blithe squirrel pays
Enriching visits to the walnut tree.

Dry twigs beneath my feet
The secret of my neighborhood betray,
And from her still retreat
The partridge flies, on whirring wing away.

What teachers are the oaks,
With their torn mantles waving in the blast ;
While the black raven croaks
A dirge for Beauty in the dust at last.

How sweetly do the skies,
And the wide earth, that withers far below,

Though tongueless, sermonize
On that *great change* we all must undergo !

The distant hill uptowers,
With its gray top in smoky vesture clad ;
And, robbed of sunny flowers,
The meadows round look desolate and sad.

What Eastern monarch owns
A robe of richer color than these leaves,
That speak in rustling tones,
And fall in rainbow flakes when Autumn grieves ?

Though blest the distant coast,
Where grow the flowering lemon and sweet lime,
No foreign land can boast
The passing beauty of our Autumn-time.

CHILDREN.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

CALL not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust; obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him; the song of the gay may be far from his dwelling; his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice be unheeded by those among whom he dwells; even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee his pillow; but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth defying computation—for fame filling a world's ear—for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eyelid.

JOY IN CREATING.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

SINCE thro' primeval darkness first
 Th' Eternal's fiat chaos broke,
 And new-born light in glory burst
 On earth, as it to being woke,
 Each bright creation of the mind
 Hath been a joy, as was to God
 His last, his noblest work, mankind,
 That in his image Eden trod.

Behold the sculptor, when his thought
 Takes shape to the obedient hand—
 When in the solid stone is wrought
 The form of his conception grand;
 How godlike joy illumines his brow—
 How leap the pulses of his heart,
 As his ideal fair doth grow,
 A model of undying art!

O what to him is sleepless toil?
 Or what the ease that fortune lends!
 A work consumes his "midnight oil,"
 Whose joy all outward good transcends.

Ask some wan LETI* how he thrives—
 Who all the ills of want hath known—
 Quick comes the heart's response—*Man lives*
No real life "by bread alone."

Go seek the lowly spot, where he
 Gives form and hue to visions bright;
 In each creative motion see
 The language of his soul's delight!
 For ah, the lineaments divine
 That gild his spiritual dream,
 Upon the glowing canvas shine,
 And warm with life and feeling seem.

As He who hung his bow in heaven,
 Rejoiced to see his promise bright
 Take form, as to the arch were given
 The colors of celestial light;
 So Genius, in its great employ,
 The purpose of the soul portrays,
 In hues that speak the artist's joy
 To eyes that all enraptured gaze.

And mark the *Poet*, when his brain
 Is swelling with ambitious thought,
 How, as he builds the lofty strain
 Where great intent to life is brought,
 His eyes that "in fine frenzy roll,"
 With an unearthly lustre shine;

* Corregio.

While every fibre of his soul
Is tremulous with joy divine !

He knows that not for fleeting time
The efforts of his life shall be—
That guided by Truth's law sublime
He labors for Eternity.
Creation is the poet's life,
Through which grows strong and large his heart,
Forgetting earth-born care and strife,
In its immortal work of art.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

A LOVE TALE, I offer, reader, which owes little to the embellishment of fancy ; it is a simple fragment of the romance of real life, and will interest you, for the sake of the artist to whom it was the controlling incident of his destiny.

The scene was the parlor of a large old-fashioned mansion in — street, Philadelphia, elegantly furnished in the style usual in houses of the wealthy, some eighty years ago, when the city, now so flourishing, was little more than a large village. The occupants of the apartment were a young girl, and a gentleman much older, whose resemblance to his fair companion, notwithstanding a strength bordering on hardness that marked his lineaments—bespoke near relationship. The maiden's beauty was of that soft and touching kind, which, exquisite as it is, wins gradually upon the heart, rather than strikes the sense like that of the more dazzling order. Her dark brown hair was parted in waves over a low white forehead, and her complexion was of that clear paleness which better interprets the varying phases of feeling than a more brilliant color. Her eyes were dark gray, and so shadowed by thick and long lashes, that they seemed black in the

imperfect light; her small mouth was "a rose-bud cleft," but the slight compression of the lips betokened determination and strength of will. The features were classic in their regularity, and the superb curve of the neck, and the rounding of the shoulders would have enchanted a statuary. Her attitude of dejection, the drooping lids on which trembled the unshed tears, and the heightened tinge in her cheeks, showed that she was agitated by painful thoughts; while the frown on her brother's brow, and his hasty, irregular step, as he paced the room, bore equal evidence that his displeasure had caused her sorrow. There had been words between them, such as should not pass between those so near in blood—especially when the brother is the sole support in life to which the orphaned sister may cling.

Mr. Shewell, for that was his name, continued to pace the apartment, while his young sister wiped away at intervals the tears that stole silently down her cheeks. Suddenly he stopped before her, and said with a sternness his effort to speak mildly could not overcome:—

"Once for all, I ask, will you do as I wish, Elizabeth?"

"I cannot, brother," she answered, looking up. "I cannot consent to marry one whom I could never love. I have told Mr. ——— so, and his application to you after knowing my decision, does not speak well for him?"

"Elizabeth!" said her brother with a vehemence that startled her, "I will know the reason of this obstinacy. You were not wont to be so—my wish was law to you."

"And so it is—and so it shall be, brother, in all things right. But I cannot do what duty, virtue, religion for-

bid; I cannot utter false vows of love, nor give my hand where ——”

“No more of this romantic nonsense!” exclaimed Mr. Shewell; “your duty is to do as I counsel for your good—your religion is nought—if it teaches disobedience to your natural protector. Mr. —— is the husband I have chosen for you.”

“But I cannot love—and therefore, will not marry him,” answered the girl, firmly.

“Will not!”

“No, brother!”

“I’ll tell you whom you shall *not* marry, then,” cried the brother angrily. “The beggarly young Quaker, on whom you have thrown away your affections. You color—ha! and it is for *him* you have rejected the excellent offers made to you within the last year! Now, listen—Elizabeth, you are not to see or speak to that rascal of a painter, again! So, do you hear me!”

“Brother, I do,” was the reply.

“Give me your word that you will never speak to him again.”

“I cannot”—she faltered—and a violent burst of tears choked her voice.

“Go to your chamber,” cried the brother. “I will take care of you, since you will not take care of yourself. Not a word—but go!” And, as the weeping girl quitted the parlor, Mr. Shewell called the servants, and laid his injunctions upon them, one and all, to refuse admittance to “Ben West,” should he ever present himself at the door, and on no account to convey to him any communication

from their young mistress, on the penalty of severe punishment.

Elizabeth retired to her chamber, to weep long over her brother's austerity, and to wonder who had betrayed to him the closely kept secret of her love. Her thoughts, after many conjectures, fixed on the right person; it was—it could be no other than the suitor she had rejected, who in the hope of furthering his own views, had informed Mr. Shewell of her interviews and correspondence with the young artist. How she hated him for this mean betrayal! It would have been a pleasure, for the moment, to pour on him the scorn she felt; but her heart was made for gentler emotions than the desire of vengeance, and her thoughts were soon turned to plans how she might effect a reconciliation between her brother and her plighted lover. As it grew towards dusk, she rose, put on her cloak and hood, and bidding her negress, a faithful slave, attend her, went to the house of a friend where she had been accustomed, of late, to meet the youth to whom she had promised her hand.

The interview of lovers should be sacred from the intrusion of those unconcerned. The world of hope and happiness, or of sadness and apprehension, that lies within their view, is invisible to other eyes. Hours passed ere the two parted; and then it was with lingering words of deep affection—and promises of truth through all the changes and chances that might await them; promises—that, come what might—their faith should be kept inviolate; and that no interference should prevent the fulfilment of their vows, when fortune removed the barrier that now inter-

posed. They parted—to meet no more for long—long years; the boy-artist to his toils, as yet unrewarded by fame or gold—to his dreams of a bright future, and cheerful hopes destined to many a disappointment ere the goal was won; the maiden to her solitary, secluded cherishing of the one dear trust which alone gave life its value; to sorrow and strife and trial, which strengthen and purify faith in the loving heart. It was late before she reached home; and her steps had not been unwatched. The same ungenerous espial had followed her that evening as hitherto; her brother was informed of her visit and interview with the youth he had forbidden her to see; and in his resentment at what he termed her daring disobedience, he resolved on measures that should subdue her spirit to submission. Elizabeth found herself next day a prisoner in her own apartment. None of the household were allowed to approach the room save the female slave before mentioned; and Mr. Shewell himself gave notice to his sister, that she would be allowed no freedom till she gave the pledge he required—never to hold intercourse with young West. She refused to give the promise, and bore the durance patiently.

Elizabeth Shewell was the daughter of an English gentleman; and having been early left an orphan, was committed to the charge of a wealthy brother, who deemed himself the sole and rightful arbiter of her destiny, and had determined that she should make an advantageous match. Though not naturally an austere man, he possessed a resolution which nothing could bend; it never occurred to him that his gentle and yielding sister could

offer opposition to his will, especially in that wherein he most desired her submission; and when she did show symptoms of having a mind of her own on subjects involving the happiness of her future life—her resistance only strengthened his determination to control her decision. “What does a young girl know about marriage?” was his mental observation; and the conviction that she was incapable of wise judgment, justified, in his opinion, the severe measures he thought fit to adopt, that she might be made happy in spite of herself. The evil of imprudent and unequal marriages was sufficiently obvious to all who had any observation of life; it would be his own fault if he permitted a giddy girl to precipitate herself into ruin. Such, and similar were the reasons by which he quieted conscience, when the pale, sad face of his sister, would utter reproaches more keen than words could have conveyed.

Elizabeth was not inconsolable in her forced seclusion; for the faithful negress was the bearer of many a letter between the separated lovers; and the sadness of absence was cheered by the sweet assurances contained in those folded treasures, of which almost every day brought her another. She trusted and hoped on; for her fond and true heart felt itself strong to overcome all things. She kept, in her spirit’s depths, the vow of Adriana—

“In war and peace—in sickness and in health—
In trouble, and danger, and distress—
Through time and through eternity—I’ll love thee.”

At this period the genius of the youthful painter was

hardly known beyond his own neighborhood. It was not long, however, before the knowledge that artist power of no common order was hidden in the Quaker lad, whose poverty prevented its full development, awakened the interest of a few liberal-minded gentlemen in New York and Philadelphia. The productions on which young West had bestowed most labor were purchased by them; and these evidences of his great talent inspired them with a wish to aid him further. His industrious application to the art, to which his life had been consecrated with the prayers and blessings of his parents, enabled him in a few months to realize a sum sufficient, as he thought, for a foundation on which to begin the building of his fortunes; and by the advice and assistance of his patrons, he determined to go and prosecute his studies at Rome; Rome, that inspiration of the artist's soul—that shrine of all that is great and glorious in the world of reality or imagination! The spirit of our hero longed to bathe in that pure bright atmosphere—to rejoice in the creations of the genius of the past; but another impulse, not less fervent, impelled him; for on the success for which he would strive, depended the happiness of the one dear being, for whom he would have sacrificed every other hope and aspiration.

Elizabeth shed tears of mingled joy and grief over the farewell letter of her betrothed. In it were portrayed his wishes, his aims, his plans; the warm coloring of youthful hope was shed over his vision of the future, and he claimed her promise of unchangeable love—the guiding star of his life—the reward of all his toils. How bright seemed the

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prospect; and how dimly were discerned the clouds and storms that might soon overshadow it!

In the year 1760 West sailed for Leghorn, and thence proceeded to Rome, where he arrived in July. To his biography belongs the account of his reception and success; our business is with the maiden of his choice, who, though restored, on his departure, to freedom and society, lived only in the hope of reunion with him she loved so deeply, and in whose rising fortunes she rejoiced, because they brought nearer and nearer the day of their joyful meeting.

Five years passed, and West was established in London. His fame was spread throughout Europe; sovereigns did honor to his genius; independence was secured; and his desire now was to return to his native country, and claim the hand of her who had remained faithful to him in every change of fortune. Letters from his American friends altered his purpose. They informed him that Mr. Shewell still opposed his marriage with his sister, and that she could not receive him at her home. A plan was proposed—somewhat romantic, but suited to the exigencies of the case, which had met with the young lady's approbation. The artist's father was to take Miss Shewell under his protection, and cross the ocean to bring the bride to her husband.

This scheme was highly pleasing to the lover, who wished to save his betrothed the pain and mortification a struggle with the will of so near a relative would occasion; and he wrote to friends to signify his glad assent and to urge her immediate departure. To Elizabeth also he wrote, describing the life to which he should introduce

her, and the impatience and anxiety with which he should await her arrival. All a lover's fond hopes and blissful expectations were poured out in his letters, and earnestly he besought her to hasten the hour when their long separation should be ended.

The course of their true love, which had run not over smooth hitherto, was destined to another interruption. One of the letters, by some unfortunate miscarriage, fell into the wrong hands, and the whole plan of her flight was discovered by her brother. There is reason to believe he forgot the tenderness due to his sister, in his resentment at what he termed her obstinate disobedience and duplicity towards him. Forgetful that past harshness had justly forfeited her confidence, and that he had no good reasons to offer for a refusal to sanction her heart's choice, he aimed to conquer as before—by violent measures. Once more the fair girl was condemned to the solitude of her own apartment; her sole companion being the female slave who had always attended her. The injustice with which she was treated roused the spirit of Elizabeth, whose nature was yielding in matters of trifling import, but firm as adamant where principle was concerned. Her love for the artist had become a religion to her; her heart reposed on the faith of the chosen one; the world beside him was nothing, and her duty to him was felt to be paramount. Her resolution was taken. The negress, in the confidence of her young mistress, was the bearer of letters between her and the devoted friends of West, who had at first concerted the plan of her going to him.

These friends were Francis, afterwards Judge Hopkin-

son, Benjamin Franklin, and William White, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania. The particulars of Miss Shewell's escape were communicated by the Bishop himself to a descendant of the brother, whose permission the writer has obtained to relate them.

It was not long before a plan was matured, and communicated to the young lady, who approved it and promised her co-operation.

It was past midnight, and a vessel at the dock was in readiness to set sail for England in less than an hour. The preparations had been completed before dusk, and passages engaged for the elder West, and a lady who was to be brought on board late that night. At that period the custom was to rest at an early hour. The deep silence that reigned through the city was unbroken by voice or footstep; and the lights had long been extinguished in Mr. Shewell's house, as four or five men, wrapped in cloaks, passed cautiously along the street opposite, crossed directly in front of the mansion, and stopped, looking up as if they expected a signal from one of the upper windows. All was quiet, and dark; the faint light of the lamps scarcely serving to dissipate the gloom, in which it was hardly possible to recognize the features of each other. They had waited but a few minutes when a window above was softly raised, and the outline of a figure might be dimly discerned bending from it, as if seeking to discover who stood below. One of the party threw up a rope, which was caught, a rope ladder was drawn up, and after the lapse of a short time lowered again. Those below pulled at it forcibly, to ascertain that it was securely fastened; and then one ascended

to the apartment into which the window opened, and gave his assistance in fastening the ladder more firmly.

It was now the moment for summoning all her energies; and Elizabeth, stepped upon the ladder, aided by her companion; the negress having been dismissed at the usual hour for retiring, for her mistress was too generous to involve her in difficulty by making her a party to her elopement. The descent was accomplished in safety, and the trembling girl was received in the arms of those who awaited her, so overcome with fear that she was near fainting, and unable to articulate a reply to the anxious inquiries of her friends. One terror possessed her,—the dread that her brother would be awakened by the noise, and intercept them before her escape could be accomplished. She made eager signals that they should be gone: and, supported by two of the party, walked forward as rapidly as possible. Her strength might not have held out for a long walk, weakened as she was by alarm and anxiety; but a carriage was in waiting at the corner of the next street. Before they reached this, a noise of hasty footsteps startled them; and the party hurried with their prize into the shadow of a narrow alley. The beating of the poor girl's heart might have been heard, as they stood thus concealed; and her apprehensions almost darkened into despair as the irregular footsteps approached. It was only some late wanderers returning home, perchance after a revel unusually prolonged, and unwonted in that city of orderly habits. When the sound of footsteps ceased, the maiden was borne rather than led along by her friends to the carriage, and placed securely within it. One by one

they followed her, and the carriage was driven fast to the wharf where the vessel lay, in readiness to weigh anchor. The elder West—the father of Benjamin came to receive them, and to welcome his future daughter-in-law. The weeping girl was conducted to the cabin, and in silent sympathy with her feelings, natural in a situation so new and embarrassing, the friends stood around her. The ship's crew were busy on deck, and in half an hour all was ready to set sail. The signal was given for the departure of those who had escorted the fair passenger; they took a kind leave of her, each speaking words of encouragement, and hope that the future might be all sunshine to one so trustful and so loving. A slight bustle overhead—a noise of cheering, and the vessel was in motion; the danger of discovery was over. Elizabeth breathed more freely, as the bark that bore her to her lover glided over the waters—but she wept still—tears, not of unmingled sorrow, but the natural vent of the conflicting emotions that oppressed her agitated bosom. She had quitted forever home and country; abandoned him who was nearest in blood; the friends of her childhood and youth; to enter on untried scenes; to encounter unknown trials; to meet the cold gaze of strangers who might judge her harshly; perhaps the scorn of a hard and heartless world! Then came thoughts of the lover who waited for her, and she half reproached herself for having lingered over the sacrifices made for him. The moment of their meeting; the bliss that was to repay her for years of hope deferred; the bright and smiling future; it was a sweet anticipation of happiness—but her heart was chilled to think of the dark, cold ocean still rolling

between them; the weeks that must pass before that happy moment arrived; the uncertainty that hung over it, and might dash the cup even from her lips. In the alternations of feeling caused by such reflections, she passed the rest of that sleepless night. With the bright morning came thoughts more pleasant; and the kind assiduity of Mr. West, who strove to cheer her, and pointed out to her admiring observation the many brilliant and beautiful things to be seen in a voyage—was not unrewarded. She ceased to weep, and the sunny smiles that animated her face in conversation with him whom she already regarded as a father—showed a soul susceptible to all that was beautiful in nature, and all that was lovely and amiable in social life.

The voyage was a tedious one, the vessel being delayed by storms and contrary winds. She arrived safely, at length, in the harbor of Liverpool. Many people were on the wharf, and there was no little commotion—for the arrival of a ship was not then so common a thing as now, and the people were eager to hear the news from the colonies, between which and the mother country discontents had already arisen to an alarming height. Amidst the scene of confusion—the shouting and running to and fro, one pressed forward eagerly, making his way through the crowd to the edge of the pier, and was one of the first to spring on board of the vessel as she touched the wharf. It was the painter, West. His father, whom he had not seen for eight years, had perceived him, and with an exclamation of joy on his lips started forward to greet him. The son, unable to speak, waved him aside with his hand, and gasped the single word—"Elizabeth?" while the eagerness

of his pale face expressed the questioning more earnestly than language could have done.

The old Quaker pointed towards the cabin—the young man rushed forward, and in an instant the long-divided lovers were locked in each other's arms.

The elder West had followed his son, and saw the embrace in which both forgot their long years of cruel separation. Again and again the young artist drew back to gaze on his beloved, and clasped her again to his full heart.

"Hast thou no welcome, Benjamin, for thy old father?" at length asked the old man, who had stood quietly for some minutes, smiling at the joy he witnessed.

"That I have, father!" cried the son; and a warm greeting was given to the venerable parent, who needed no apology for having been at first neglected. The happy party left the ship, and proceeded the same day to London.

On the second day of September 1765, the wedding was solemnized in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-fields. The lovely young bride of that day felt that she had done right in sacrificing some natural scruples, that she might, in the face of the world bestow her hand on him to whom her faith was pledged. The years that had flown since their parting had added a grace more purely intellectual to her girlish beauty, with a touching interest never imparted till sorrow had chastened the gay spirit of youth. As she stood at the altar, the meek light of truth upon her brow—her eyes downcast, or lifted at intervals, beaming with the gentle and loving expression habitual to them—all who saw her thought so beautiful a bride had never

stood in that sacred place. And he, the young husband, looked and was worthy of the priceless gift.

In London, Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York, was the special patron of West. By him he was presented to the King as a young American of extraordinary genius. George III. received him with much kindness, and introduced him to the Queen, with whom Mrs. West, "the beautiful American," as she was called at court, soon became a favorite. She was frequently sent for by her majesty to her private apartments; and the charm of her gentle loveliness, or her artless and winning manners and her cultivated mind, thus acknowledged, was owned through the circles of the proudest aristocracy in the world. The talk in the *beau monde* of London, was of the fair American, whose fresh and guileless nature, even more than her beauty, had produced a deep and wide sensation. Yet this universal admiration and homage, and the smile of fortune could not spoil so pure and childlike a spirit. Her letters written to friends at home, and still in the possession of the family, breathe only of happiness—the kindness of all she met, and in particular of "our gracious Queen Charlotte."

The story of West's career is familiar to every reader. It will be remembered that the Royal Academy of Fine Arts was established through his instrumentality, and that he was honored by the King with favors the most liberal and munificent. The exhibition at the Academy of the first picture painted by West at the command of his majesty, established his reputation. In 1772 he was named historical painter to the King, and on the death of

Sir Joshua Reynolds, was unanimously elected President of the Royal Academy. His wife had never cause to regret that she had given up her country for him, nor to mourn the disappointment of the bright hopes of her youth.

When the artist was at the height of his fame, a portrait of his wife, painted by him, was sent by her across the Atlantic as a peace offering to the brother, who had never yet forgiven her elopement. But Mr. Shewell refused to look upon the picture; and till his death it was stowed away among the lumber, in a small room in the attic of the ancient family mansion. This closet was the play-room of the grandchildren; and one of them, a little girl adopted by Mr. Shewell, remembered having often beaten with her switch, in her saucy moods, the "naughty aunty," whose resemblance her grandfather could not bear to see. The sending of her picture was not the only attempt made by the affectionate sister to win back the heart estranged from her. But her letters were unanswered; and after some years Mrs. West wrote only to her niece, the mother of the celebrated Leigh Hunt.

Years have passed since then, and the memory of one who loved so much, is cherished with reverent affection in the hearts of her American kindred.

THE END.

c. H.

J. W.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates.

